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The Mission Hymnal

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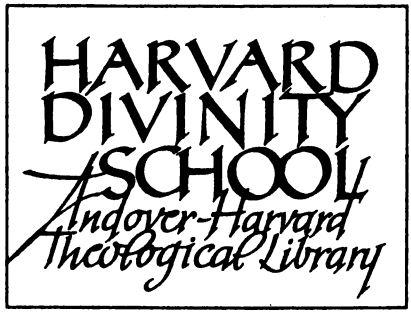
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The Mission Hymnal

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THE GENERAL CONVENTION

AT CINCINNATI

In the Year of Our Lord 1910

WITH ADDITIONAL HYMNS AND CHANTS

AS AUTHORIZED BY

THE GENERAL CONVENTION

AT NEW YORK

In the Year of our Lord 1913

PUBLISHED BY
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
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On behalf of the Commission empowered to superintend the publication of THE MISSION HYMNAL,

JAMES H. DARLINGTON,
GEORGE G. DALAND,
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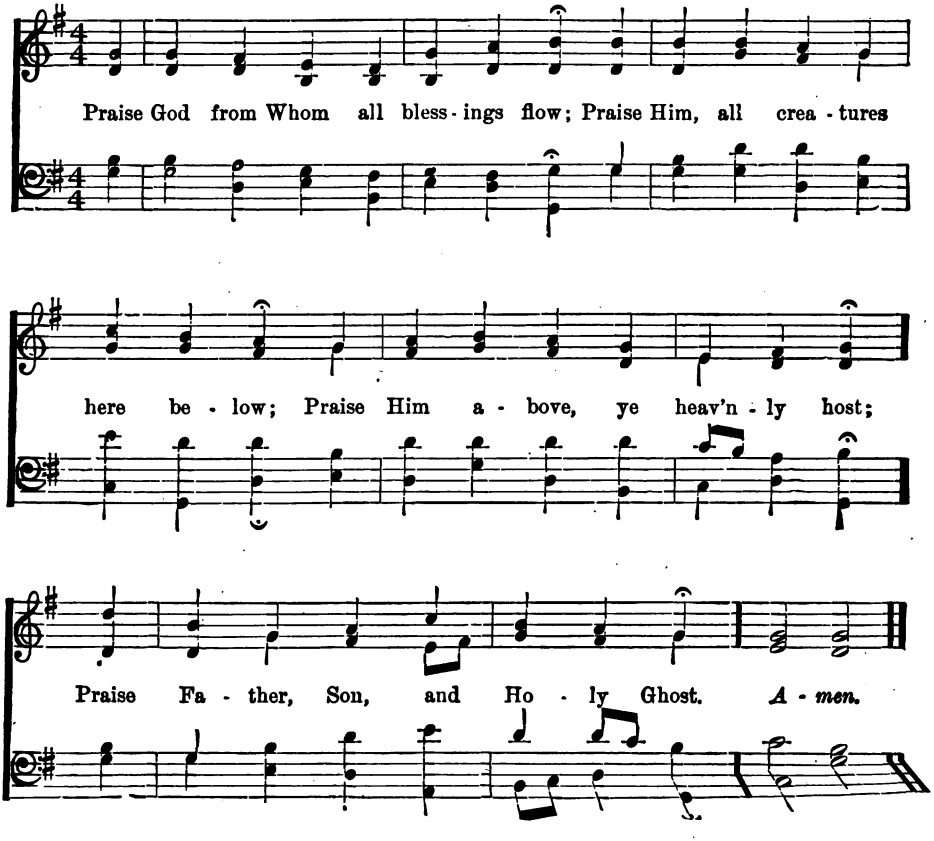
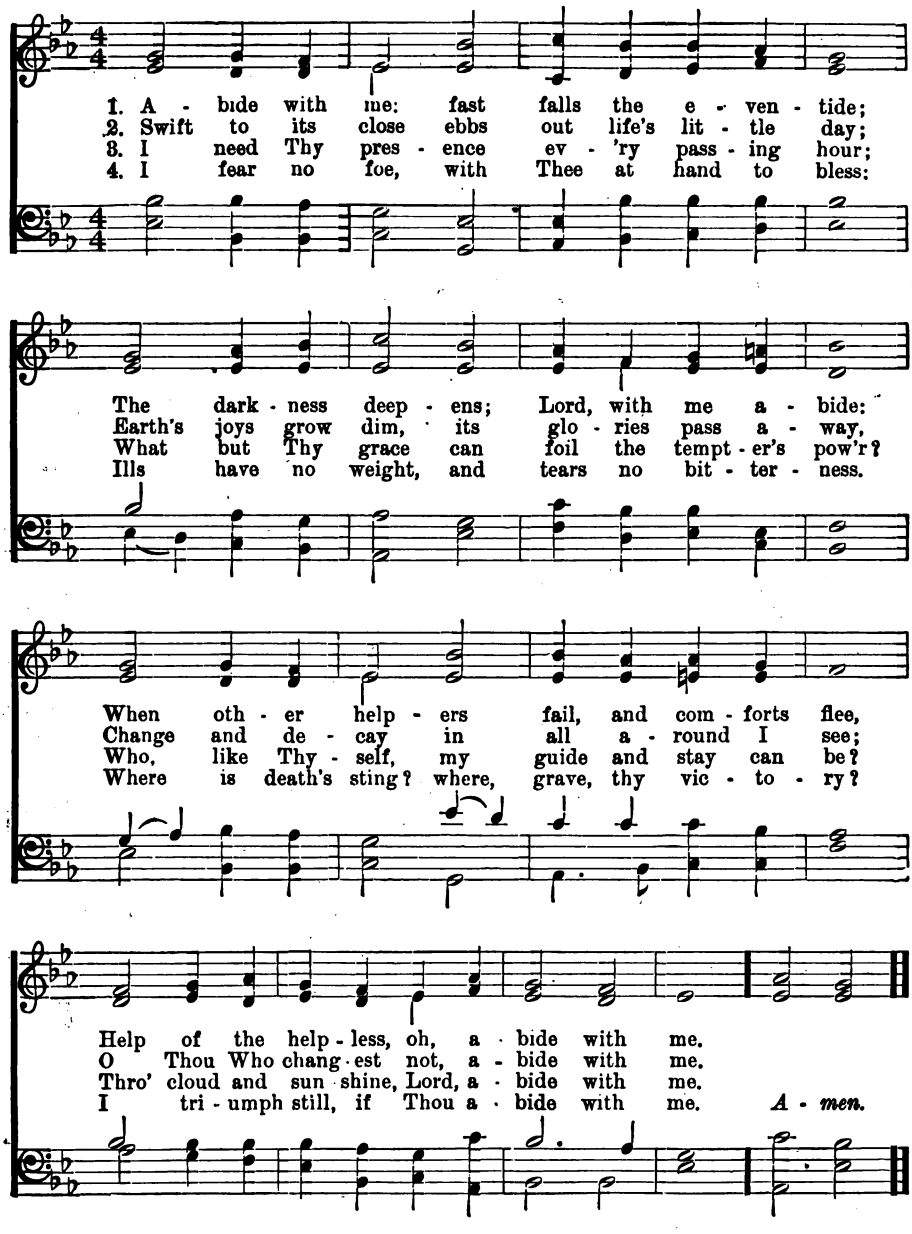
THE PUBLISHER

The Mission Hymnal

1 Praise God From Whom all Blessings Flow.

Thomas Ken. (OLD HUNDREDTH.) Louis Bourgeois.

Praise God from Whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all crea - tures
here be - low; Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host;
Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

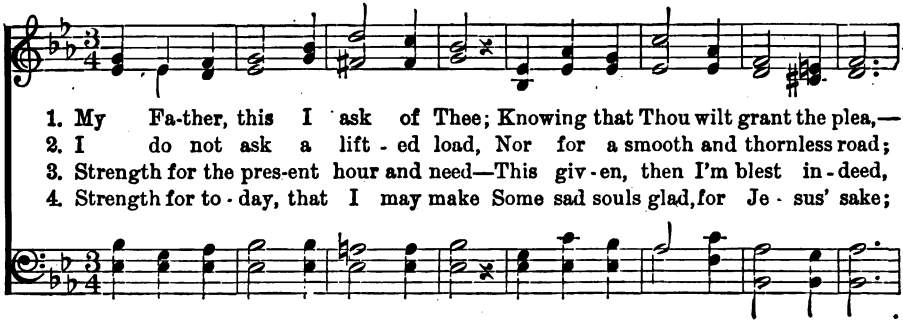
2 Abide With Me.

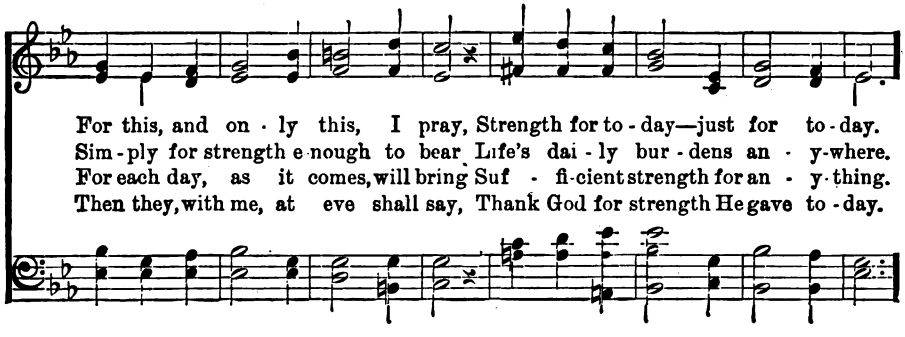
H. F. Lyte. (EVENTIDE.) W. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide:
Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?
Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be?
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?
Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me.
O Thou Who chang - est not, a - bide with me.
Thro' cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.
I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me. A - men.

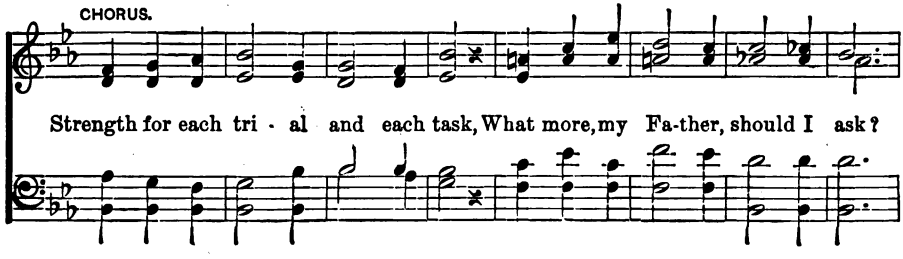
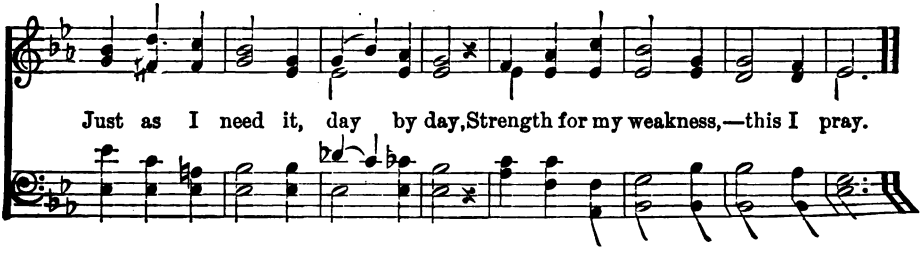
5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes:
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

3 My Father, This I Ask of Thee.

Eben E. Rexford. (JUST FOR TO-DAY.) Victor H. Benke.


1. My Fa-ther, this I ask of Thee; Knowing that Thou wilt grant the plea,—
2. I do not ask a lift - ed load, Nor for a smooth and thornless road;
3. Strength for the pres-ent hour and need—This giv - en, then I'm blest in - deed,
4. Strength for to - day, that I may make Some sad souls glad, for Je - sus' sake;


For this, and on - ly this, I pray, Strength for to - day—just for to - day.
Sim - ply for strength e - nough to bear Life's dai - ly bur - dens an - y-where.
For each day, as it comes, will bring Suf - fi-cient strength for an - y-thing.
Then they, with me, at eve shall say, Thank God for strength He gave to - day.



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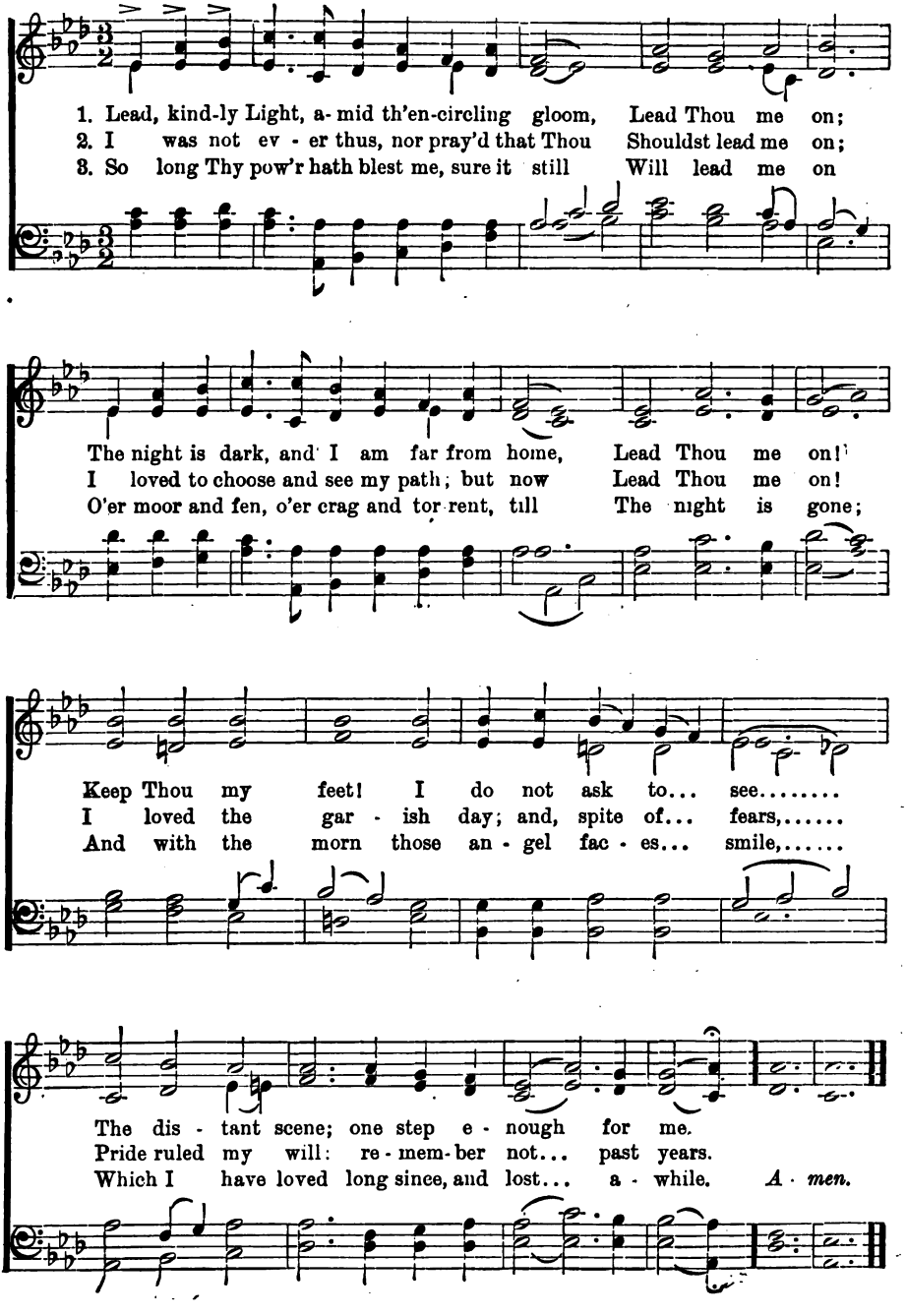
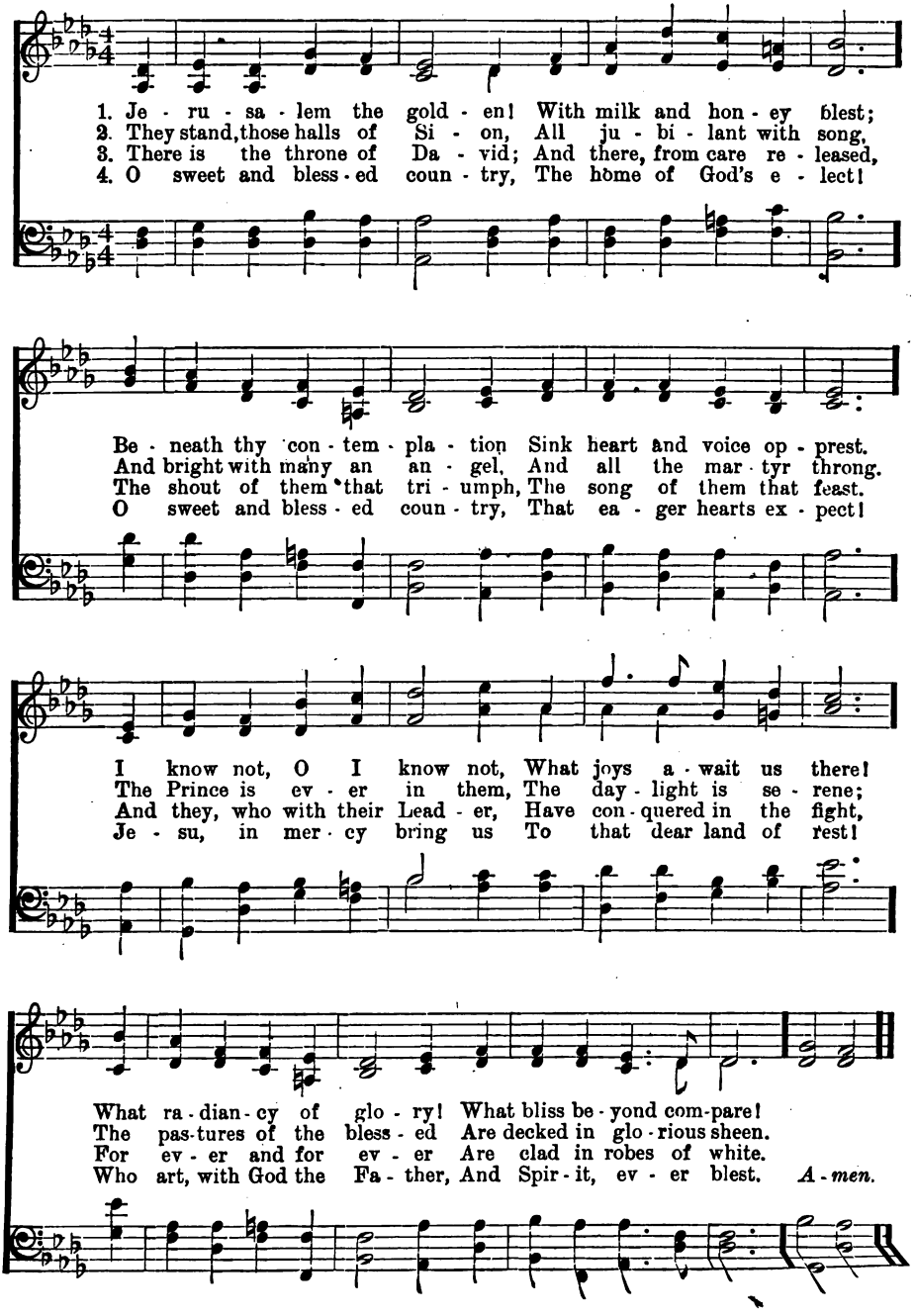
4 Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. (LUX BENIGNA) J. B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a- mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor rent, till The night is gone;
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to... see.....
I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of... fears,.....
And with the morn those an - gel fac - es... smile,.....
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will: re - mem-ber not... past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost... a - while. A - men.

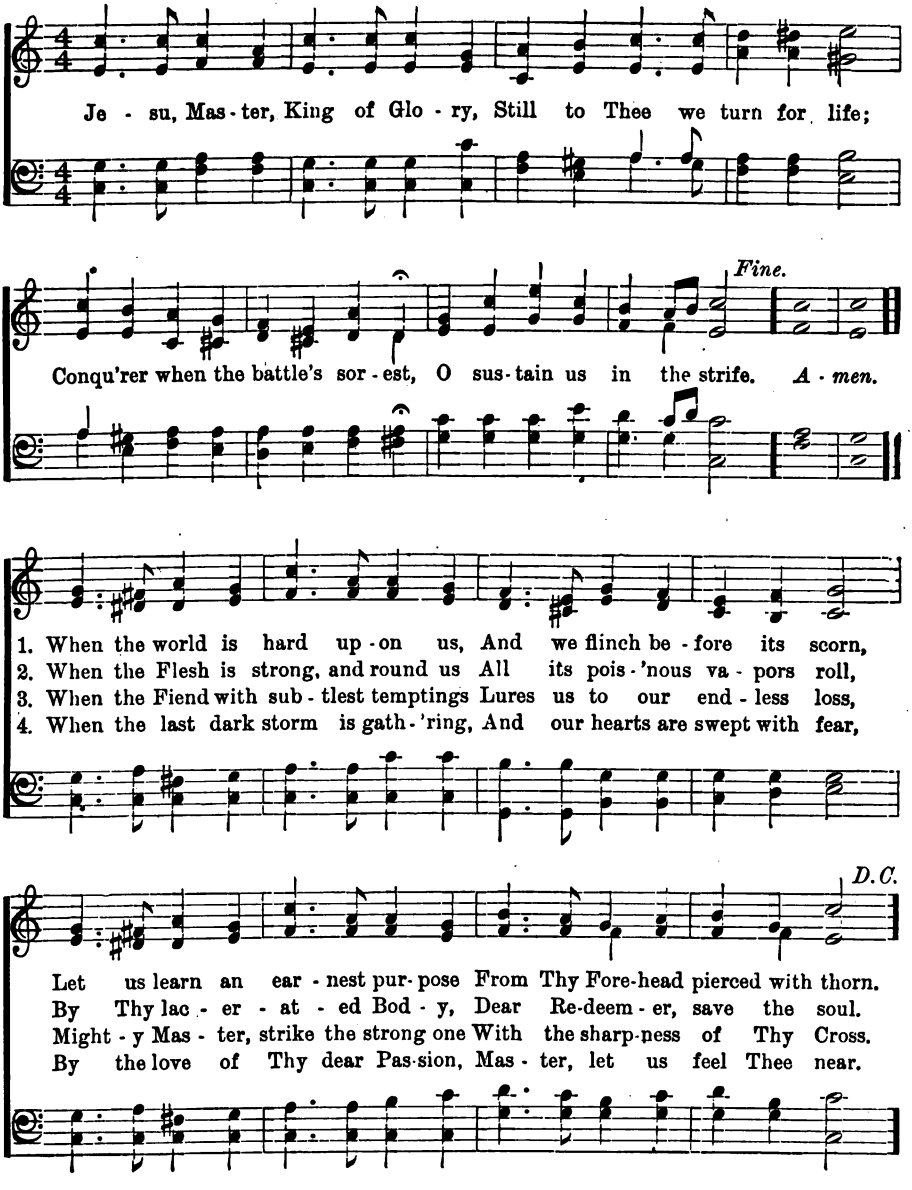
5 Jerusalem the Golden!

Tr. J. M. Neale. (EWING.) A. Ewing.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
2. They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased,
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!
I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there!
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
And they, who with their Lead - er, Have con - quered in the fight,
Je - su, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest!
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare!
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest. A - men.

6 Jesu, Master, King of Glory.

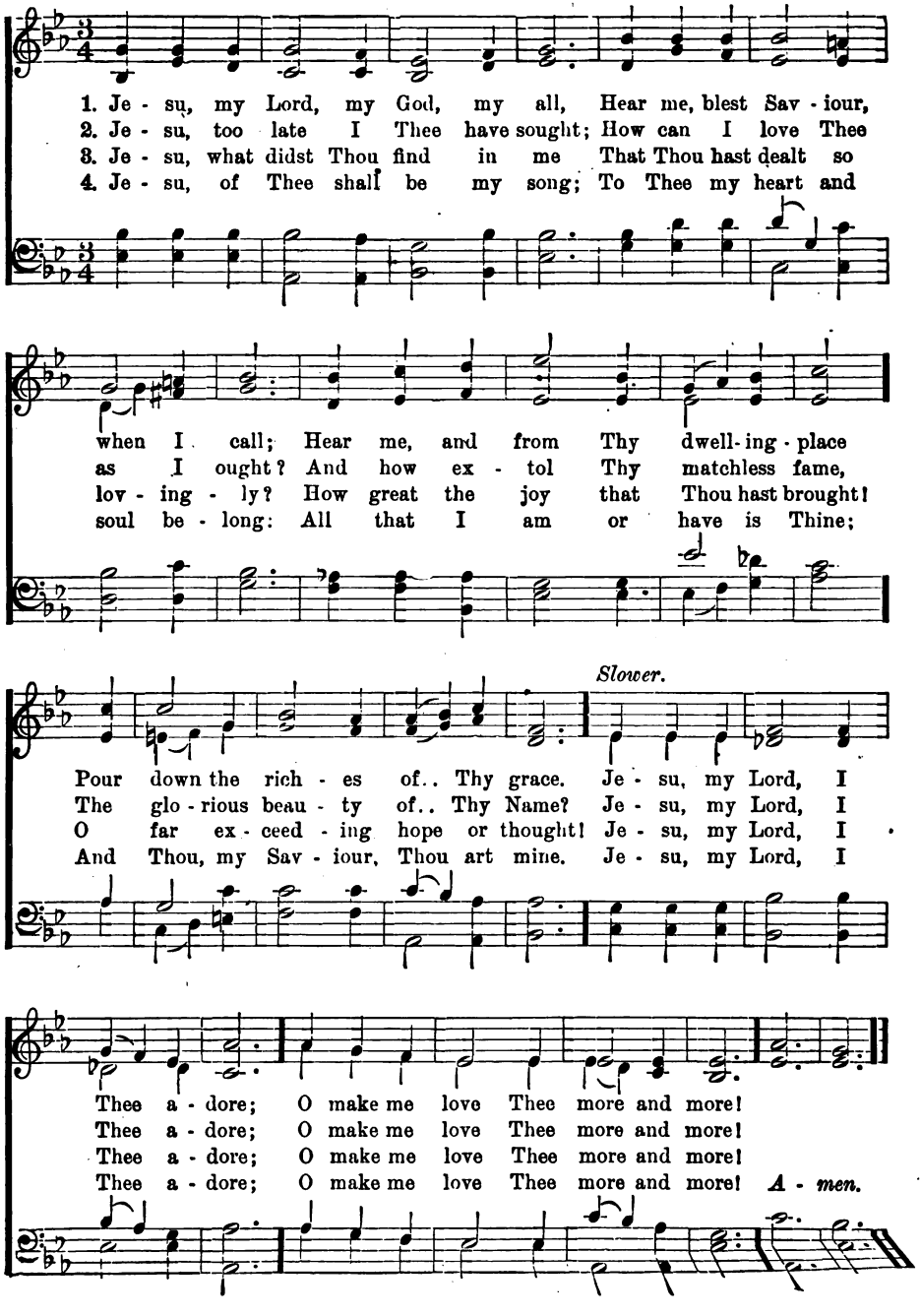
Canon Knox-Little. (KINGDOM.) Alfred G. Mortimer.

Begin with this Refrain and sing it after each stanza.


Je - su, Mas - ter, King of Glo - ry, Still to Thee we turn for life;
Fine.
Conqu'rer when the battle's sor - est, O sus - tain us in the strife. A - men.
1. When the world is hard up - on us, And we flinch be - fore its scorn,
2. When the Flesh is strong, and round us All its pois - 'nous va - pors roll,
3. When the Fiend with sub - tlest temptings Lures us to our end - less loss,
4. When the last dark storm is gath - 'ring, And our hearts are swept with fear,
D.C.
Let us learn an ear - nest pur - pose From Thy Fore-head pierced with thorn.
By Thy lac - er - at - ed Bod - y, Dear Re-deem - er, save the soul.
Might - y Mas - ter, strike the strong one With the sharp-ness of Thy Cross.
By the love of Thy dear Pas-sion, Mas - ter, let us feel Thee near.

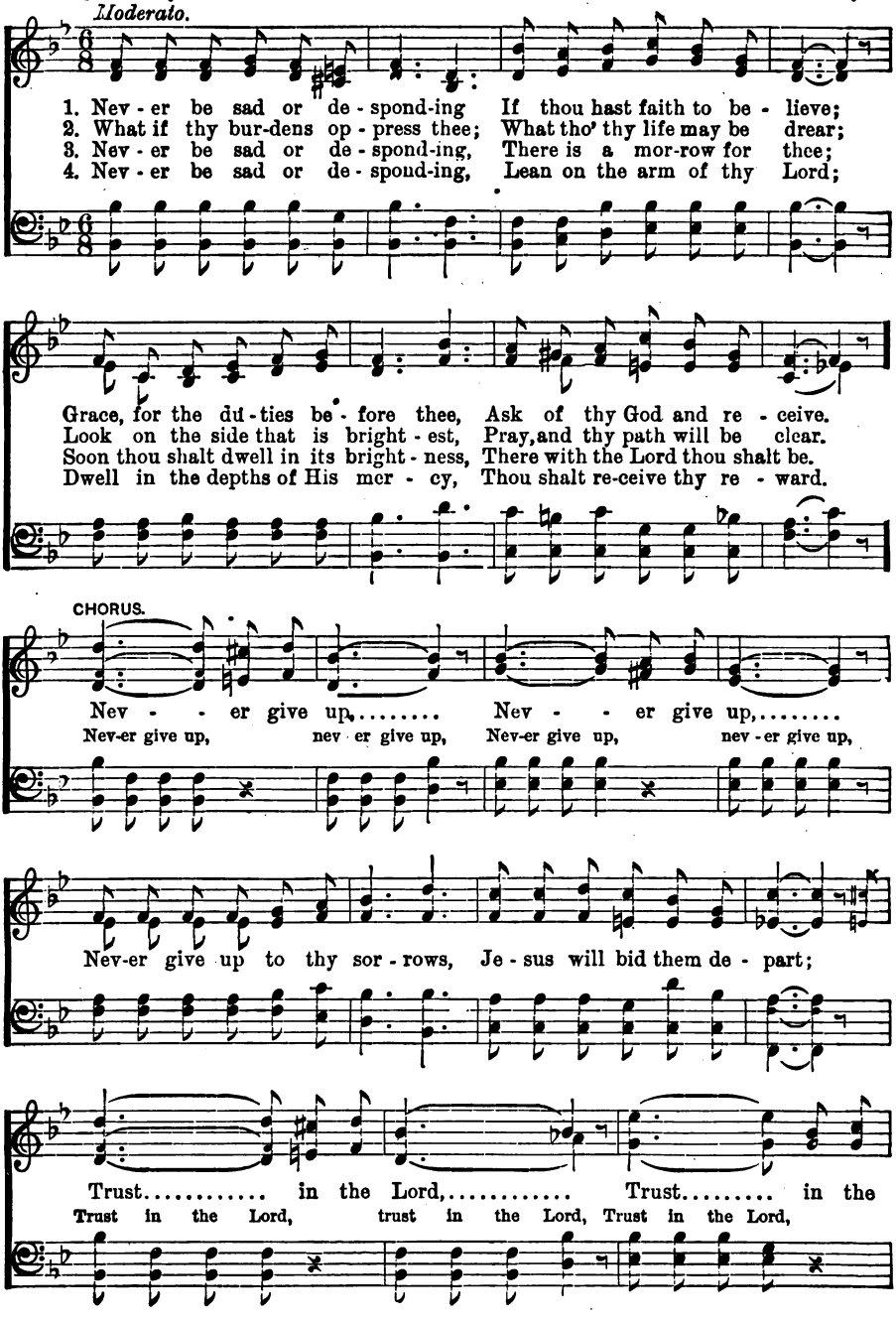
5 So when all at last is ended,
And the rest is reached above;
May we swell Thy heart's rejoicings
With the rapture of our love.

7 Jesu, My Lord, My God, My All.

H. Collins. (ADORO TE.) J. Barnby.

1. Je - su, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sav - iour,
2. Je - su, too late I Thee have sought; How can I love Thee
3. Je - su, what didst Thou find in me That Thou hast dealt so
4. Je - su, of Thee shall be my song; To Thee my heart and
when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell- ing - place
as I ought? And how ex - tol Thy matchless fame,
lov - ing - ly? How great the joy that Thou hast brought!
soul be - long: All that I am or have is Thine;
Slower.
Pour down the rich - es of.. Thy grace. Je - su, my Lord, I
The glo - rious beau - ty of.. Thy Name? Je - su, my Lord, I
O far ex - ceed - ing hope or thought! Je - su, my Lord, I
And Thou, my Sav - iour, Thou art mine. Je - su, my Lord, I
Thee a - dore; O make me love Thee more and more!
Thee a - dore; O make me love Thee more and more!
Thee a - dore; O make me love Thee more and more!
Thee a - dore; O make me love Thee more and more! A - men.

8 Never be Sad or Desponding.

Fanny J. Crosby. (NEVER GIVE UP.) I. Allan Sankey.

Moderato.

1. Nev - er be sad or de - spond-ing If thou hast faith to be - lieve;
2. What if thy bur-dens op - press thee; What tho' thy life may be drear;
3. Nev - er be sad or de - spond-ing, There is a mor-row for thee;
4. Nev - er be sad or de - spond-ing, Lean on the arm of thy Lord;
Grace, for the du - ties be - fore thee, Ask of thy God and re - ceive.
Look on the side that is bright - est, Pray, and thy path will be clear.
Soon thou shalt dwell in its bright - ness, There with the Lord thou shalt be.
Dwell in the depths of His mer - cy, Thou shalt re-ceive thy re - ward.
CHORUS.
Nev - - er give up,..... Nev - - er give up,.....
Nev-er give up, nev - er give up, Nev-er give up, nev - er give up,
Nev-er give up to thy sor - rows, Je - sus will bid them de - part;
Trust..... in the Lord,..... Trust..... in the
Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,

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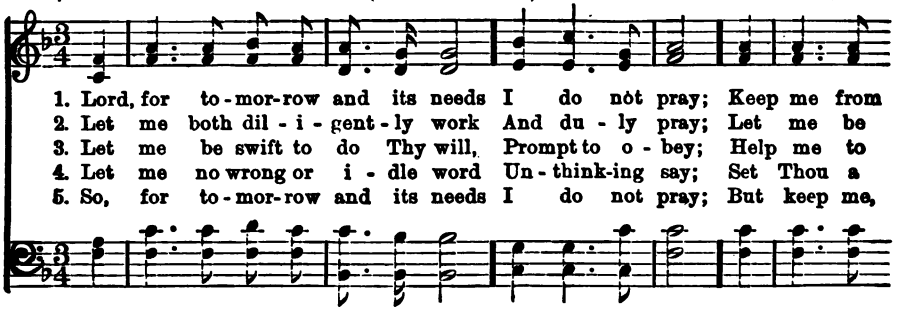
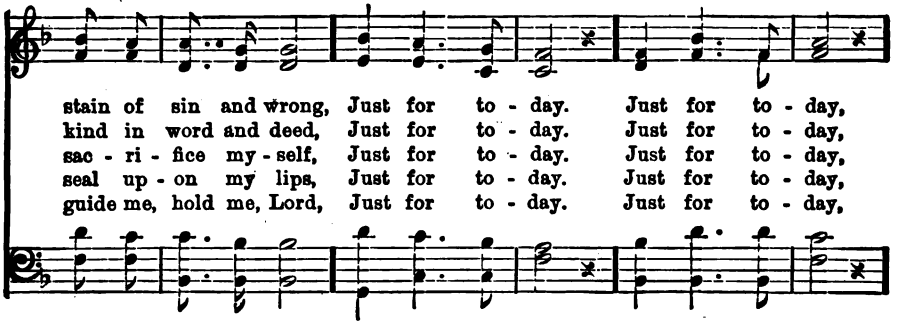
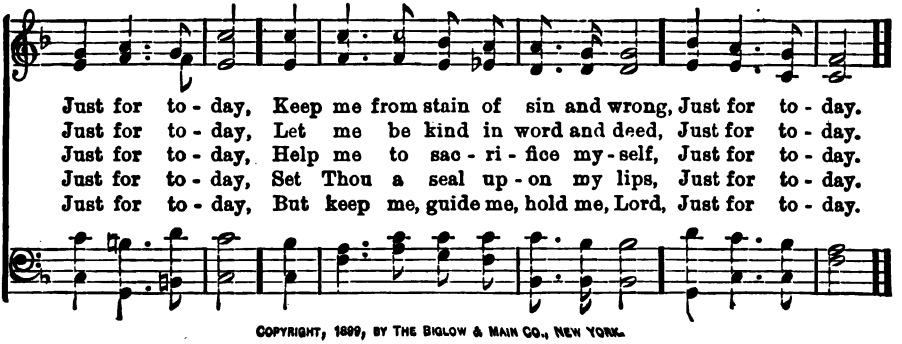
Never be Sad or Desponding.—Concluded.

9 Lord, for To-morrow and its Needs.

Bp. E. R. Wilberforce. (JUST FOR TO-DAY.) Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Lord, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray; Keep me from
2. Let me both dil-i-gent-ly work And du-ly pray; Let me be
3. Let me be swift to do Thy will, Prompt to o-bey; Help me to
4. Let me no wrong or i-dle word Un-think-ing say; Set Thou a
5. So, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray; But keep me,

REFRAIN.

stain of sin and wrong, Just for to-day. Just for to-day,
kind in word and deed, Just for to-day. Just for to-day,
sac-ri-fice my-self, Just for to-day. Just for to-day,
seal up-on my lips, Just for to-day. Just for to-day,
guide me, hold me, Lord, Just for to-day. Just for to-day,


Just for to-day, Keep me from stain of sin and wrong, Just for to-day.
Just for to-day, Let me be kind in word and deed, Just for to-day.
Just for to-day, Help me to sac-ri-fice my-self, Just for to-day.
Just for to-day, Set Thou a seal up-on my lips, Just for to-day.
Just for to-day, But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord, Just for to-day.

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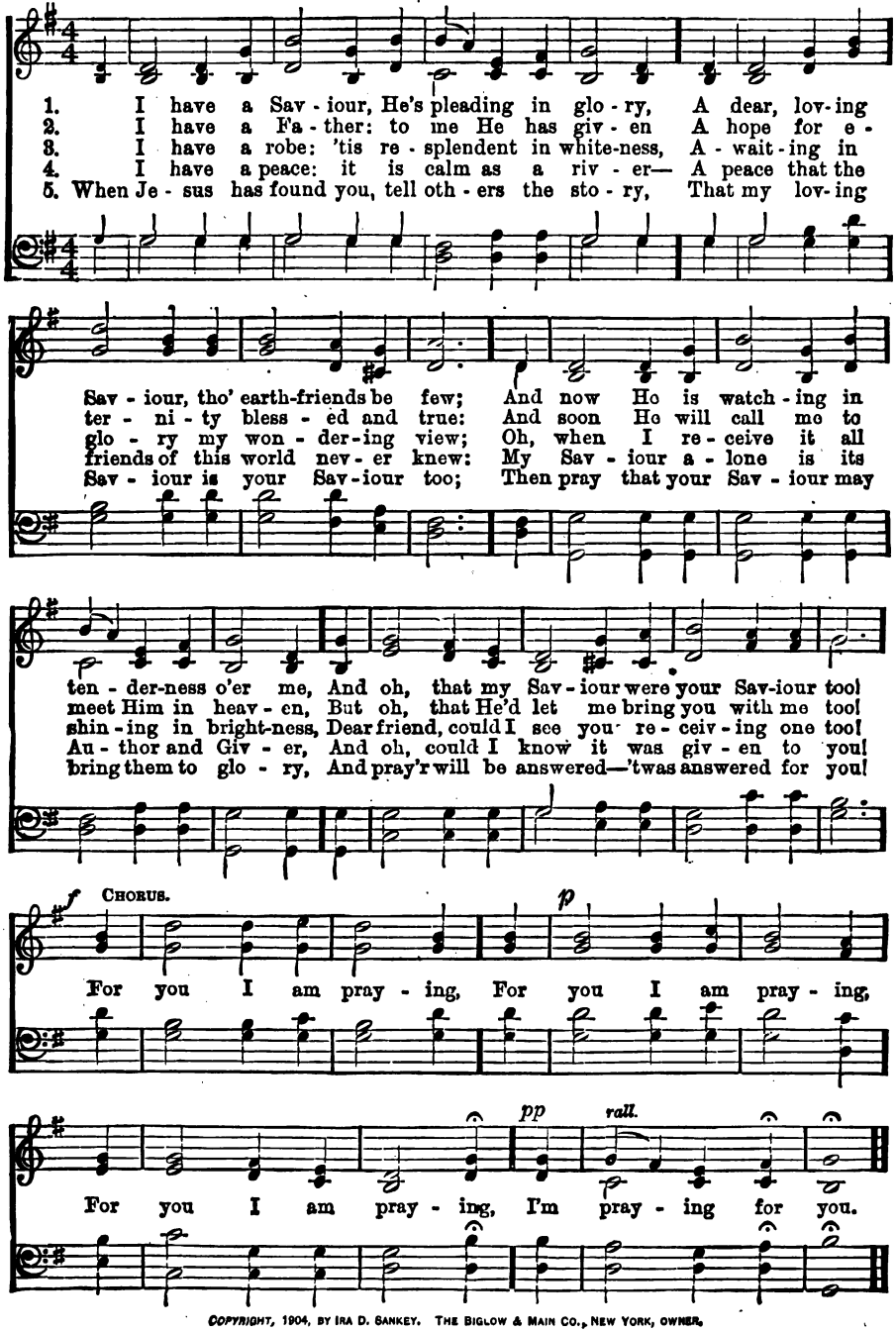
10 I Have a Saviour.

Samuel O'M. Cluff. (I Am Praying For You.) Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have a Sav - iour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing
2. I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splendent in white-ness, A - wait - ing in
4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the
5. When Je - sus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov-ing
Sav - iour, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in
ter - ni - ty bless - ed and true: And soon He will call me to
glo - ry my won - der-ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all
friends of this world nev - er knew: My Sav - iour a - lone is its
Sav - iour is your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may
ten - der-ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav - iour were your Sav-iour too!
meet Him in heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
shin - ing in bright-ness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!
Au - thor and Giv - er, And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!
bring them to glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!
f Chorus.
For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,
p
pp
rall.
For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

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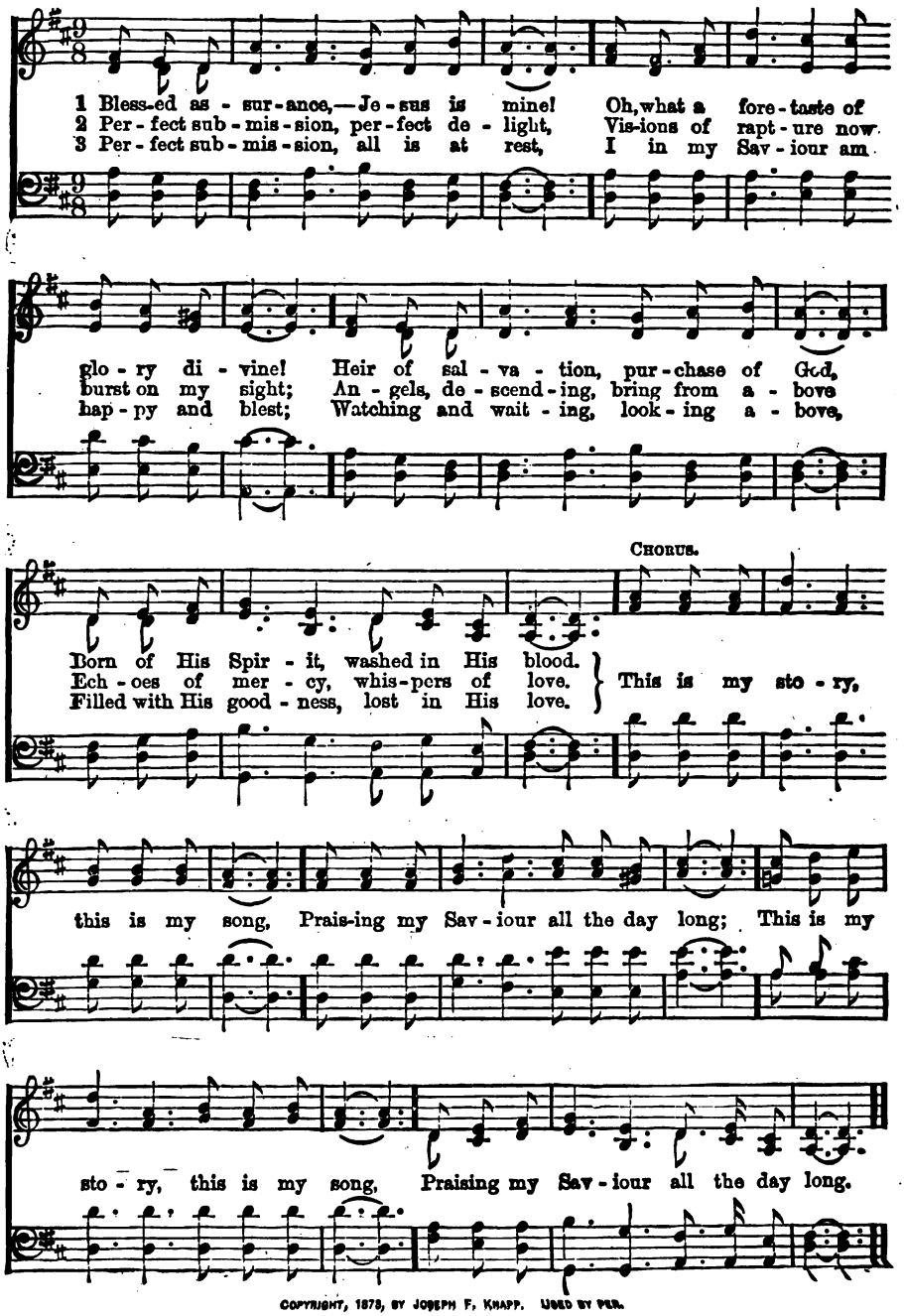
11 Blessed Assurance, Jesus is Mine!

Fanny J. Crosby. (ASSURANCE.) Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1 Bless-ed as - sur-ance,—Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2 Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rapt-ure now
3 Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight; An-gels, de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove
hap-py and blest; Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,
CHORUS.
Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
Filled with His good-ness, lost in His love.
This is my sto-ry,
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my
sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

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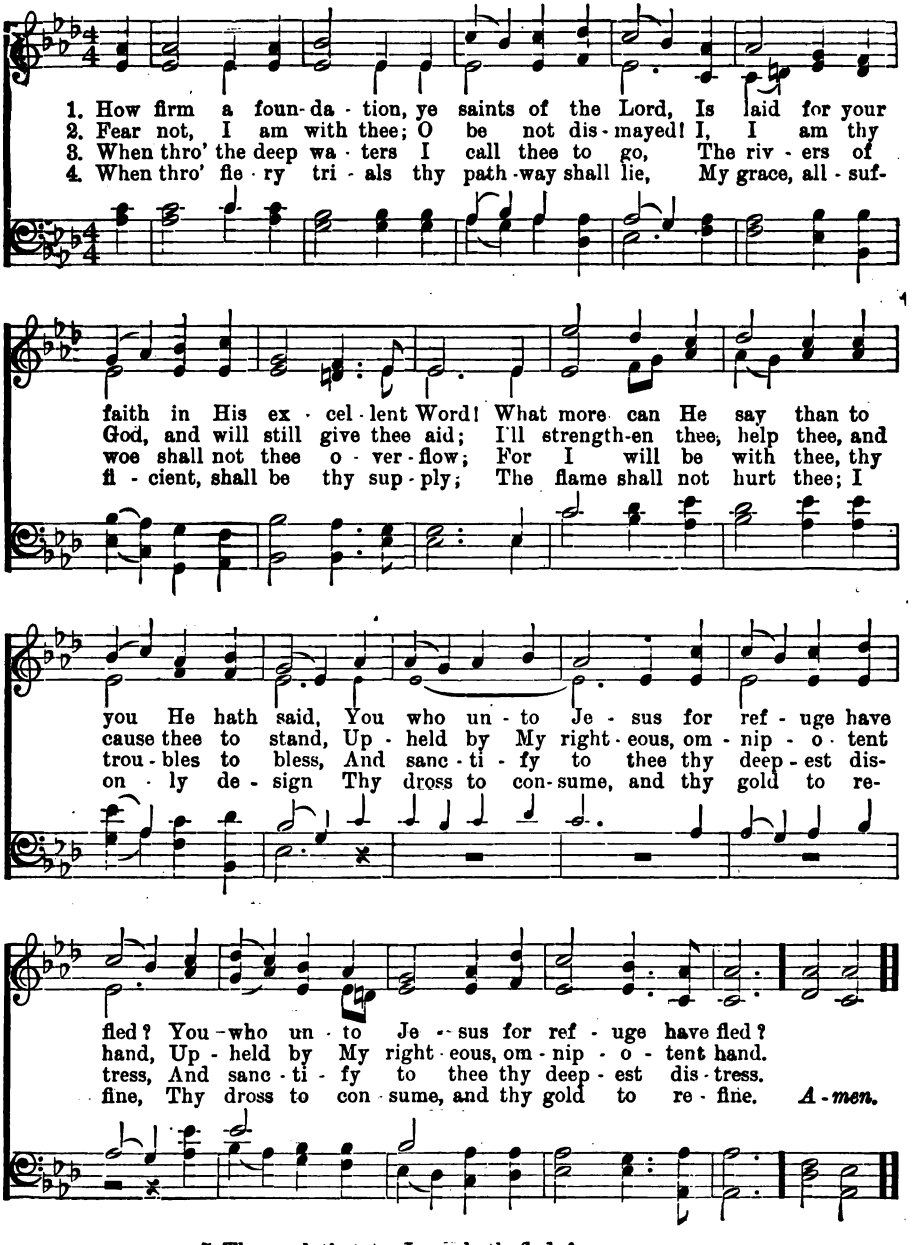
12 How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints.

G. Keene. (ADESTE FIDELES.) Anon., 1753.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! I, I am thy
3. When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
4. When thro' fie-ry tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-
faith in His ex-cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
woe shall not thee o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I
you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have
cause thee to stand, Up-held by My right-eous, om-nip-o-tent
trou-bles to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-
fled? You-who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
hand, Up-held by My right-eous, om-nip-o-tent hand.
tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine. A-men.

5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake.
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

I Am Thine, O Lord.

Fanny J. Crosby. (DRAW ME NEARER.) William H. Doane.

Moderato.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope,
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach

REFRAIN.

And be clos - er drawn to Thee,
And my will be lost in Thine,
I com - mune as friend with friend,
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

Draw me near - er, near - er,

near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er,

near - er, near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.

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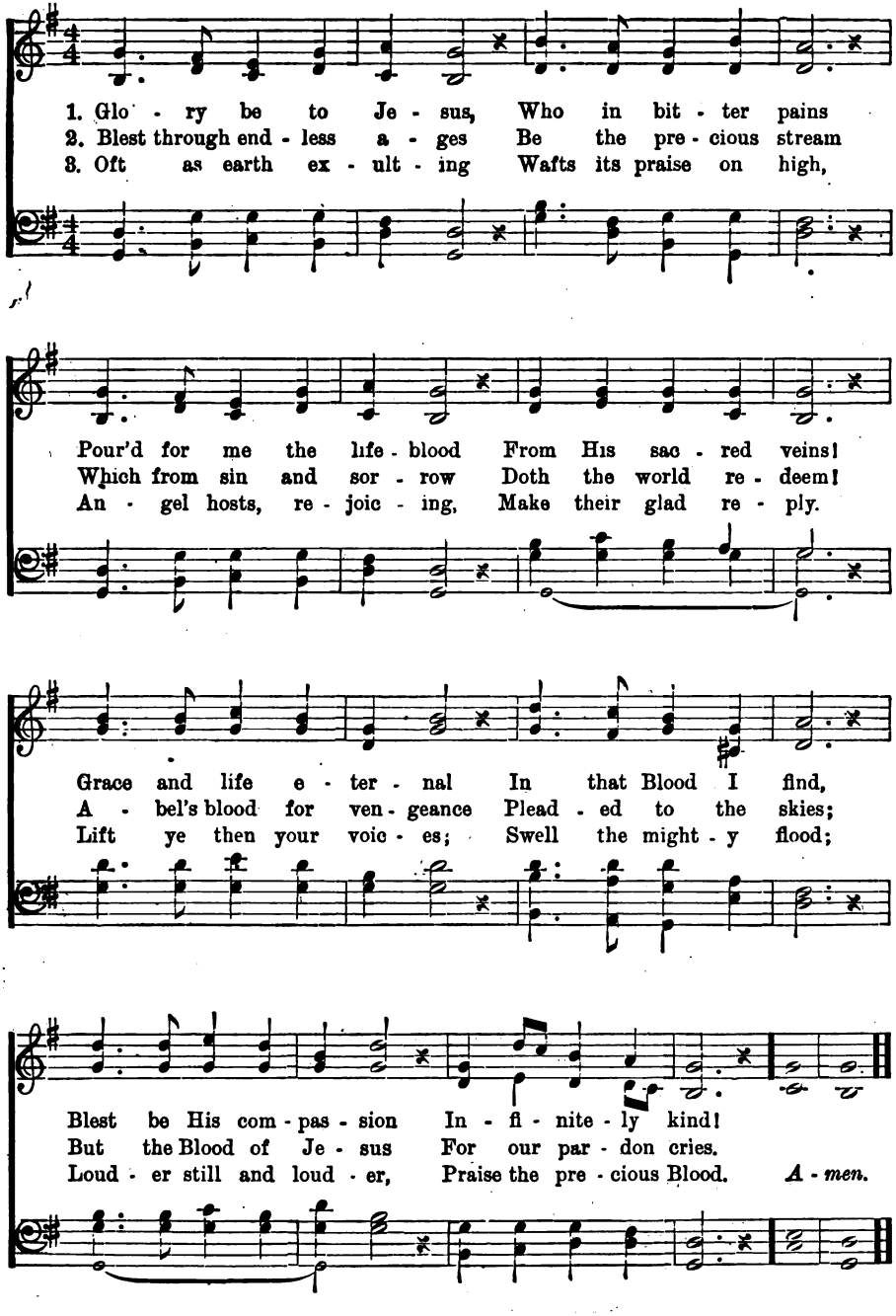
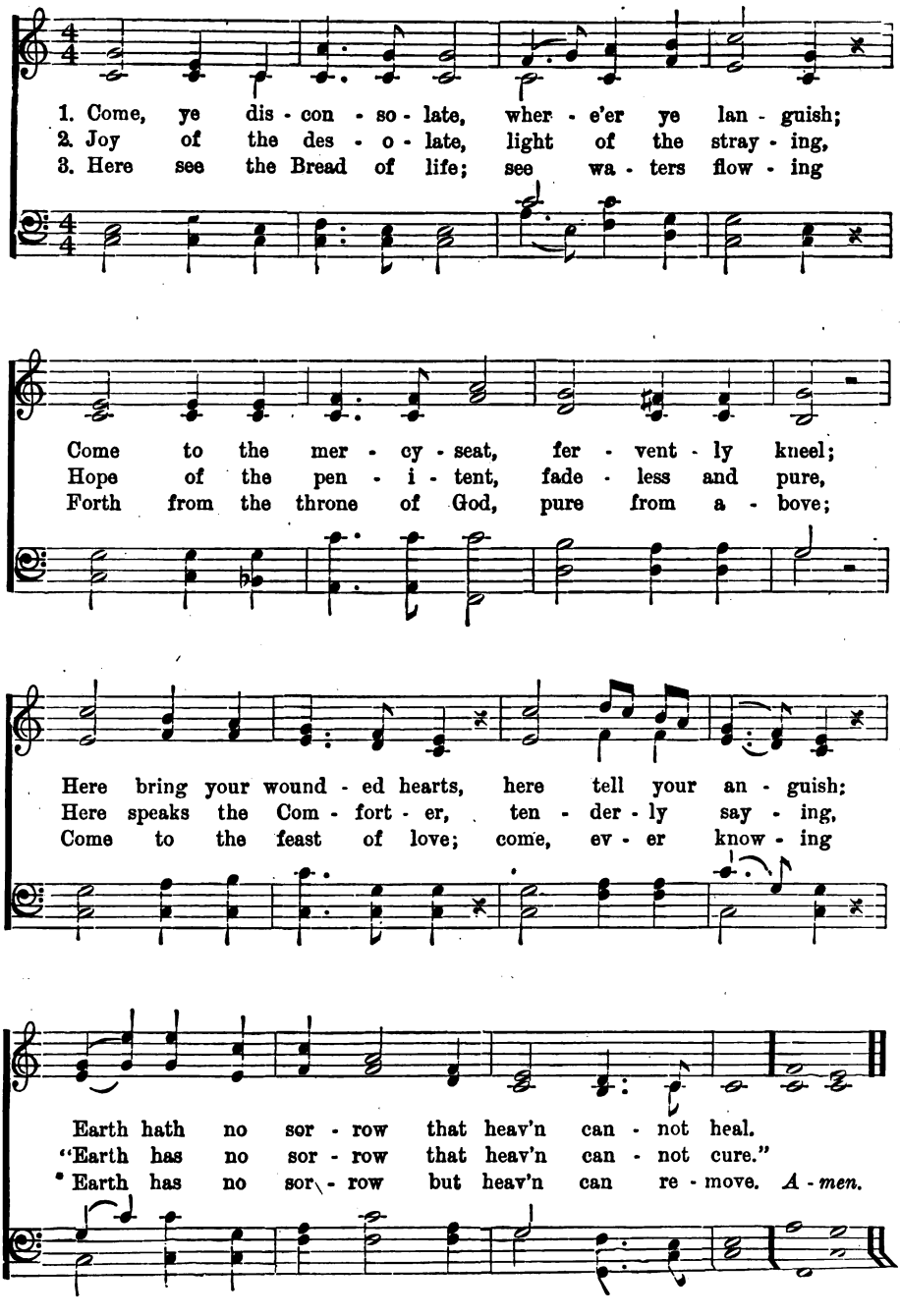
14 Glory be to Jesus.

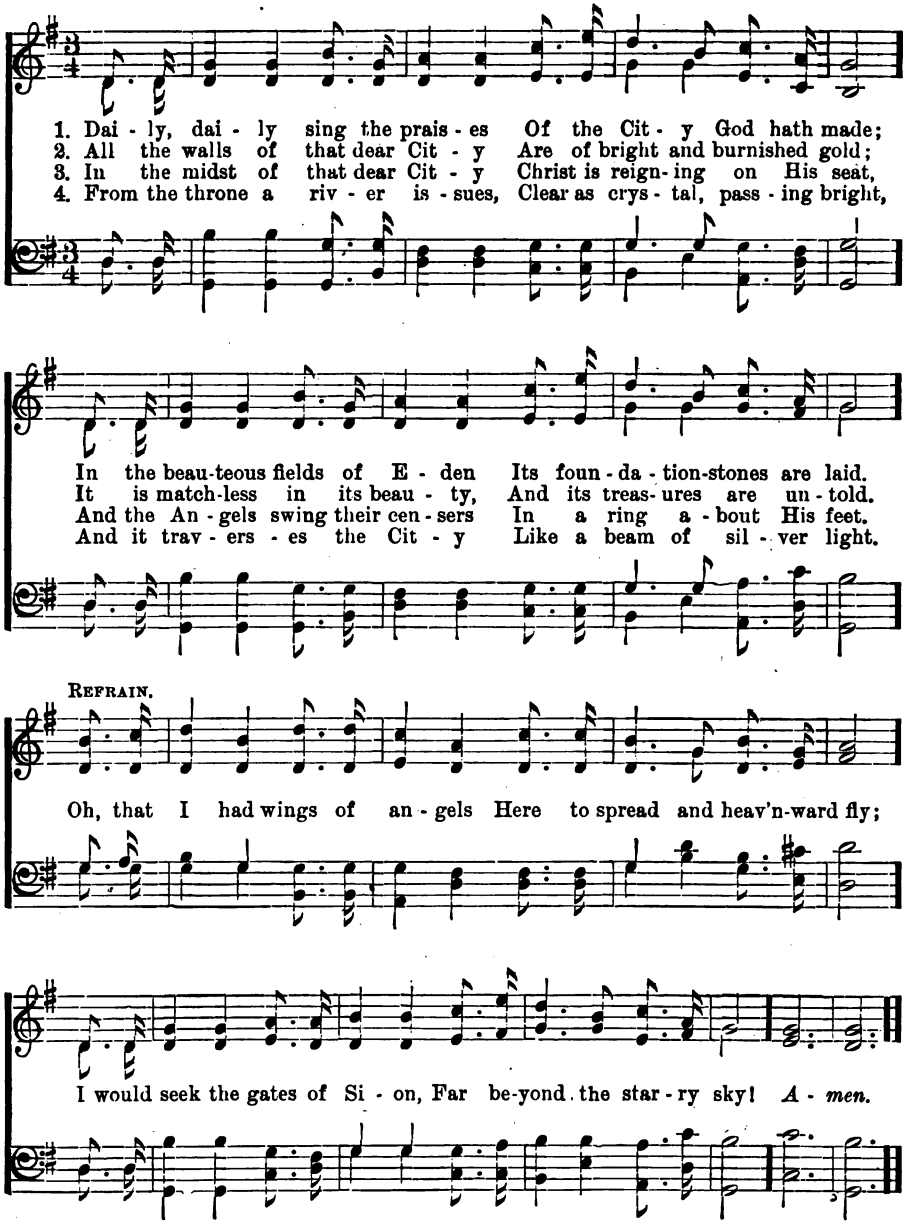
Tr. E. Caswall. (CASWALL.)

1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains
2. Blest through end - less a - ges Be the pre - cious stream
3. Oft as earth ex - ult - ing Wafts its praise on high,
Pour'd for me the life - blood From His sac - red veins!
Which from sin and sor - row Doth the world re - deem!
An - gel hosts, re - joic - ing, Make their glad re - ply.
Grace and life e - ter - nal In that Blood I find,
A - bel's blood for ven - geance Plead - ed to the skies;
Lift ye then your voic - es; Swell the might - y flood;
Blest be His com - pas - sion In - fi - nite - ly kind!
But the Blood of Je - sus For our par - don cries.
Loud - er still and loud - er, Praise the pre - cious Blood. A - men.

15 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore, *Alt.* (COMFORTER.) S. Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing,
3. Here see the Bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing
Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;
Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure,
Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove;
Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;
Here speaks the Com - fort - er, ten - der - ly say - ing,
Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er know - ing
Earth hath no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
"Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure."
Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move. A - men.

16 Daily, Daily Sing the Praises.

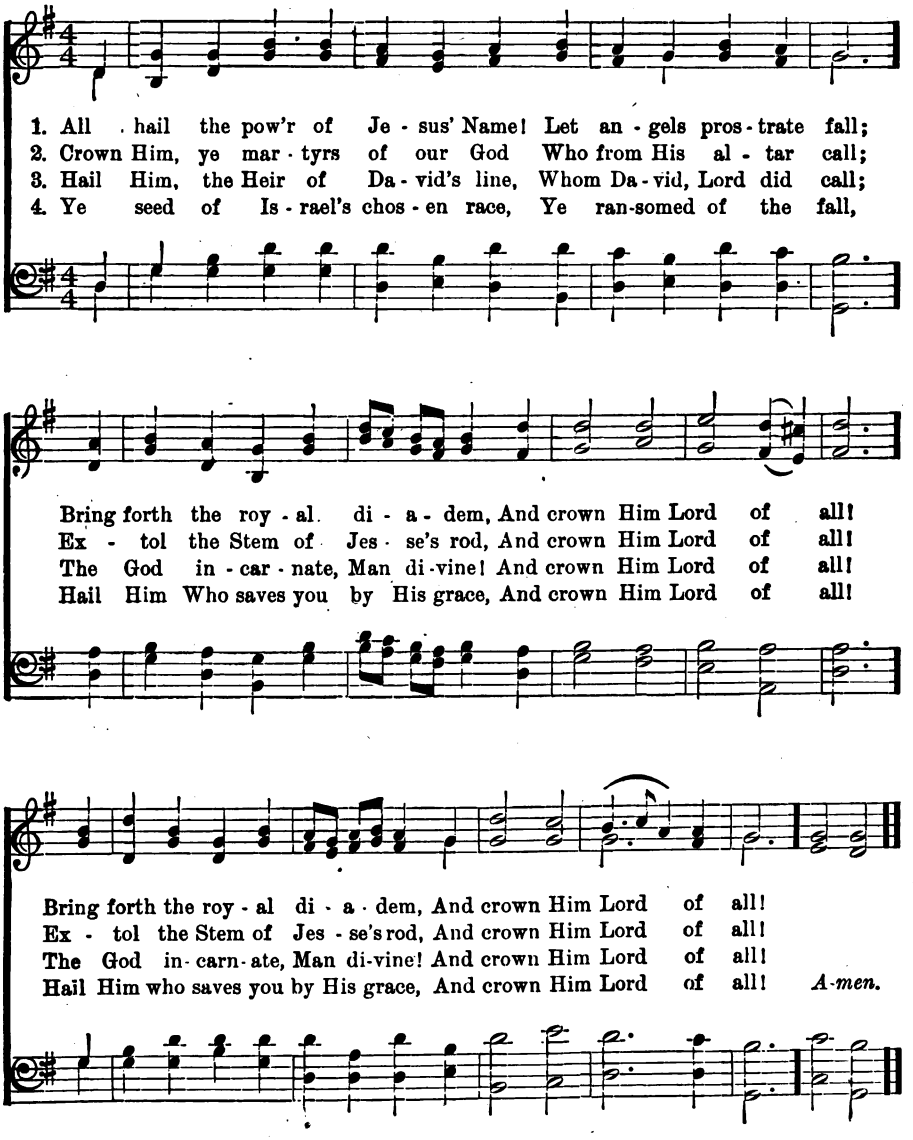
Anon. (DAILY PRAISE.) Anon.


1. Dai - ly, dai - ly sing the prais - es Of the Cit - y God hath made;
2. All the walls of that dear Cit - y Are of bright and burnished gold;
3. In the midst of that dear Cit - y Christ is reign- ing on His seat,
4. From the throne a riv - er is - sues, Clear as crys - tal, pass - ing bright,
In the beau-teous fields of E - den Its foun - da - tion-stones are laid.
It is match-less in its beau - ty, And its treas- ures are un - told.
And the An - gels swing their cen - sers In a ring a - bout His feet.
And it trav - ers - es the Cit - y Like a beam of sil - ver light.
REFRAIN.
Oh, that I had wings of an - gels Here to spread and heav'n-ward fly;
I would seek the gates of Si - on, Far be-yond the star - ry sky! A - men.

5 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the Seraphs, and the Elders,
And the great redeemèd throng.

6 Oh, I would my ears were open,
Here to catch that happy strain!
Oh, I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain.

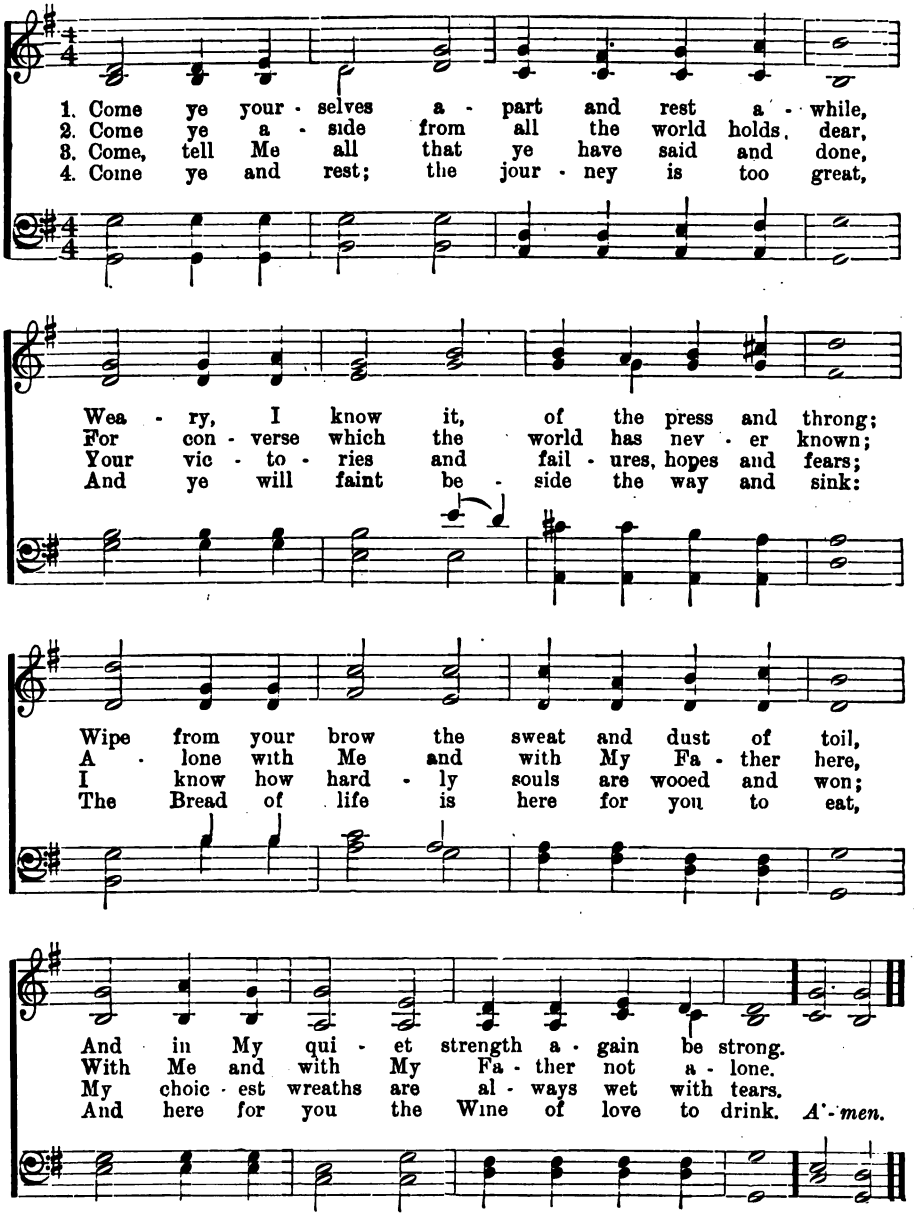
17 All Hail The Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet. (CORONATION.) O. Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God Who from His al - tar call;
3. Hail Him, the Heir of Da - vid's line, Whom Da - vid, Lord did call;
4. Ye seed of Is - rael's chos - en race, Ye ran-somed of the fall,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Ex - tol the Stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all!
The God in - car - nate, Man di-vine! And crown Him Lord of all!
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Ex - tol the Stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all!
The God in - carn - ate, Man di-vine! And crown Him Lord of all!
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all! A-men.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

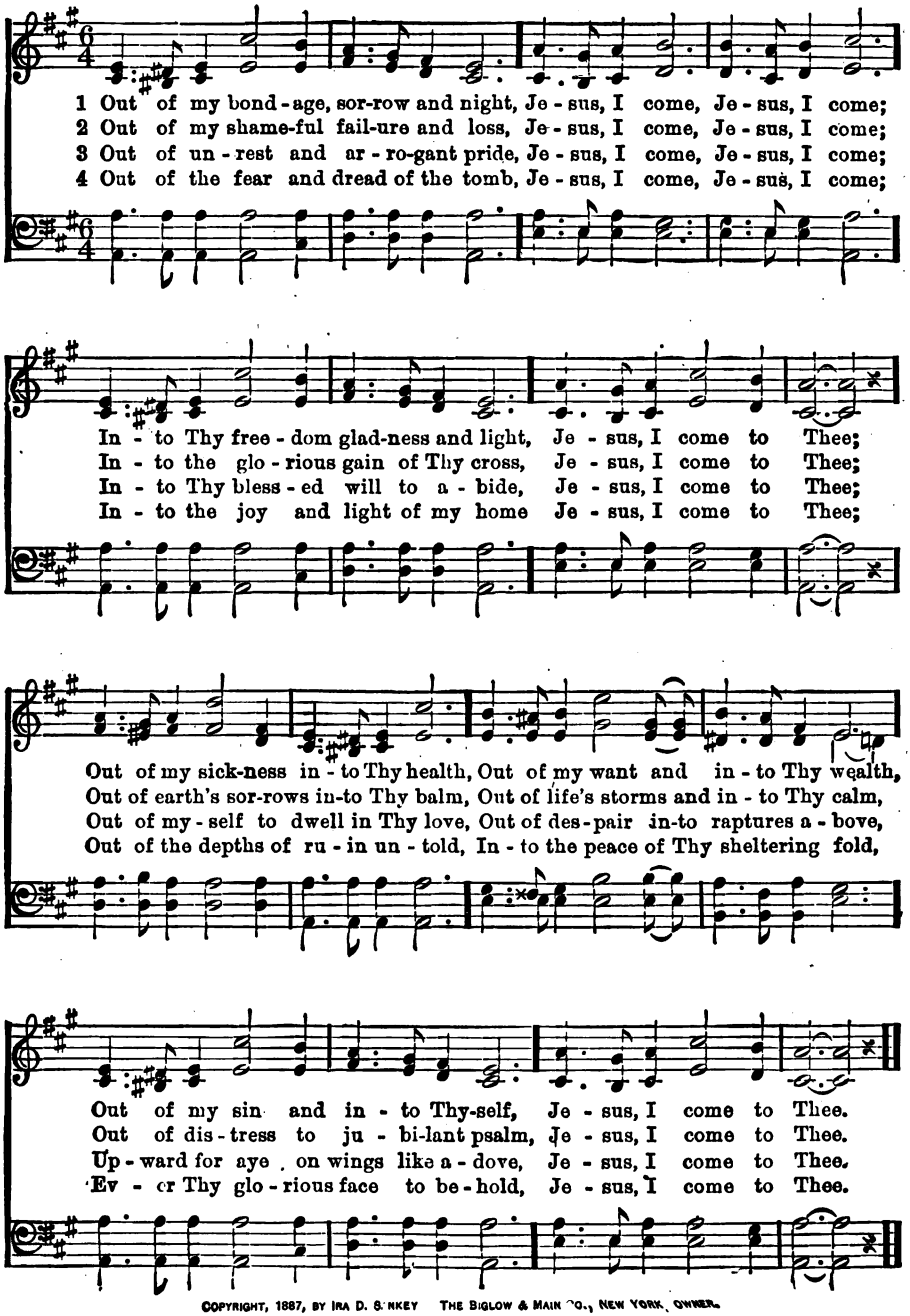
6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall!
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

18 Come Ye Yourselves Apart.

E H. Bickersteth. (BENEDICTION.) E. J. Hopkins.

1. Come ye your - selves a - part and rest a - while,
2. Come ye a - side from all the world holds dear,
3. Come, tell Me all that ye have said and done,
4. Come ye and rest; the jour - ney is too great,
Wea - ry, I know it, of the press and throng;
For con - verse which the world has nev - er known;
Your vic - to - ries and fail - ures, hopes and fears;
And ye will faint be - side the way and sink:
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,
A - lone with Me and with My Fa - ther here,
I know how hard - ly souls are wooed and won;
The Bread of life is here for you to eat,
And in My qui - et strength a - gain be strong.
With Me and with My Fa - ther not a - lone.
My choic - est wreaths are al - ways wet with tears.
And here for you the Wine of love to drink. A'-men.

5 Then, fresh from converse with your Lord, return
And work till daylight softens into even:
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
More of your Master and His rest in heaven.

19 Out of my Bondage, Sorrow and Night.

William T. Sleeper. (JESUS, I COME.) George C. Stebbins.

1 Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2 Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3 Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4 Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
In-to Thy free-dom glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of my home Je-sus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sor-rows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of des-pair in-to raptures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a-dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

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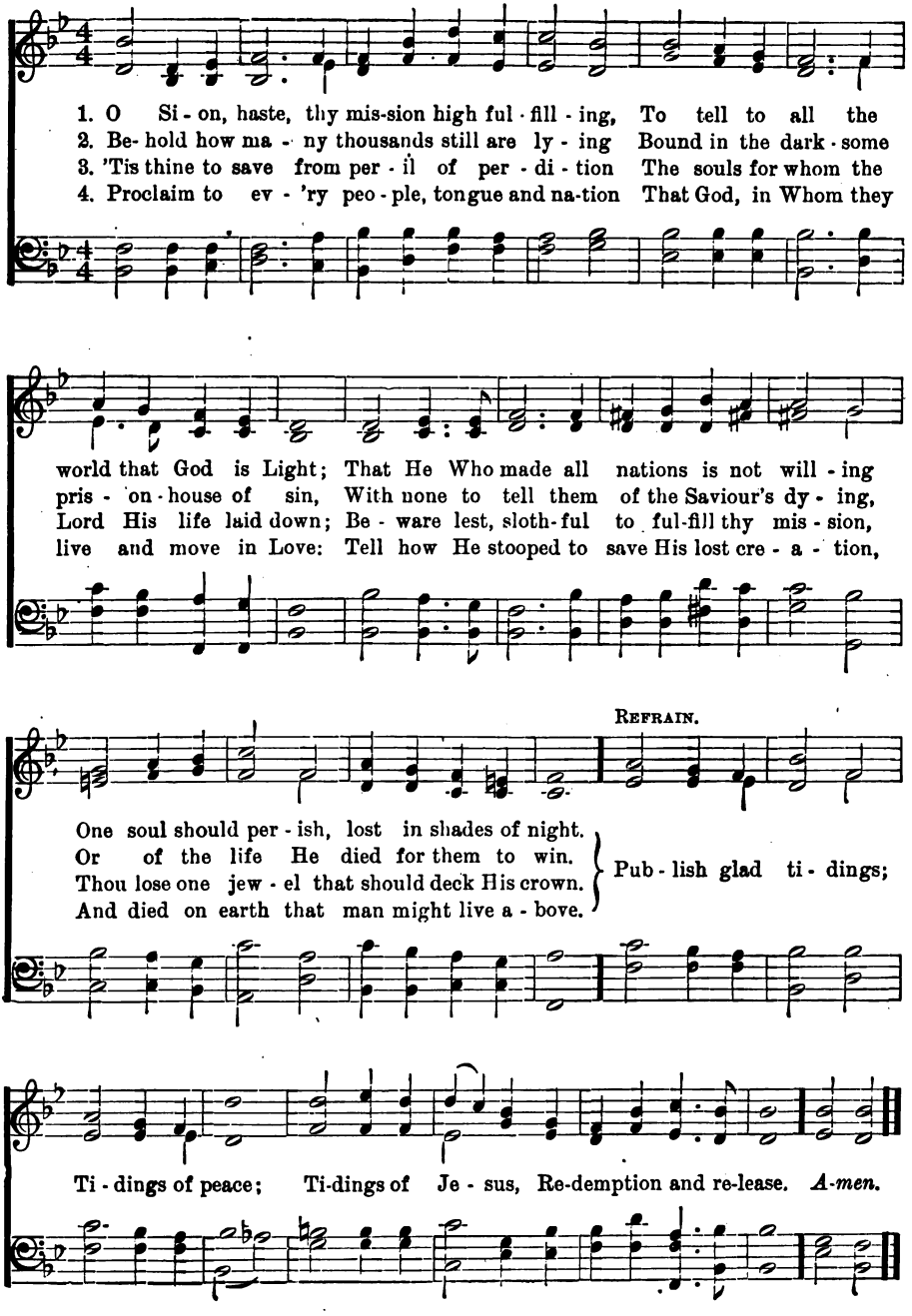
20 O Sion, Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling.

M. A. Thomson. (TIDINGS.) J. Walch.

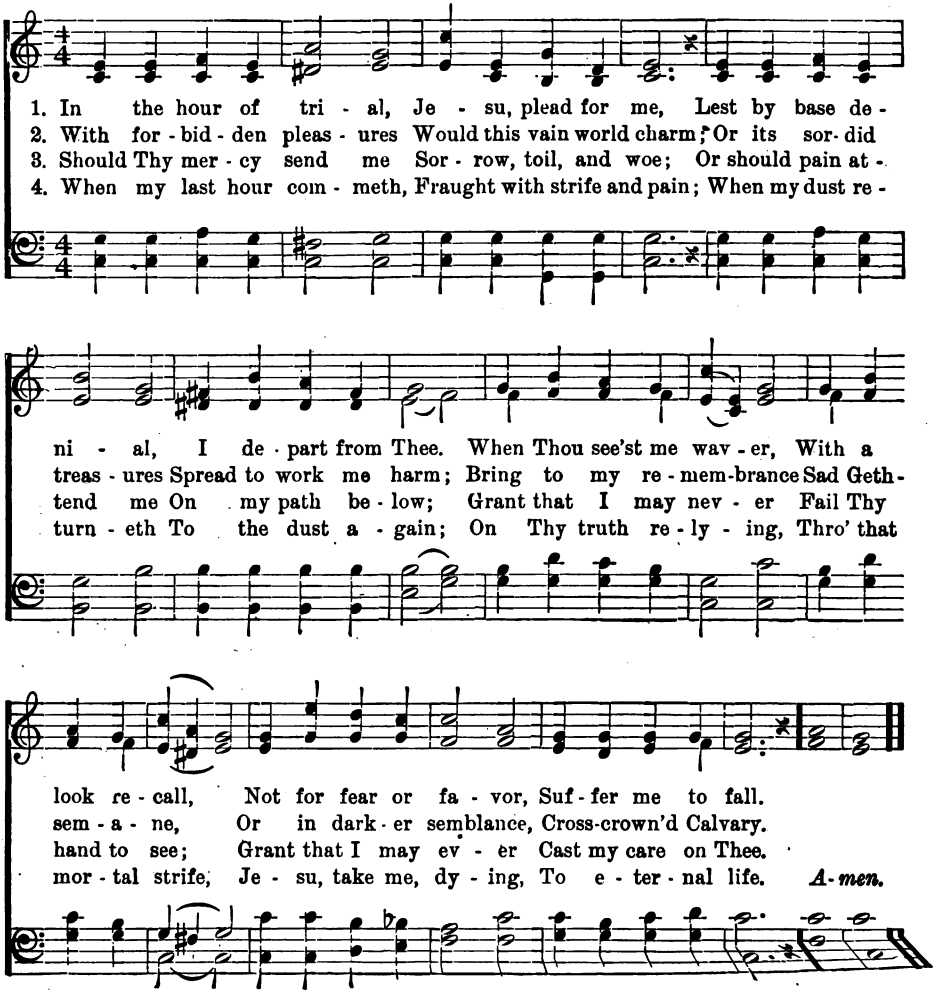

1. O Si - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be- hold how ma - ny thousands still are ly - ing Bound in the dark - some
3. 'Tis thine to save from per - il of per - di - tion The souls for whom the
4. Proclaim to ev - 'ry peo - ple, tongue and na-tion That God, in Whom they
world that God is Light; That He Who made all nations is not will - ing
pris - on - house of sin, With none to tell them of the Saviour's dy - ing,
Lord His life laid down; Be - ware lest, sloth-ful to ful-fill thy mis - sion,
live and move in Love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
REFRAIN.
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win.
Thou lose one jew - el that should deck His crown.
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
Pub - lish glad ti - dings;
Ti - dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je - sus, Re-demption and re-lease. A-men.

O Sion, Haste.—Concluded.

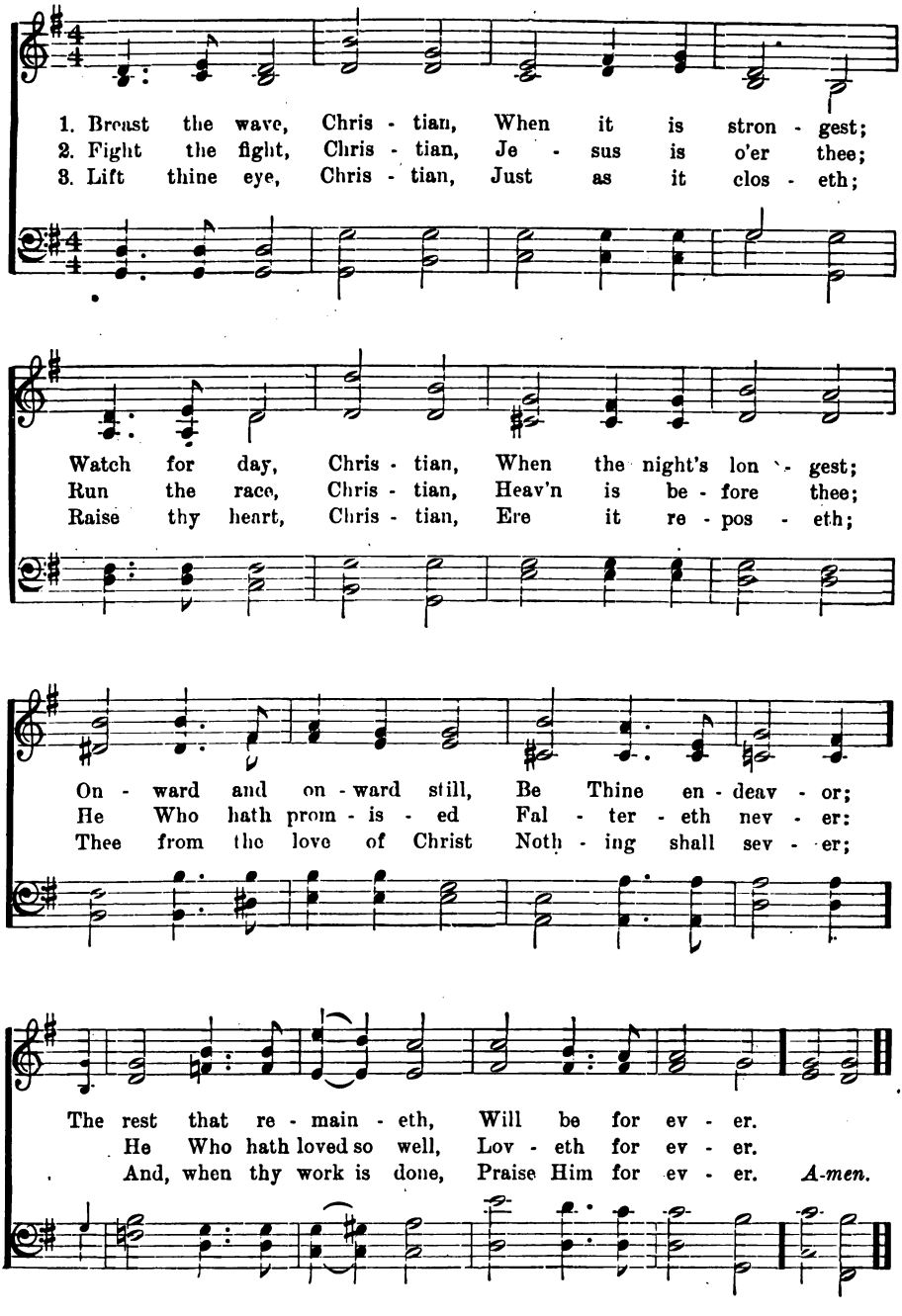
5 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way,
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious,
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.

6 He comes again—O Sion, ere Thou meet Him,
Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.

21 In the Hour of Trial.

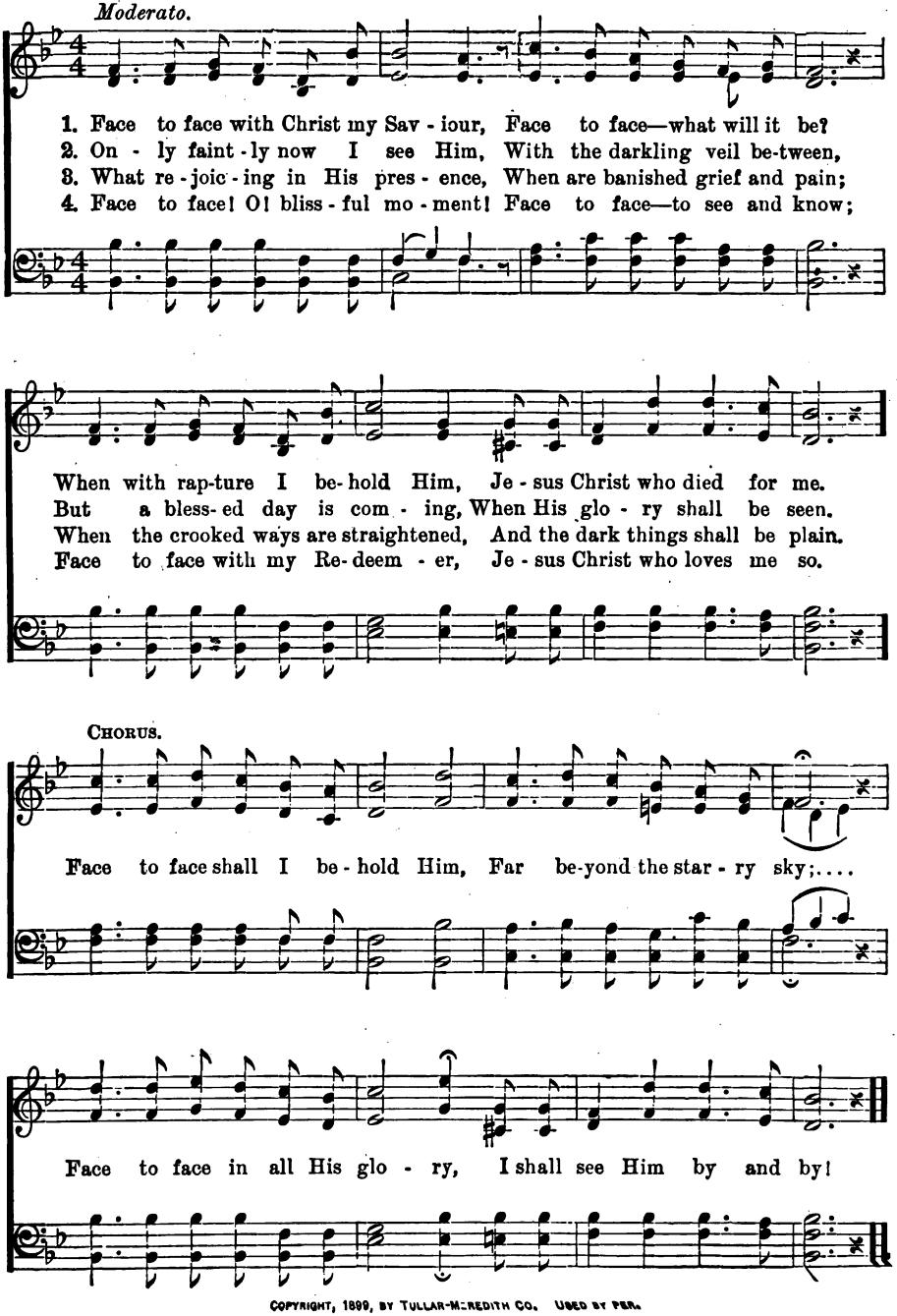
J. Montgomery, *et al.* (PENITENCE.) Spencer Lane.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - su, plead for me, Lest by base de -
2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor - did
3. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe; Or should pain at -
4. When my last hour com - meth, Fraught with strife and pain; When my dust re -
ni - al, I de - part from Thee. When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a
treas - ures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - mem-brance Sad Geth -
tend me On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy
turn - eth To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that
look re - call, Not for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
sem - a - ne, Or in dark - er semblance, Cross-crown'd Calvary.
hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
mor - tal strife; Je - su, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life. *A - men.*

22 Breast The Wave, Christian.

J. Stammers. (FORTITUDE.) W. C. Filby.

1. Breast the wave, Chris - tian, When it is stron - gest;
2. Fight the fight, Chris - tian, Je - sus is o'er thee;
3. Lift thine eye, Chris - tian, Just as it clos - eth;
Watch for day, Chris - tian, When the night's lon - gest;
Run the race, Chris - tian, Heav'n is be - fore thee;
Raise thy heart, Chris - tian, Ere it re - pos - eth;
On - ward and on - ward still, Be Thine en - deav - or;
He Who hath prom - is - ed Fal - ter - eth nev - er:
Thee from the love of Christ Noth - ing shall sev - er;
The rest that re - main - eth, Will be for ev - er.
He Who hath loved so well, Lov - eth for ev - er.
And, when thy work is done, Praise Him for ev - er. A-men.

23 Face to Face with Christ My Saviour.

Mrs. F. A. Breck. (FACE TO FACE.) Grant Colfax Tullar.

Moderato.

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - iour, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the darkling veil be-tween,
3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are banished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! O! bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;
When with rap-ture I be-hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re-deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.
CHORUS.
Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star - ry sky;....
Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

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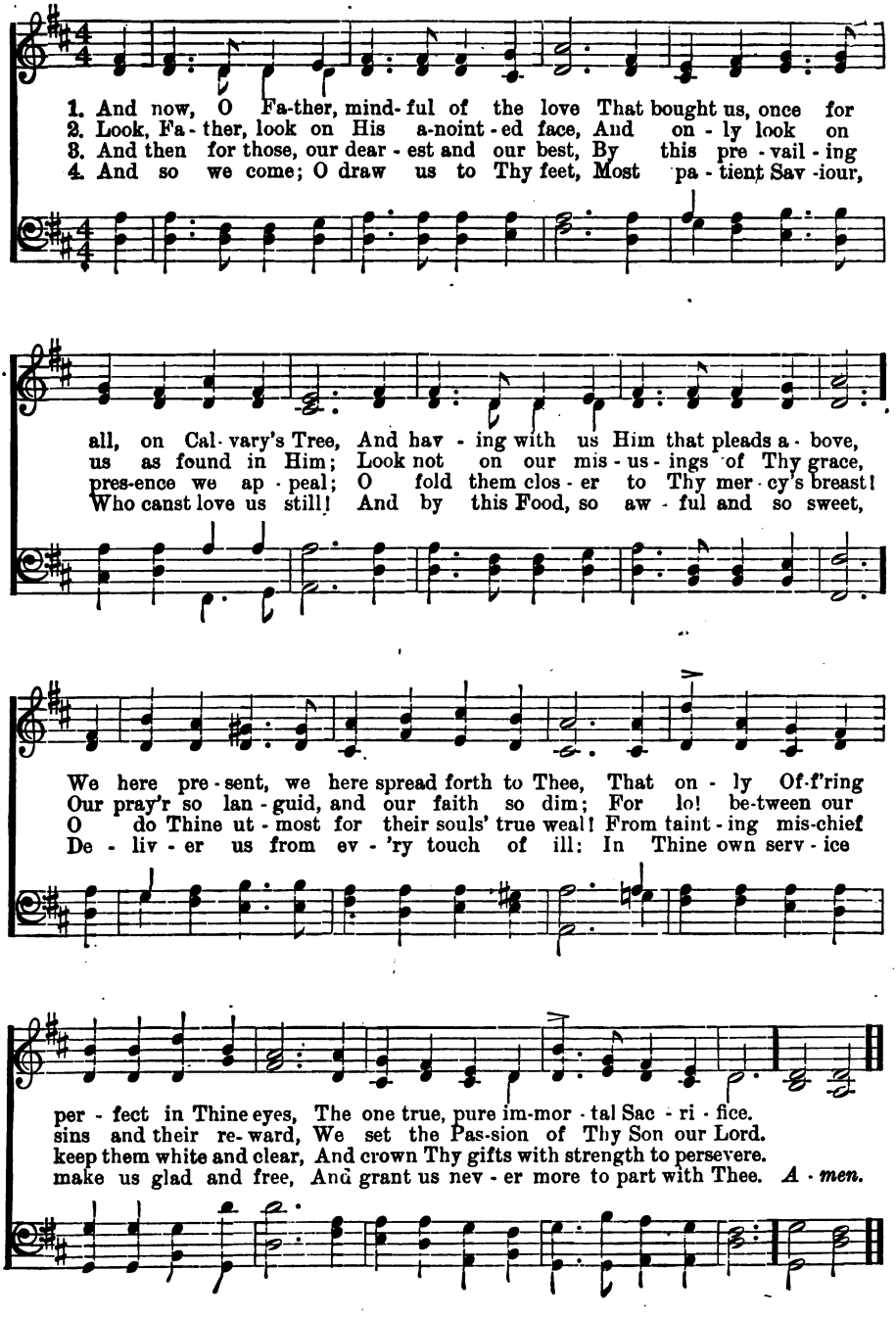
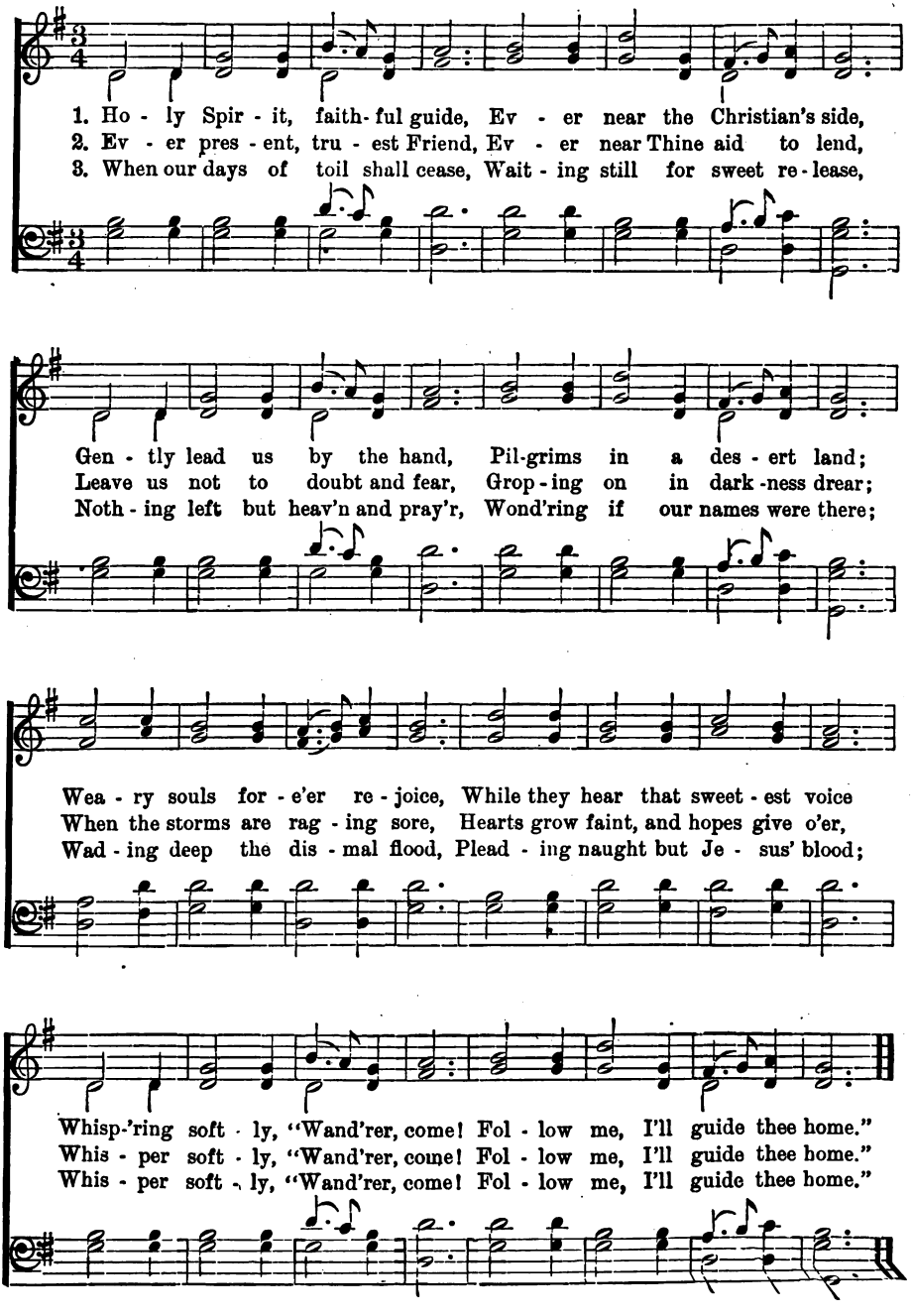
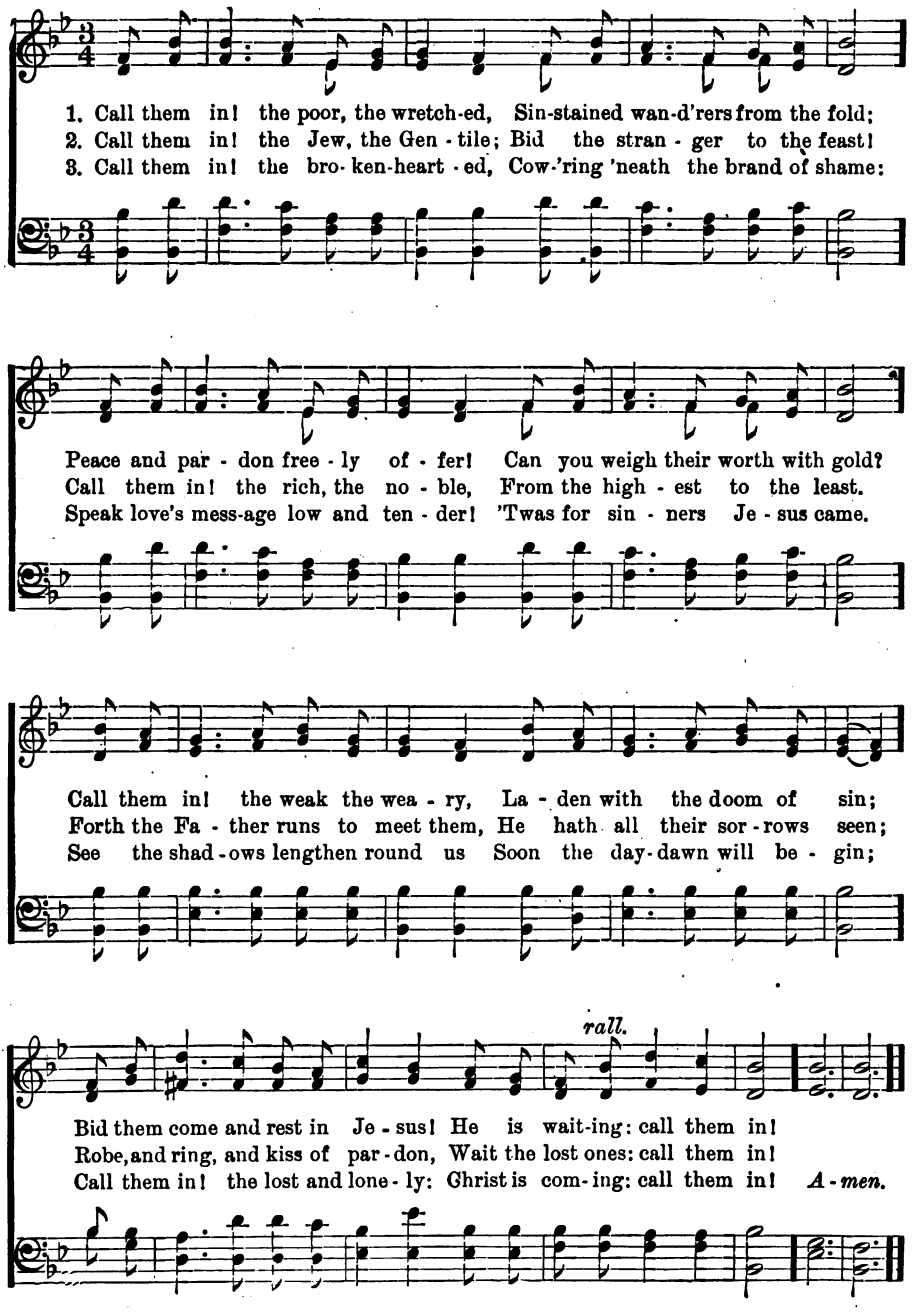
And Now, O Father.

W. Bright. (UNDE ET MEMORES.) W. H. Monk

1. And now, O Fa-ther, mind-ful of the love That bought us, once for
2. Look, Fa-ther, look on His a-noint-ed face, And on-ly look on
3. And then for those, our dear-est and our best, By this pre-vail-ing
4. And so we come; O draw us to Thy feet, Most pa-tient Sav-iour,
all, on Cal-vary's Tree, And hav-ing with us Him that pleads a-bove,
us as found in Him; Look not on our mis-us-ings of Thy grace,
pres-ence we ap-peal; O fold them clos-er to Thy mer-cy's breast!
Who canst love us still! And by this Food, so aw-ful and so sweet,
We here pre-sent, we here spread forth to Thee, That on-ly Of-f'ring
Our pray'r so lan-guid, and our faith so dim; For lo! be-tween our
O do Thine ut-most for their souls' true weal! From taint-ing mis-chief
De-liv-er us from ev-'ry touch of ill: In Thine own serv-ice
per-fect in Thine eyes, The one true, pure im-mor-tal Sac-ri-fice.
sins and their re-ward, We set the Pas-sion of Thy Son our Lord.
keep them white and clear, And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.
make us glad and free, And grant us nev-er more to part with Thee. A-men.

25 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

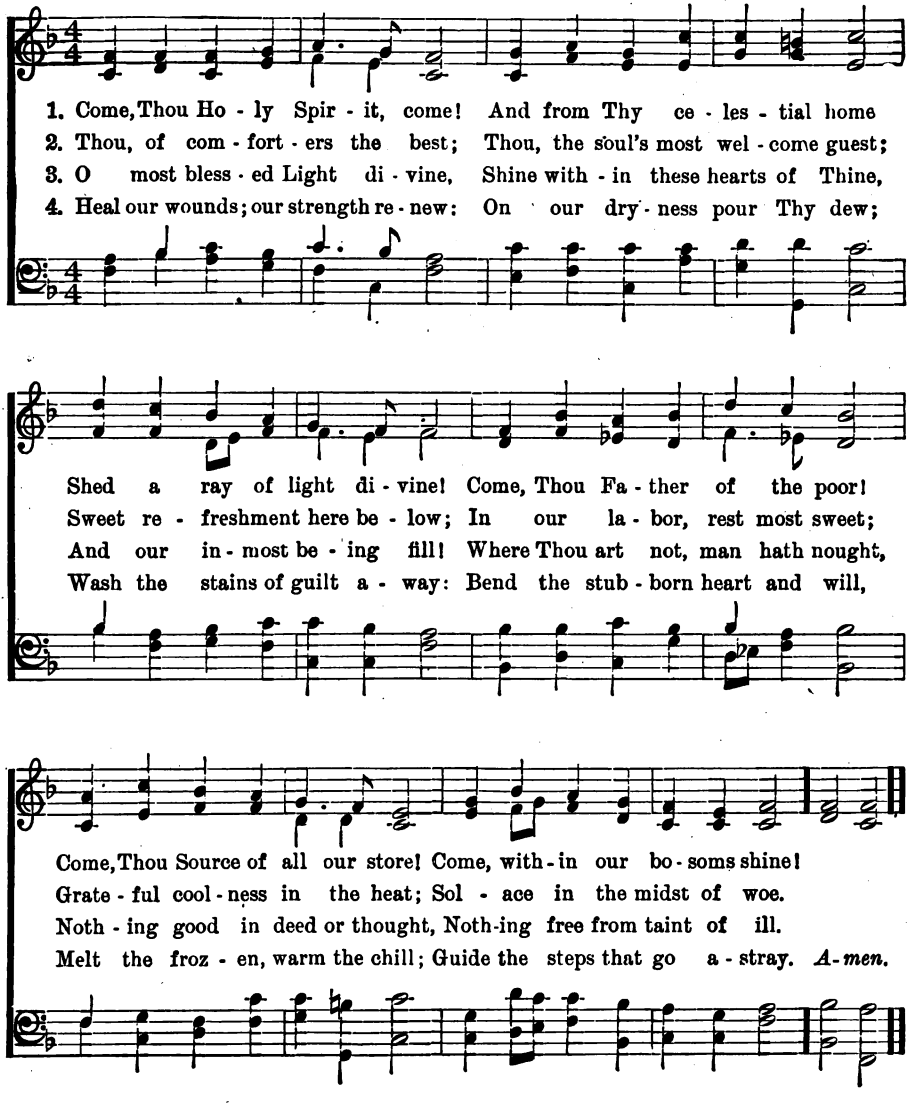
M. M. Wells. (GUIDE.) Marcus M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith- ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark -ness drear;
Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood;
Whisp-'ring soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

26 Call Them In!

A. Shipton. (KERR.) Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Call them in! the poor, the wretch-ed, Sin-stained wan-d'rers from the fold;
2. Call them in! the Jew, the Gen - tile; Bid the stran - ger to the feast!
3. Call them in! the bro- ken-heart - ed, Cow-'ring 'neath the brand of shame:
Peace and par - don free - ly of - fer! Can you weigh their worth with gold?
Call them in! the rich, the no - ble, From the high - est to the least.
Speak love's mess-age low and ten - der! 'Twas for sin - ners Je - sus came.
Call them in! the weak the wea - ry, La - den with the doom of sin;
Forth the Fa - ther runs to meet them, He hath all their sor - rows seen;
See the shad - ows lengthen round us Soon the day-dawn will be - gin;
rall.
Bid them come and rest in Je - sus! He is wait-ing: call them in!
Robe, and ring, and kiss of par - don, Wait the lost ones: call them in!
Call them in! the lost and lone - ly: Ghrist is com-ing: call them in! A - men.

27 Come, Thou Holy Spirit, Come.

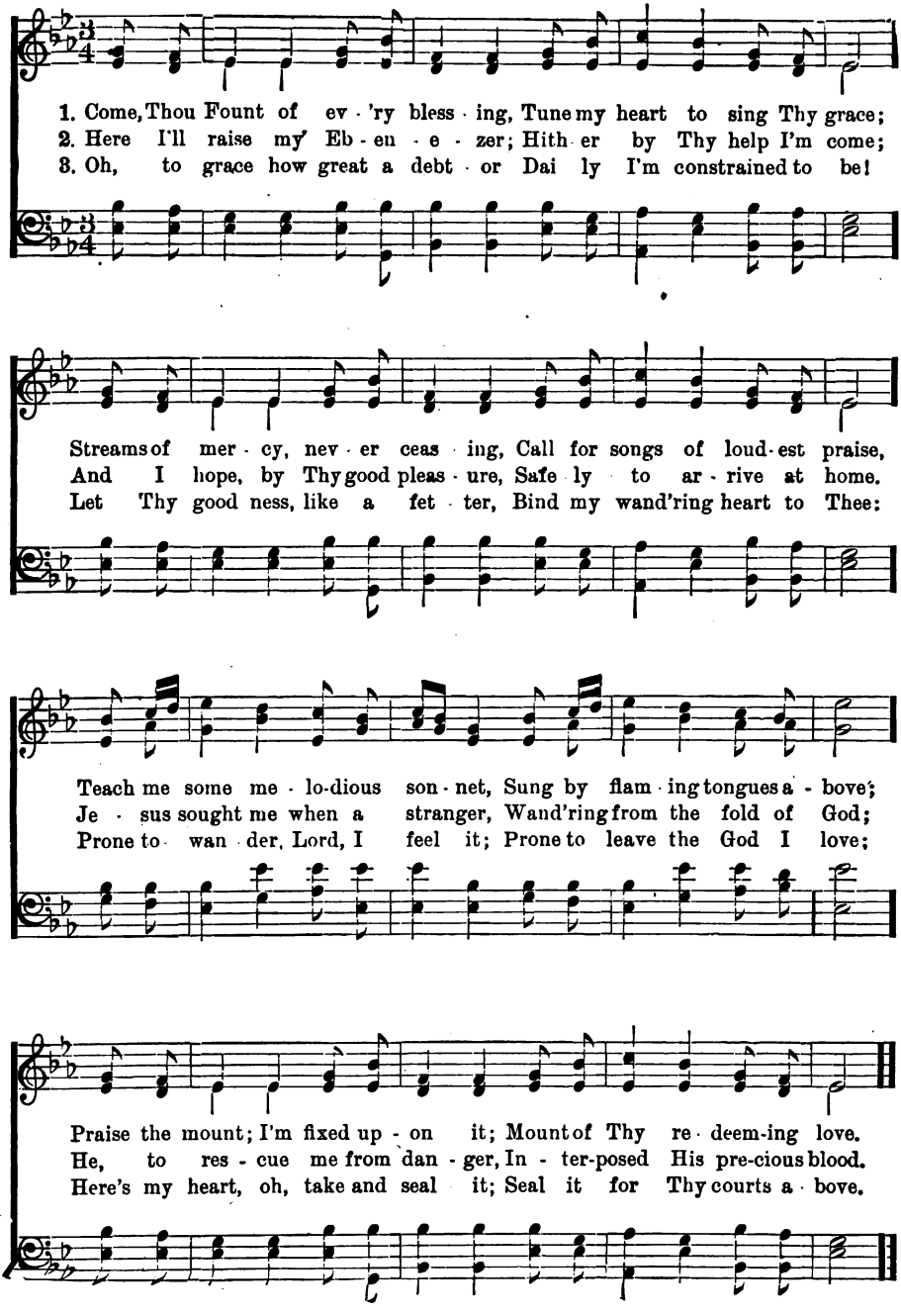
Tr. E. Caswall. (VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS) S. Webbe.


1. Come, Thou Ho - ly Spir - it, come! And from Thy ce - les - tial home
2. Thou, of com - fort - ers the best; Thou, the soul's most wel - come guest;
3. O most bless - ed Light di - vine, Shine with - in these hearts of Thine,
4. Heal our wounds; our strength re - new: On our dry - ness pour Thy dew;
Shed a ray of light di - vine! Come, Thou Fa - ther of the poor!
Sweet re - freshment here be - low; In our la - bor, rest most sweet;
And our in - most be - ing fill! Where Thou art not, man hath nought,
Wash the stains of guilt a - way: Bend the stub - born heart and will,
Come, Thou Source of all our store! Come, with - in our bo - soms shine!
Grate - ful cool - ness in the heat; Sol - ace in the midst of woe.
Noth - ing good in deed or thought, Noth - ing free from taint of ill.
Melt the froz - en, warm the chill; Guide the steps that go a - stray. *A - men.*

5 On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them virtue's sure reward;
Give them Thy salvation, Lord;
Give them joys that never end.

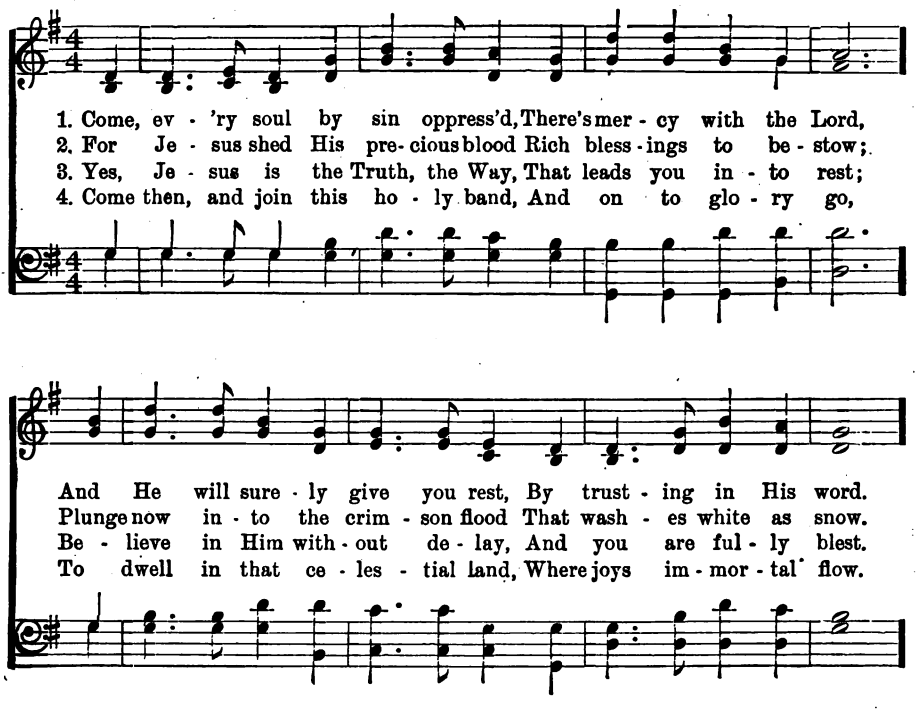
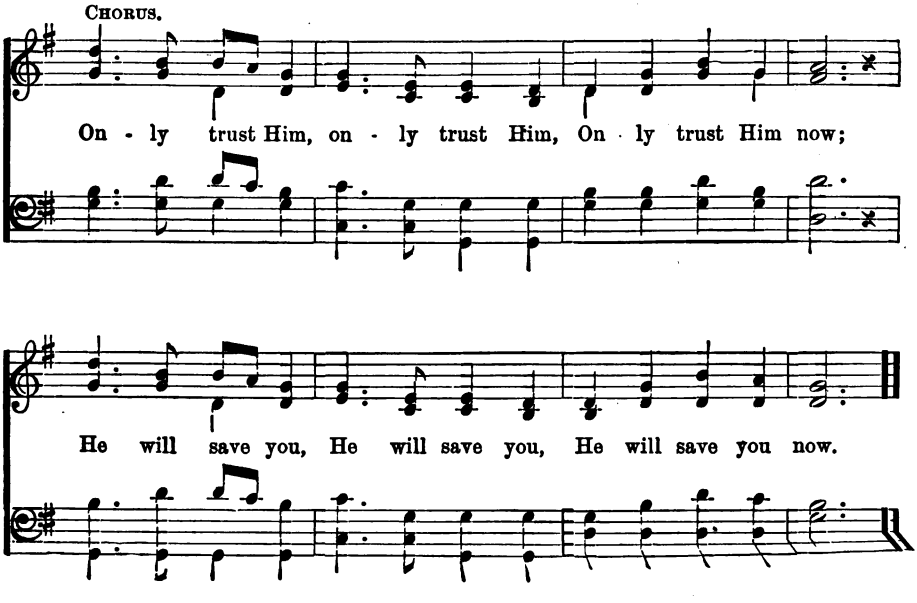
28 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

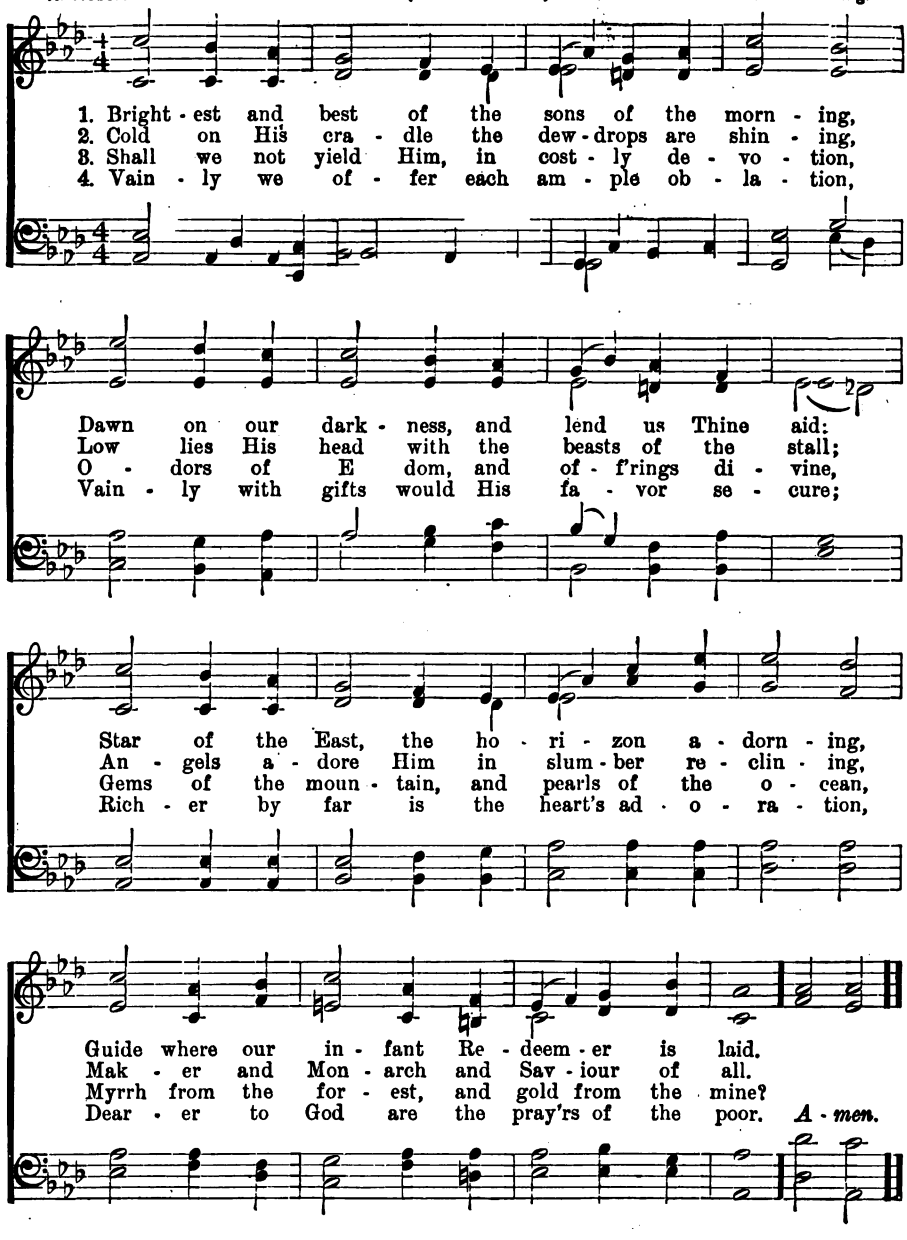
Robert Robinson. (NETTLETON.) John Wyeth.


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai ly I'm constrained to be!
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise,
And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe ly to ar - rive at home.
Let Thy good ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:
Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;
Praise the mount; I'm fixed up - on it; Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

29 Come, Every Soul by Sin Oppressed.

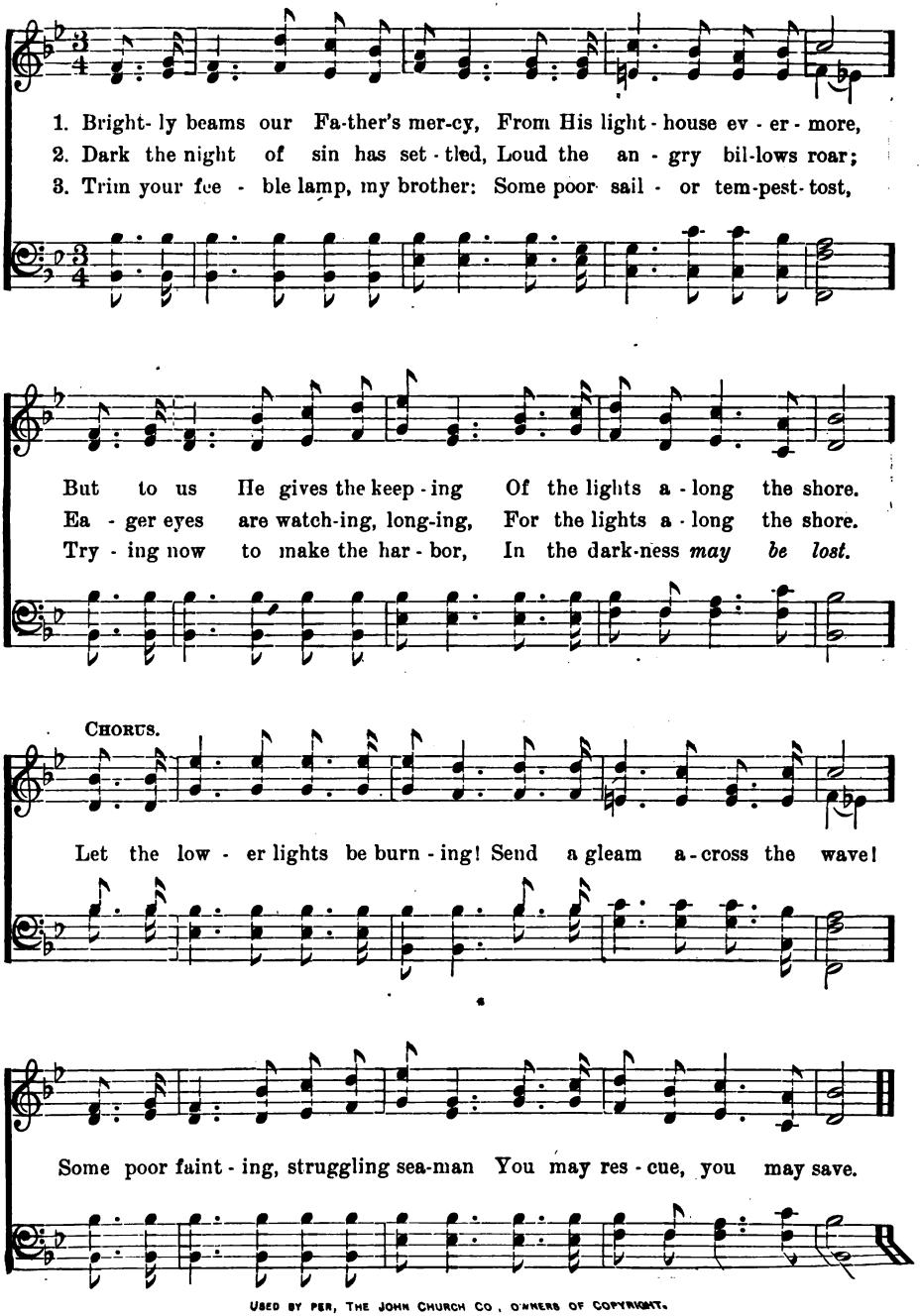
J. H. S. (ONLY TRUST HIM.) J. H. Stockton.


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

30 Brightest and Best of the Sons.

R. Heber. (MORNING STAR.) J. P. Harding.

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing,
3. Shall we not yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion,
4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion,
Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us Thine aid:
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
O - dors of E dom, and of - f'rings di - vine,
Vain - ly with gifts would His fa - vor se - cure;
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,
An - gels a - dore Him in slum - ber re - clin - ing,
Gems of the moun - tain, and pearls of the o - cean,
Rich - er by far is the heart's ad - o - ra - tion,
Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
Mak - er and Mon - arch and Sav - iour of all.
Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine?
Dear - er to God are the pray'rs of the poor. A - men.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

31 Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy.

P. P. Bliss. (LOWER LIGHTS.) P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright- ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy, From His light - house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or tem-pest - tost,
But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
CHORUS.
Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!
Some poor faint - ing, struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.

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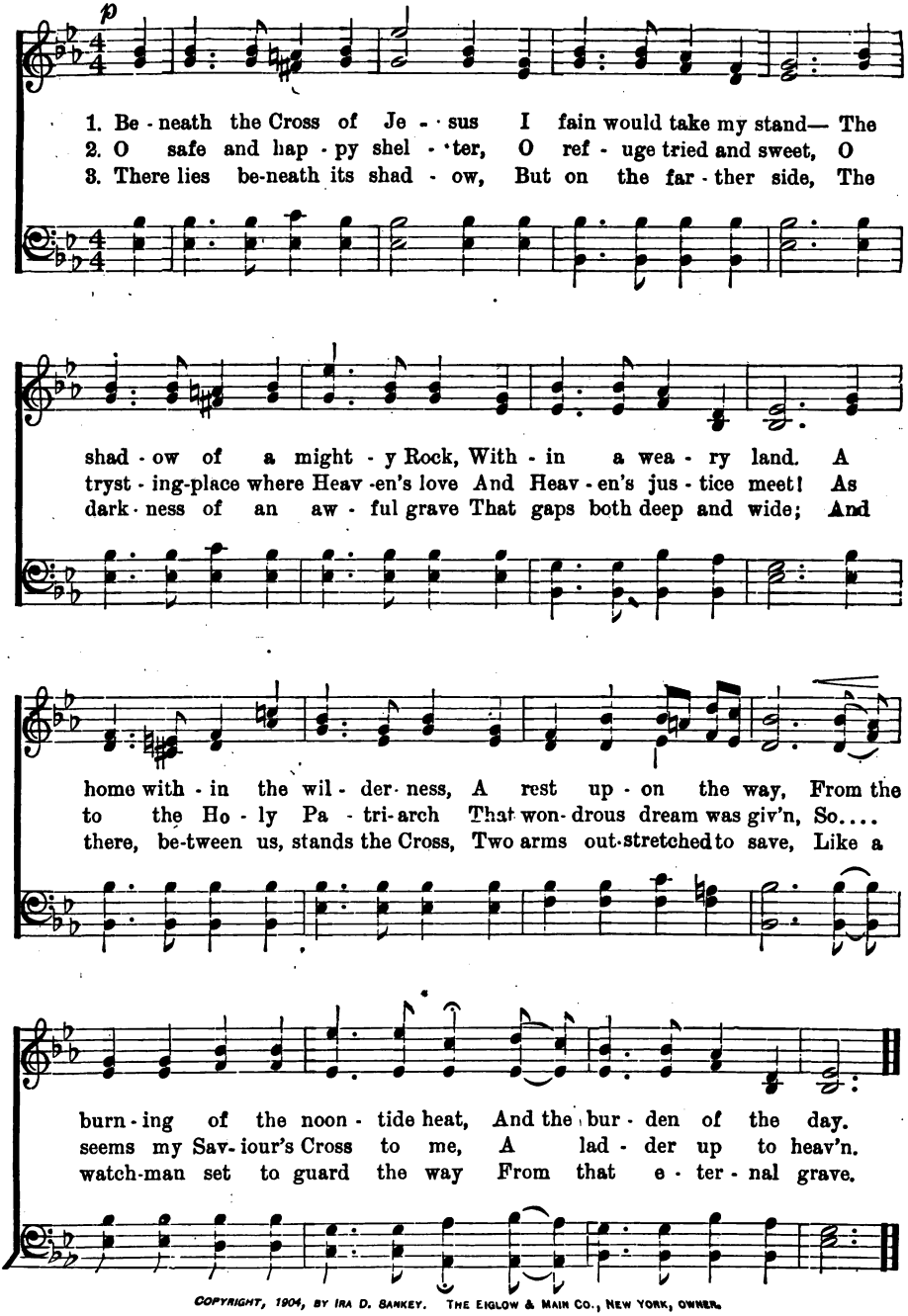
32 Beneath The Cross of Jesus.

Miss E. C. Clephane. (THE CROSS OF JESUS.) Ira D. Sankey.

p
1. Be - neath the Cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand— The
2. O safe and hap - py shel - ter, O ref - uge tried and sweet, O
3. There lies be-neath its shad - ow, But on the far - ther side, The
shad - ow of a might - y Rock, With - in a wea - ry land. A
tryst - ing-place where Heav -en's love And Heav - en's jus - tice meet! As
dark - ness of an aw - ful grave That gaps both deep and wide; And
home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way, From the
to the Ho - ly Pa - tri - arch That won - drous dream was giv'n, So....
there, be-tween us, stands the Cross, Two arms out-stretched to save, Like a
burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
seems my Sav - iour's Cross to me, A lad - der up to heav'n.
watch-man set to guard the way From that e - ter - nal grave.

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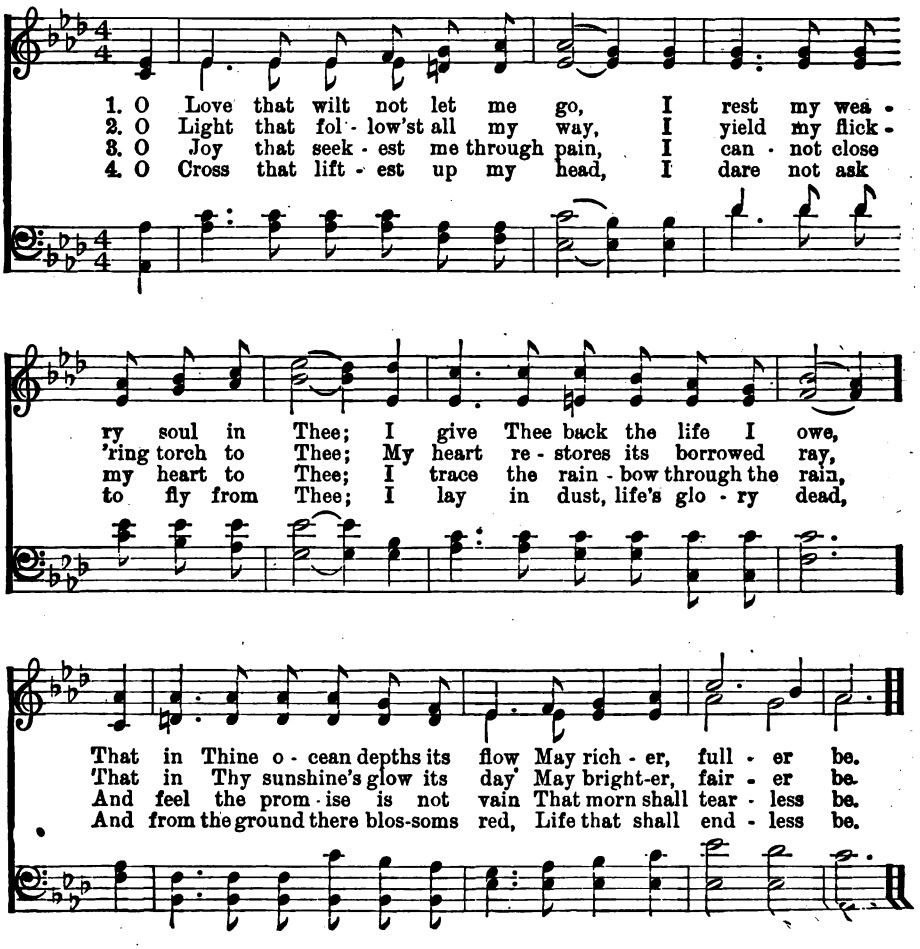
The Cross of Jesus.—Concluded.

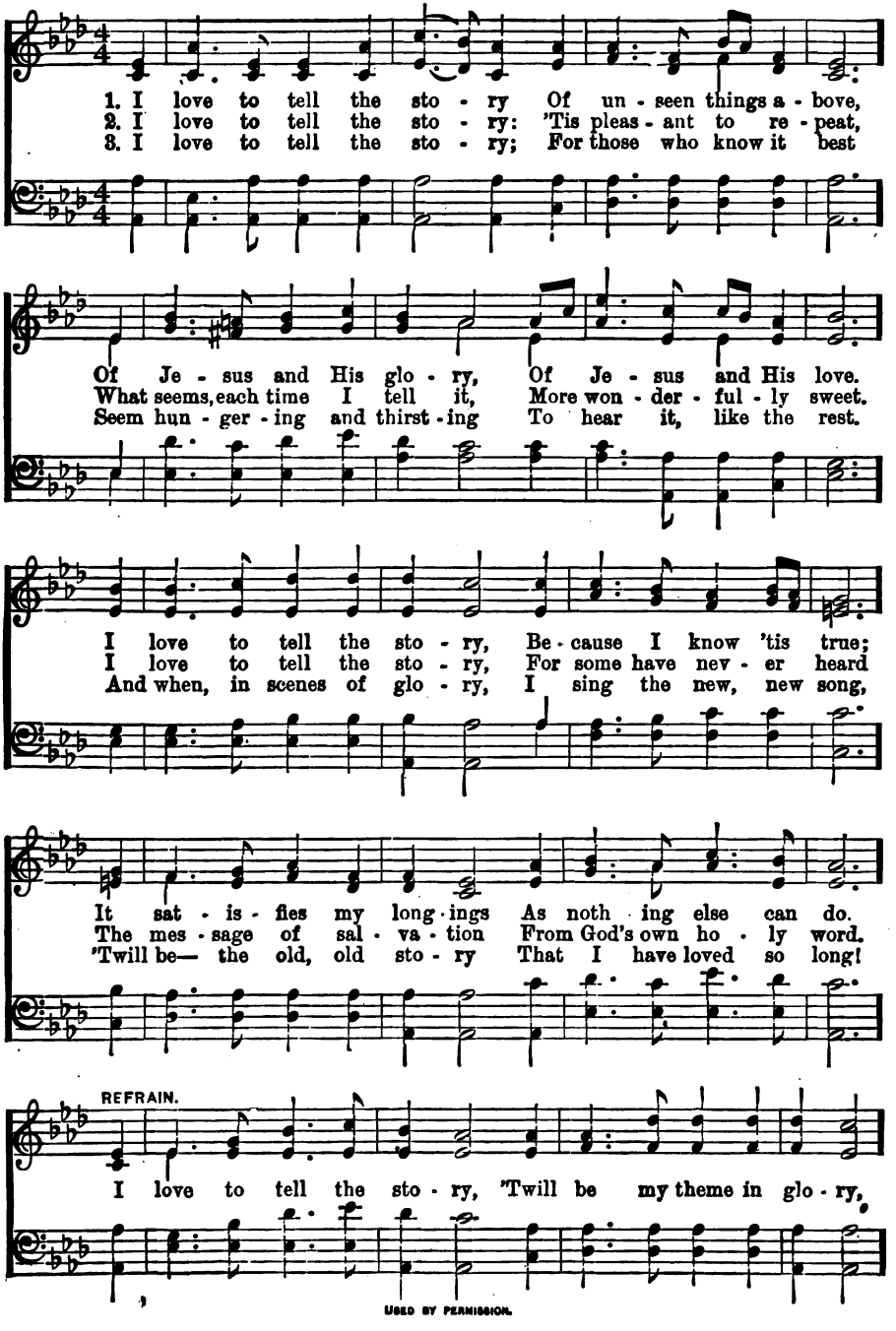
4 Upon the Cross of Jesus
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

5 I take, O Cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,—
My glory all the Cross.

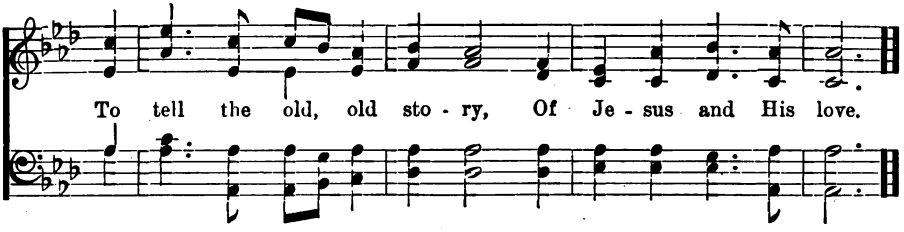
33 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

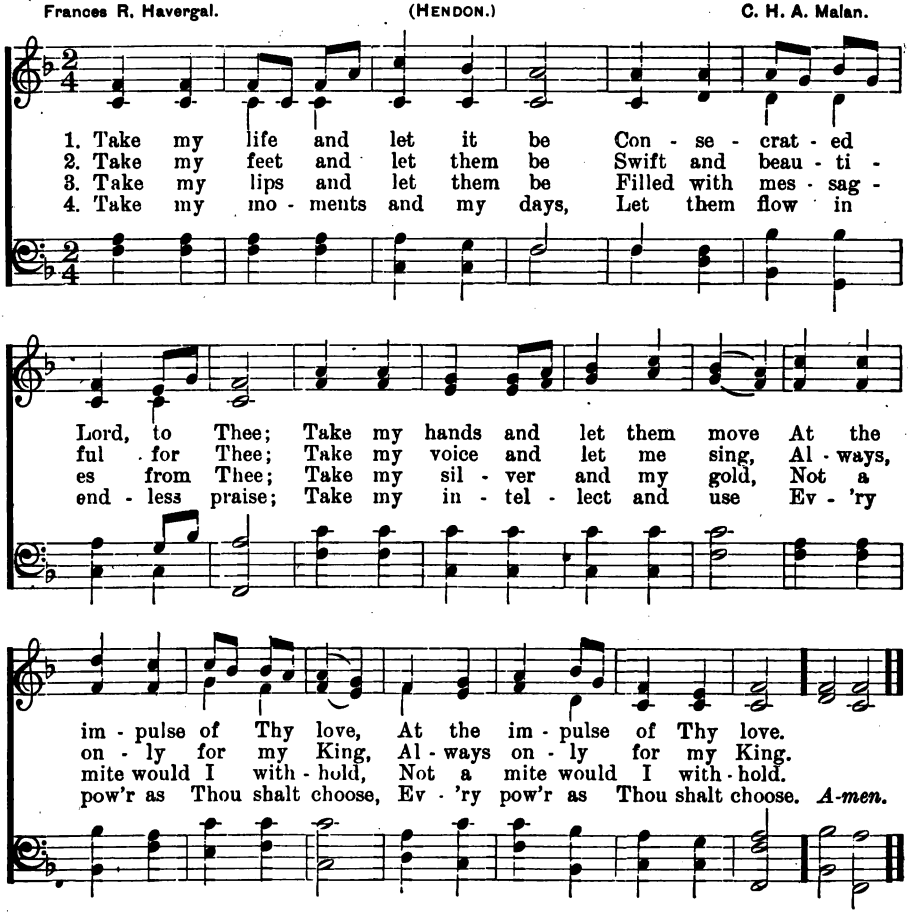
George Matheson. (ST. MARGARET.) Albert L. Peace.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea -
2. O Light that fol - low'st all my way, I yield my flick -
3. O Joy that seek - est me through pain, I can - not close
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask
ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,
'ring torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its borrowed ray,
my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow through the rain,
to fly from Thee; I lay in dust, life's glo - ry dead,
That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
And from the ground there blos-soms red, Life that shall end - less be.

34 I Love to Tell the Story.

Kate Hankey. (HANKEY.) Wm. G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat,
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.
Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest.
I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,
It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
'Twill be— the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long!
REFRAIN.
I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

USED BY PERMISSION.

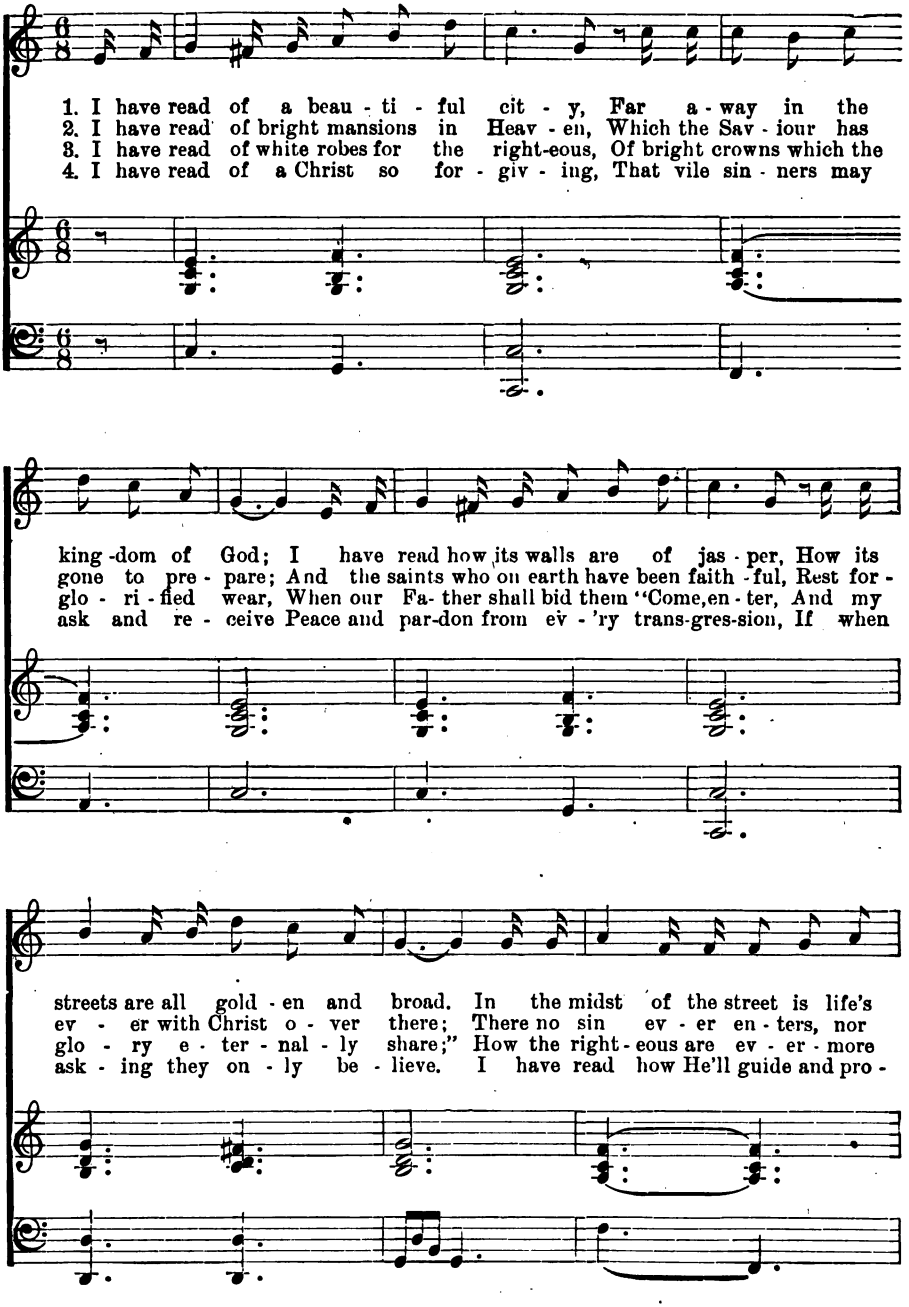
I Love to Tell the Story.—Concluded.

35 Take My Life and Let it Be.

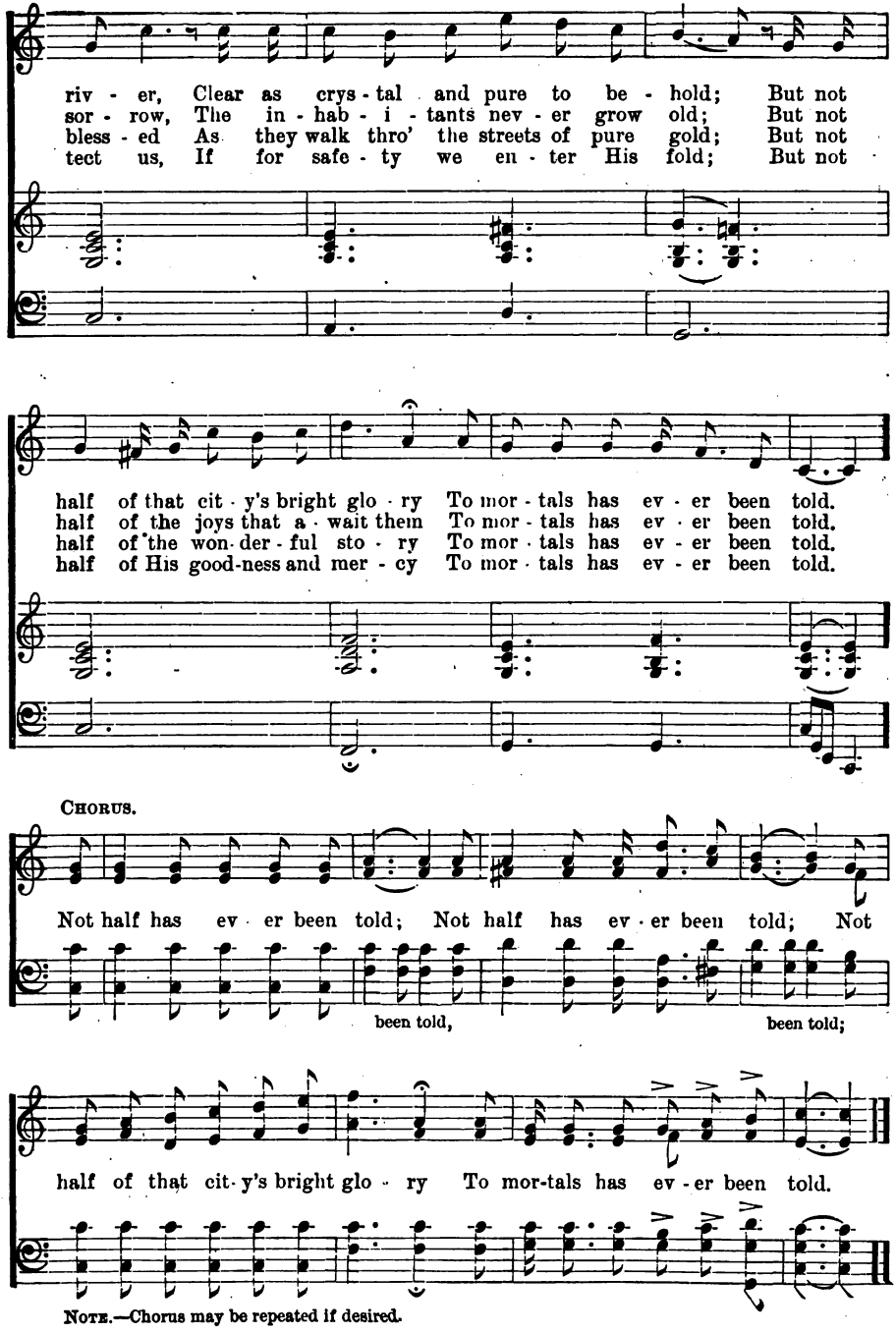
Frances R. Havergal. (HENDON.) C. H. A. Malan.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti -
3. Take my lips and let them be Filled with mes - sag -
4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in
Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and let them move At the
ful for Thee; Take my voice and let me sing, Al - ways,
es from Thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a
end - less praise; Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry
im - pulse of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.
on - ly for my King, Al - ways on - ly for my King.
mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose. A-men.

5 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store,
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee,
Ever, only, all for Thee.

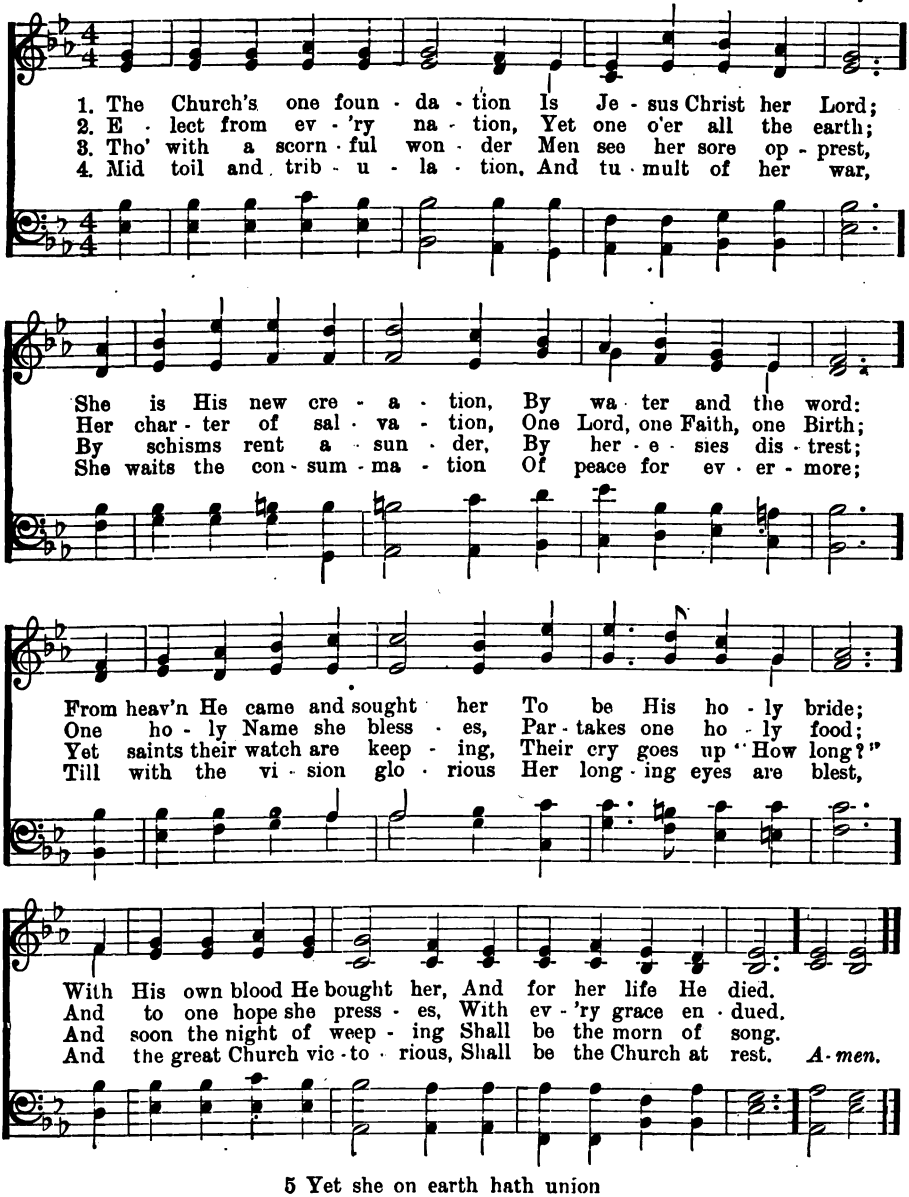
36 I Have Read of a Beautiful City.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. (NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN TOLD.) O. F. Presbrey, by per.

1. I have read of a beau - ti - ful cit - y, Far a - way in the
2. I have read of bright mansions in Heav - en, Which the Sav - iour has
3. I have read of white robes for the right-eous, Of bright crowns which the
4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile sin - ners may
king-dom of God; I have read how its walls are of jas - per, How its
gone to pre - pare; And the saints who on earth have been faith - ful, Rest for -
glo - ri - fied wear, When our Fa- ther shall bid them "Come, en - ter, And my
ask and re - ceive Peace and par-don from ev - 'ry trans-gres-sion, If when
streets are all gold - en and broad. In the midst of the street is life's
ev - er with Christ o - ver there; There no sin ev - er en - ters, nor
glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly share;" How the right - eous are ev - er - more
ask - ing they on - ly be - lieve. I have read how He'll guide and pro -

I Have Read of a Beautiful City.—Concluded.

riv - er, Clear as crys - tal and pure to be - hold; But not
sor - row, The in - hab - i - tants nev - er grow old; But not
bless - ed As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold; But not
tect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His fold; But not
half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mor - tals has ev - er been told.
half of the joys that a - wait them To mor - tals has ev - er been told.
half of the won - der - ful sto - ry To mor - tals has ev - er been told.
half of His good-ness and mer - cy To mor - tals has ev - er been told.
CHORUS.
Not half has ev - er been told; Not half has ev - er been told; Not
been told,
been told;
half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.

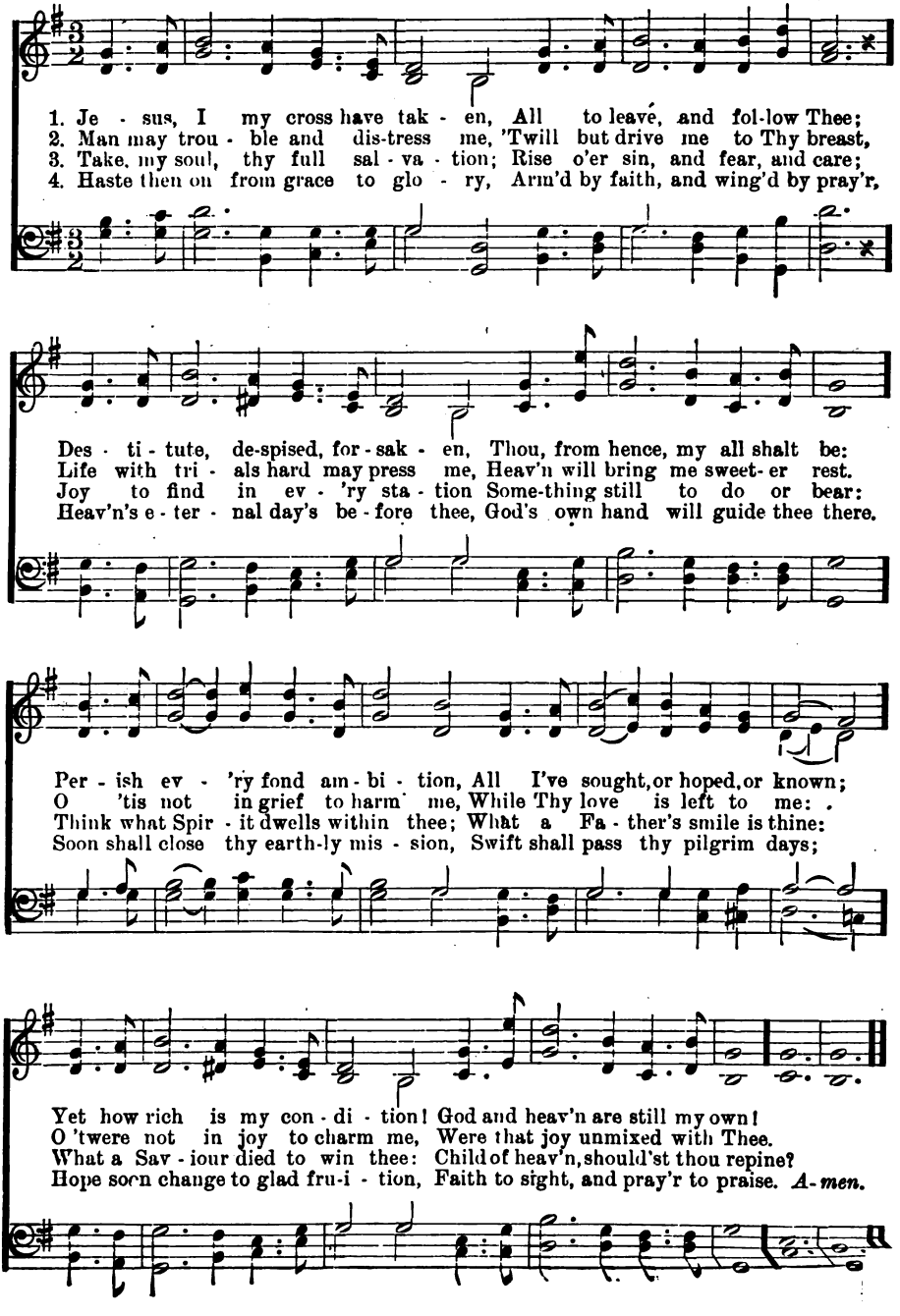
NOTE.—Chorus may be repeated if desired.

37 The Church's One Foundation.

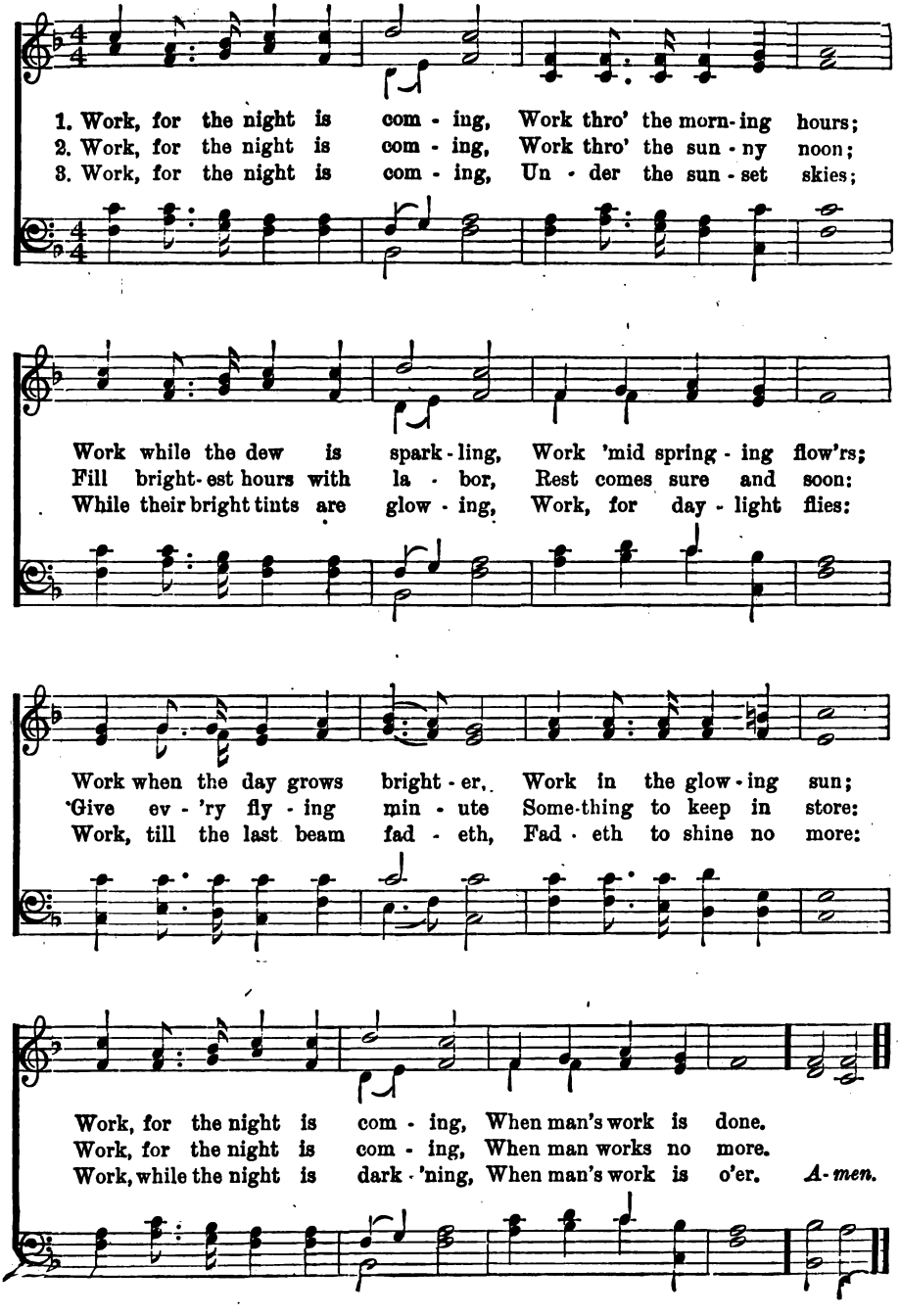
Samuel J. Stone. (AURELIA.) Samuel S. Wesley.

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth;
3. Tho' with a scorn - ful won - der Men see her sore op - prest,
4. Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
She is His new cre - a - tion, By wa - ter and the word:
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - trest;
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;
From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food;
Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up "How long?"
Till with the vi - sion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.
And the great Church vic - to - rious, Shall be the Church at rest. A - men.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God, the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
Oh, happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

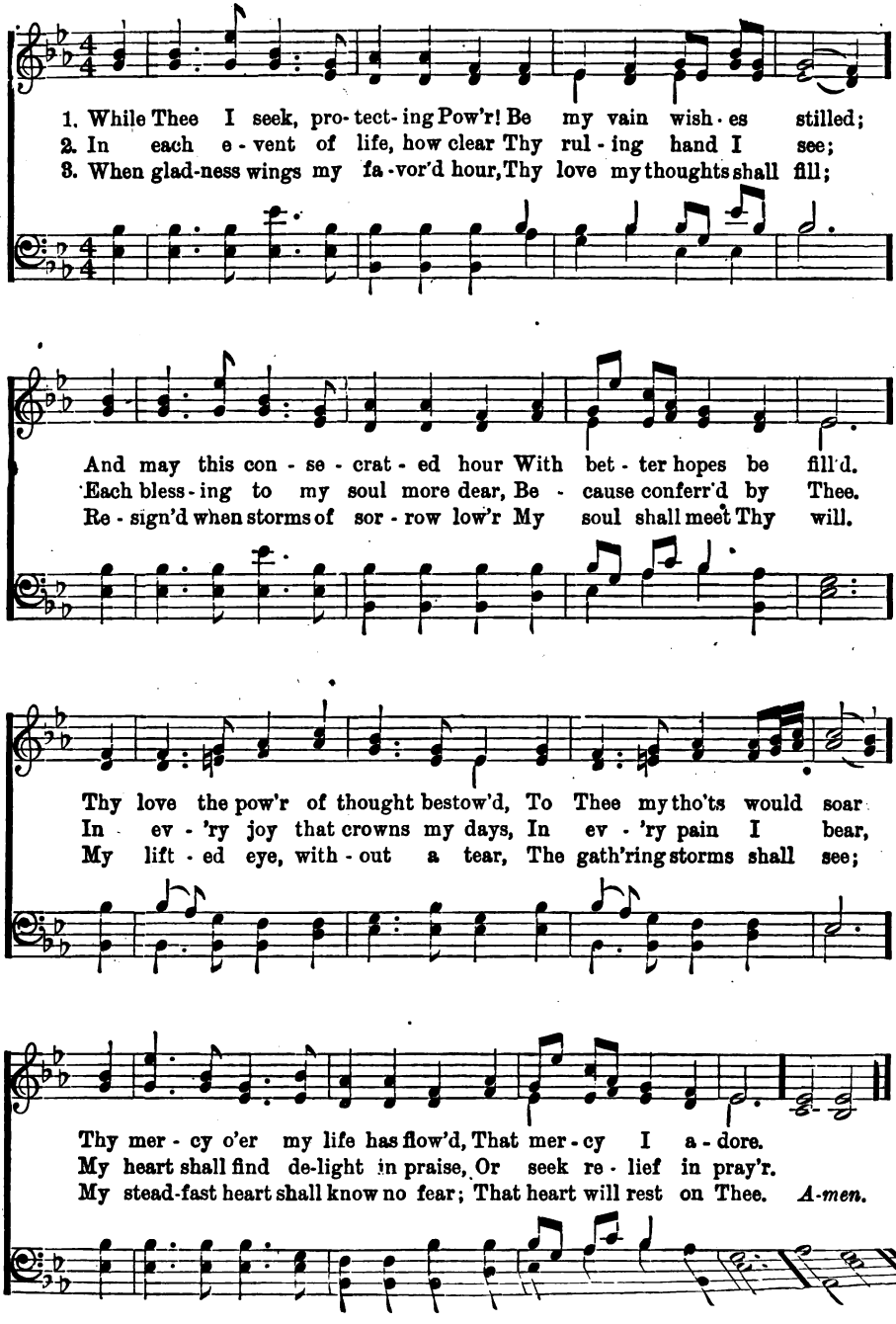
38 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. (AUTUMN.) Geneva, 1551.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol-low Thee;
2. Man may trou - ble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast,
3. Take, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
4. Haste then on from grace to glo - ry, Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r,
Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet- er rest.
Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta - tion Some-thing still to do or bear:
Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand will guide thee there.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me:
Think what Spir - it dwells within thee; What a Fa - ther's smile is thine:
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own!
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
What a Sav - iour died to win thee: Child of heav'n, should'st thou repine?
Hope soon change to glad fru-i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise. A-men.

39 Work, for the Night is Coming.

A. L. Coghill. (DILIGENCE.) L. Mason.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon:
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies:
Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some-thing to keep in store:
Work, till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more:
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work, while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er. A-men.

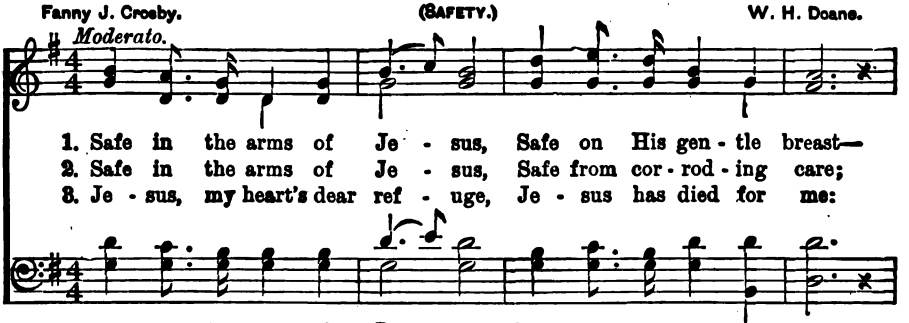
40 While Thee I Seek, Protecting Power.

H. M. Williams. (BRATTLE STREET.) I. Pleyel.

1. While Thee I seek, pro-tect-ing Pow'r! Be my vain wish-es stilled;
2. In each e-vent of life, how clear Thy rul-ing hand I see;
3. When glad-ness wings my fa-vor'd hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
And may this con-se-crat-ed hour With bet-ter hopes be fill'd.
Each bless-ing to my soul more dear, Be-cause conferr'd by Thee.
Re-sign'd when storms of sor-row low'r My soul shall meet Thy will.
Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd, To Thee my tho'ts would soar
In ev-'ry joy that crowns my days, In ev-'ry pain I bear,
My lift-ed eye, with-out a tear, The gath'ring storms shall see;
Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer-cy I a-dore.
My heart shall find de-light in praise, Or seek re-lief in pray'r.
My stead-fast heart shall know no fear; That heart will rest on Thee. A-men.

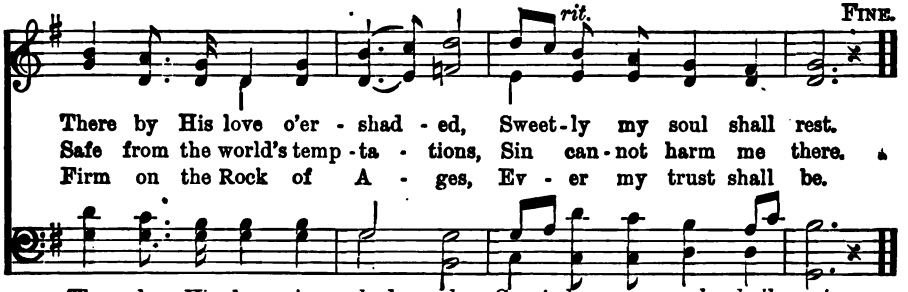
41 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. (SAFETY.) W. H. Doane.

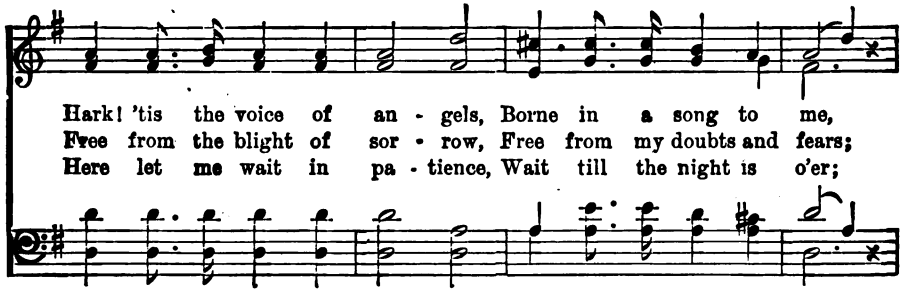
Moderato.


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care;
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me:

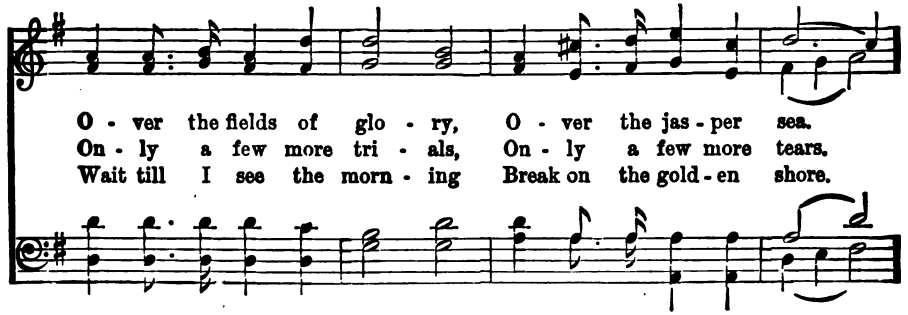
D. C.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—*


rit.
FINE.
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.


Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait in pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D.C. for Chorus.


O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

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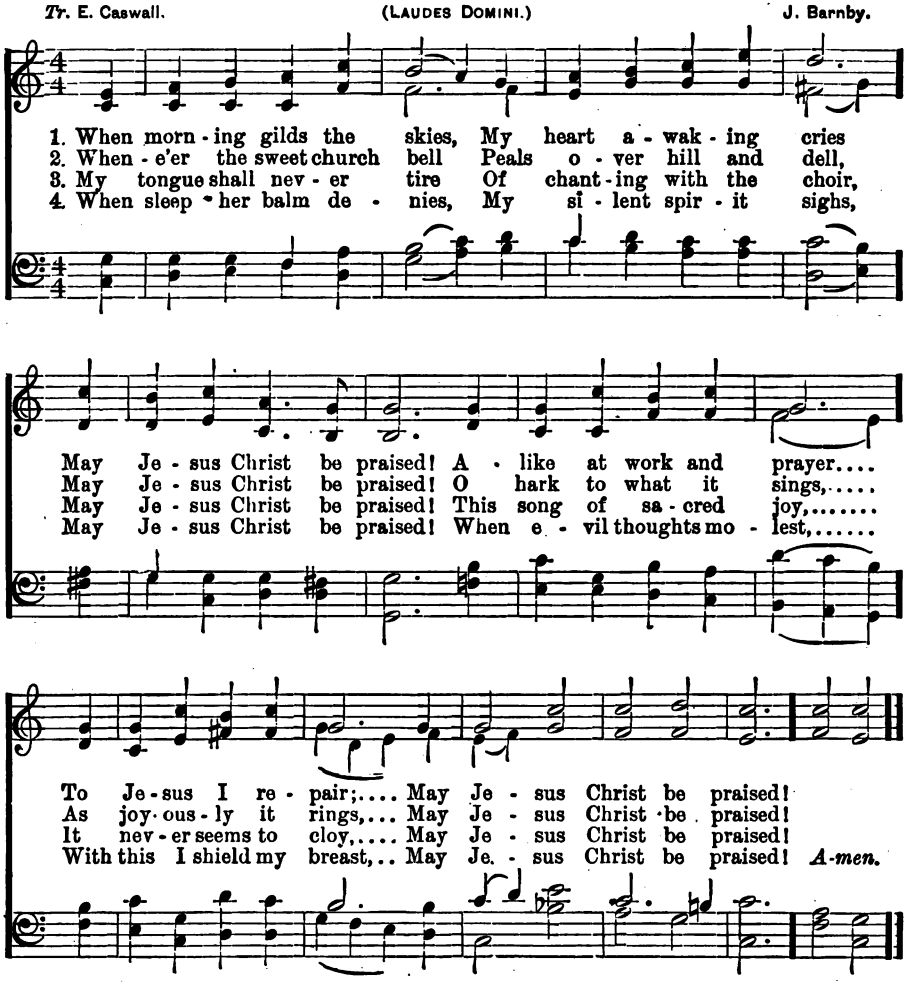
42 When Morning Gilds the Skies.

Tr. E. Caswall. (LAUDES DOMINI.) J. Barnby.

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries
2. When - e'er the sweet church bell Peals o - ver hill and dell,
3. My tongue shall nev - er tire Of chant - ing with the choir,
4. When sleep - her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs,
May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer....
May Je - sus Christ be praised! O hark to what it sings,.....
May Je - sus Christ be praised! This song of sa - cred joy,.....
May Je - sus Christ be praised! When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,.....
To Je - sus I re - pair;.... May Je - sus Christ be praised!
As joy - ous - ly it rings,... May Je - sus Christ be praised!
It nev - er seems to cloy,.... May Je - sus Christ be praised!
With this I shield my breast,.. May Je - sus Christ be praised! *A-men.*

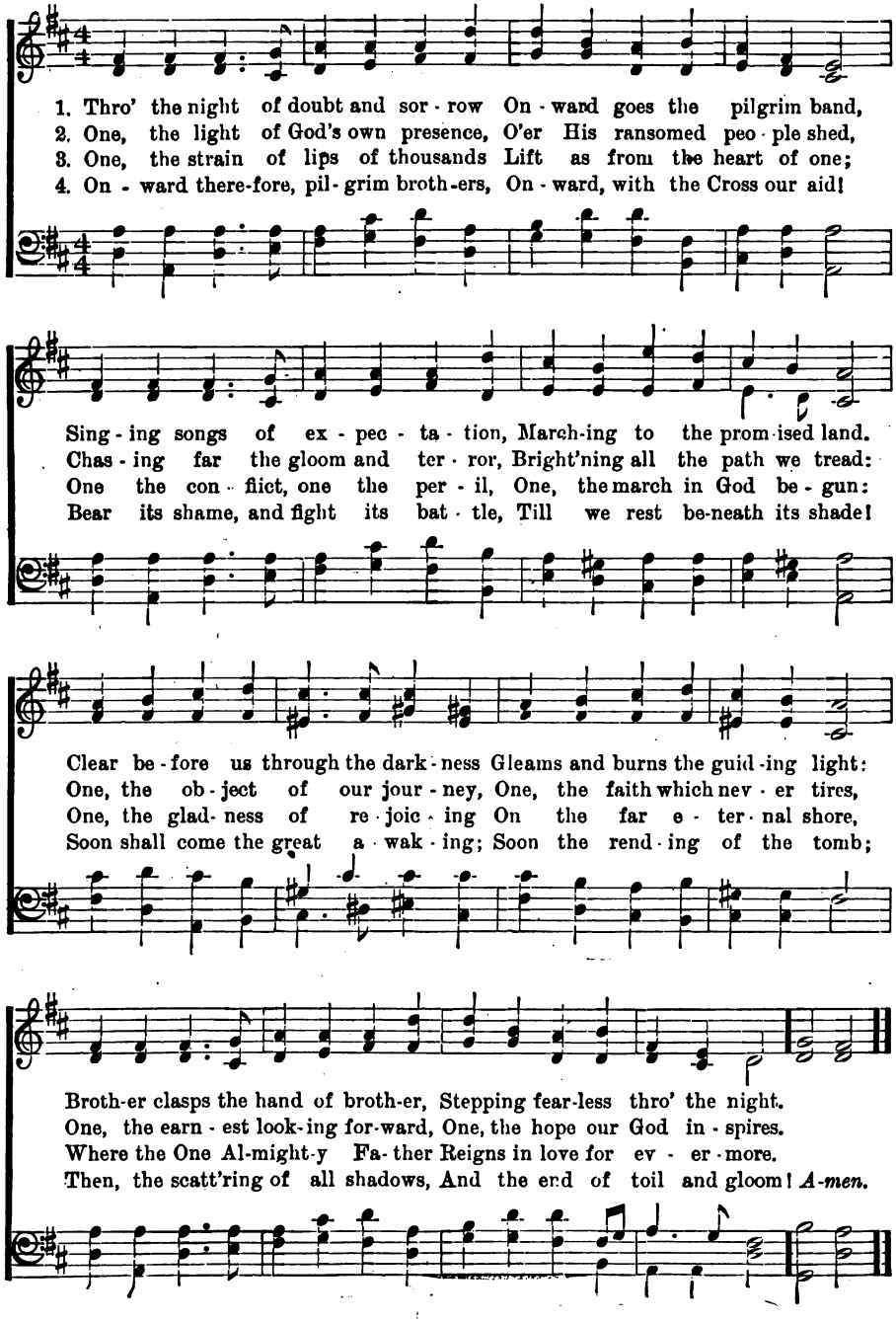
5 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

7 In Heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

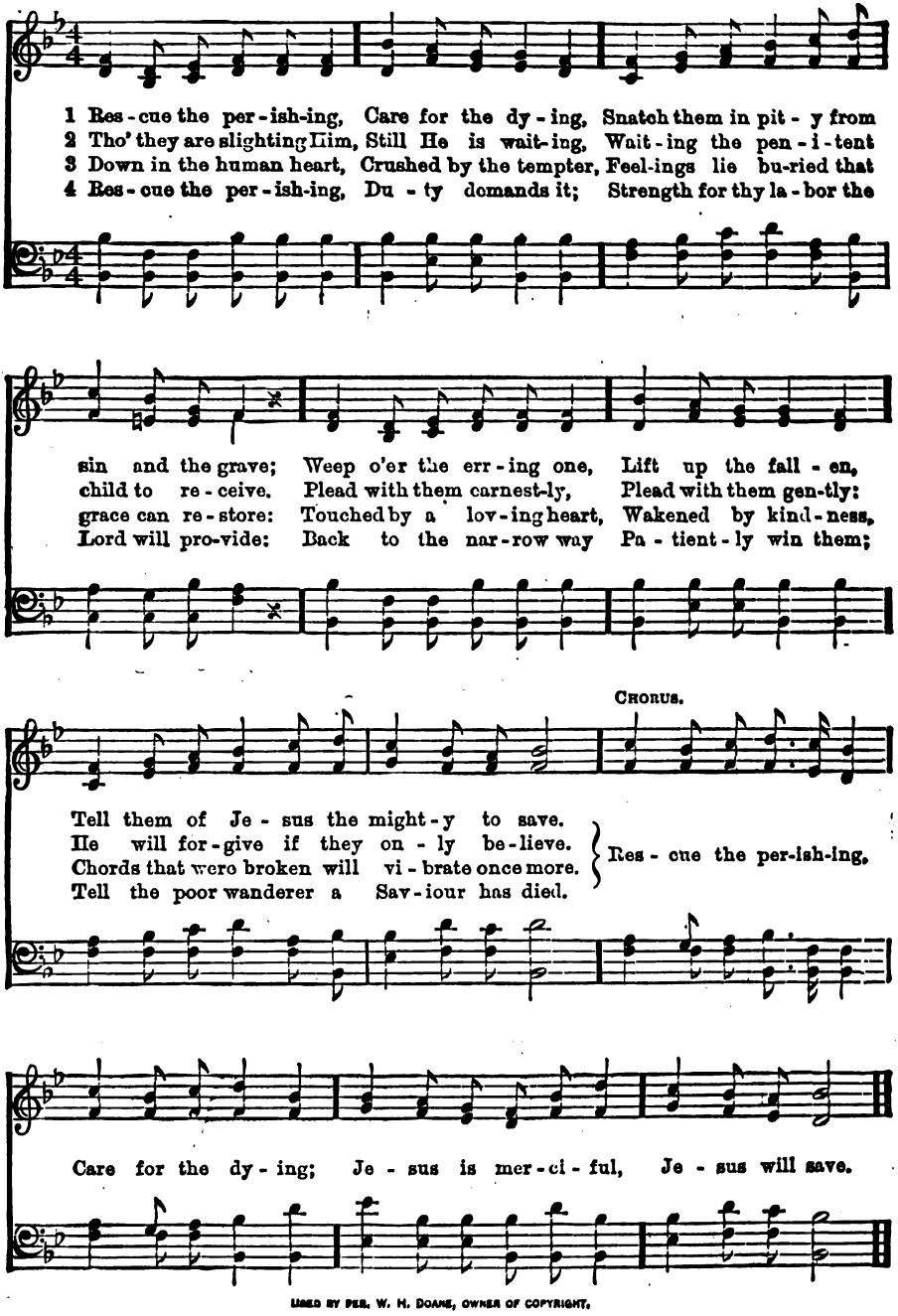
8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this th' eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

43 Thro' the Night of Doubt and Sorrow.

Tr. S. Baring-Gould. (ST. ASAPH.) W. S. Bambridge.

1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row On - ward goes the pilgrim band,
2. One, the light of God's own presence, O'er His ransomed peo - ple shed,
3. One, the strain of lips of thousands Lift as from the heart of one;
4. On - ward there-fore, pil - grim broth-ers, On - ward, with the Cross our aid!
Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March-ing to the prom-ised land.
Chas - ing far the gloom and ter - ror, Bright'ning all the path we tread:
One the con - flict, one the per - il, One, the march in God be - gun:
Bear its shame, and fight its bat - tle, Till we rest be-neath its shade!
Clear be - fore us through the dark - ness Gleams and burns the guid-ing light:
One, the ob - ject of our jour - ney, One, the faith which nev - er tires,
One, the glad- ness of re - joic - ing On the far e - ter - nal shore,
Soon shall come the great a - wak - ing; Soon the rend - ing of the tomb;
Broth-er clasps the hand of broth-er, Stepping fear-less thro' the night.
One, the earn - est look-ing for-ward, One, the hope our God in - spires.
Where the One Al-might-y Fa- ther Reigns in love for ev - er - more.
Then, the scatt'ring of all shadows, And the end of toil and gloom! *A-men.*

44 Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby. (RESCUE.) William H. Doane.


1 Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2 Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
3 Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bu-ried that
4 Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,
child to re-ceive. Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
grace can re-store: Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve.
Chords that were broken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wanderer a Sav-iour has died.
Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

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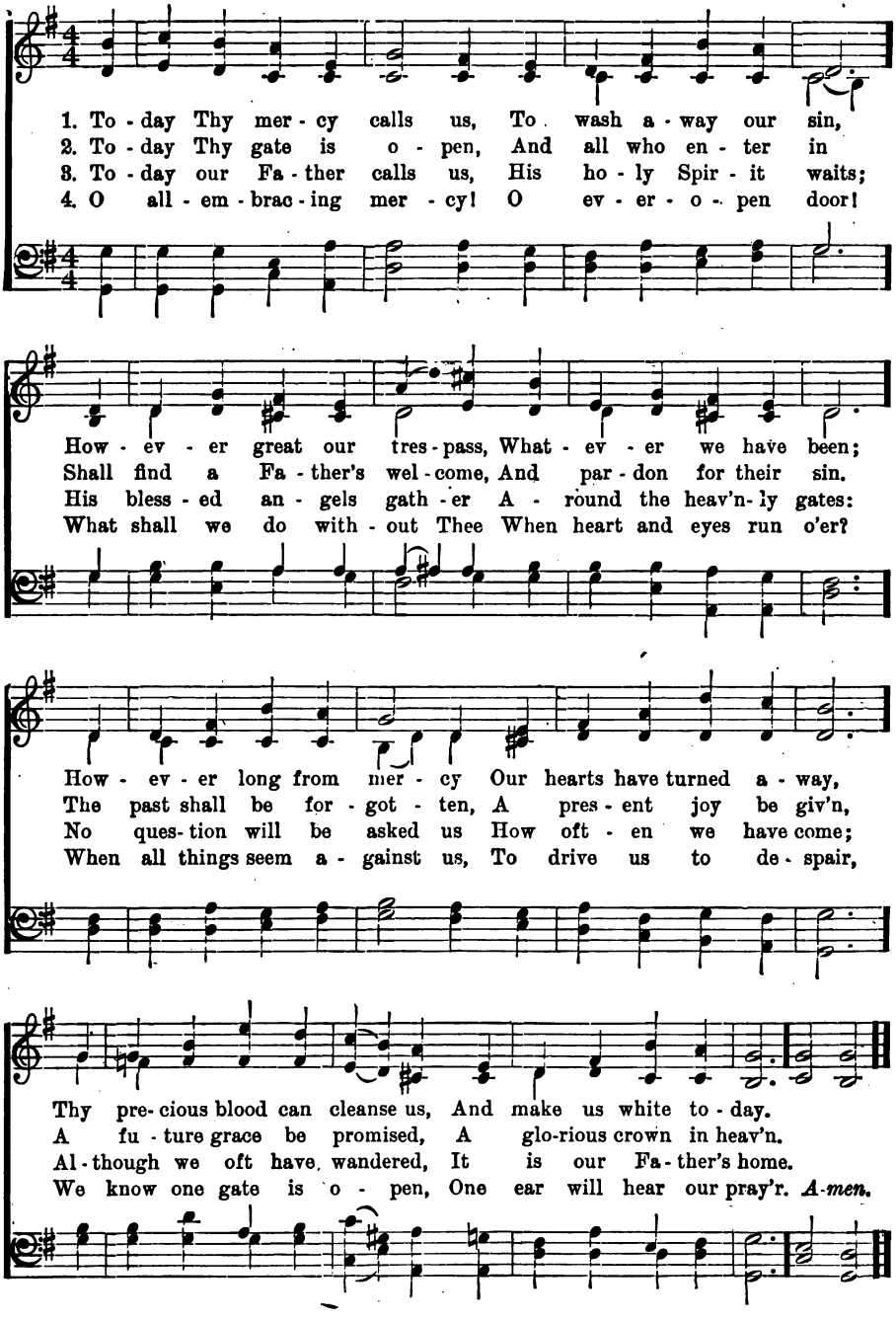
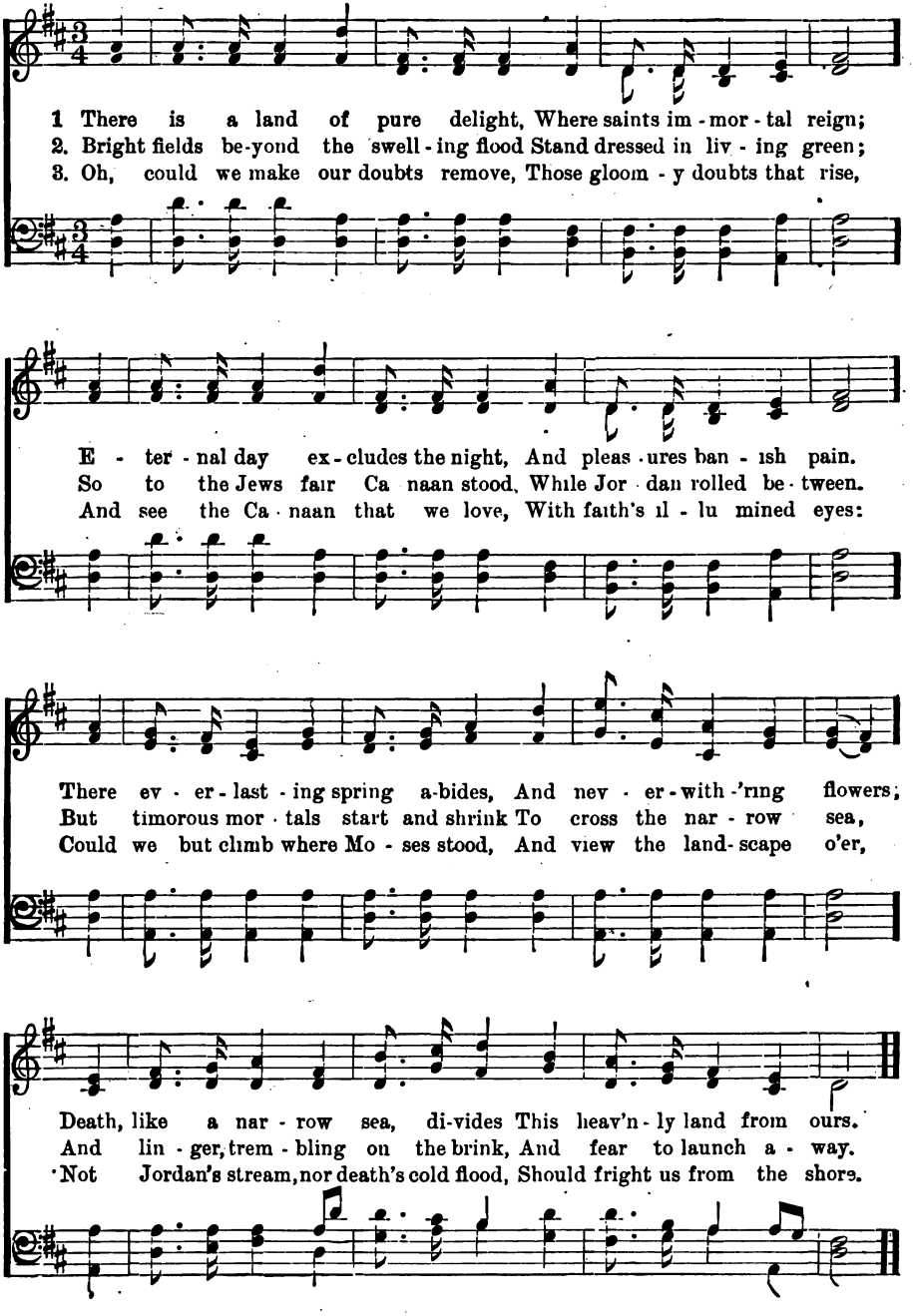
45 To-day Thy Mercy Calls Us.

O. Allen. (JESU DILECTISSIME.) R. H. McCartney.


1. To - day Thy mer - cy calls us, To wash a - way our sin,
2. To - day Thy gate is o - pen, And all who en - ter in
3. To - day our Fa - ther calls us, His ho - ly Spir - it waits;
4. O all - em - brac - ing mer - cy! O ev - er - o - pen door!
How - ev - er great our tres - pass, What - ev - er we have been;
Shall find a Fa - ther's wel - come, And par - don for their sin.
His bless - ed an - gels gath - er A - round the heav'n - ly gates:
What shall we do with - out Thee When heart and eyes run o'er?
How - ev - er long from mer - cy Our hearts have turned a - way,
The past shall be for - got - ten, A pres - ent joy be giv'n,
No ques - tion will be asked us How oft - en we have come;
When all things seem a - gainst us, To drive us to de - spair,
Thy pre - cious blood can cleanse us, And make us white to - day.
A fu - ture grace be promised, A glo-rious crown in heav'n.
Al - though we oft have wandered, It is our Fa - ther's home.
We know one gate is o - pen, One ear will hear our pray'r. A-men.

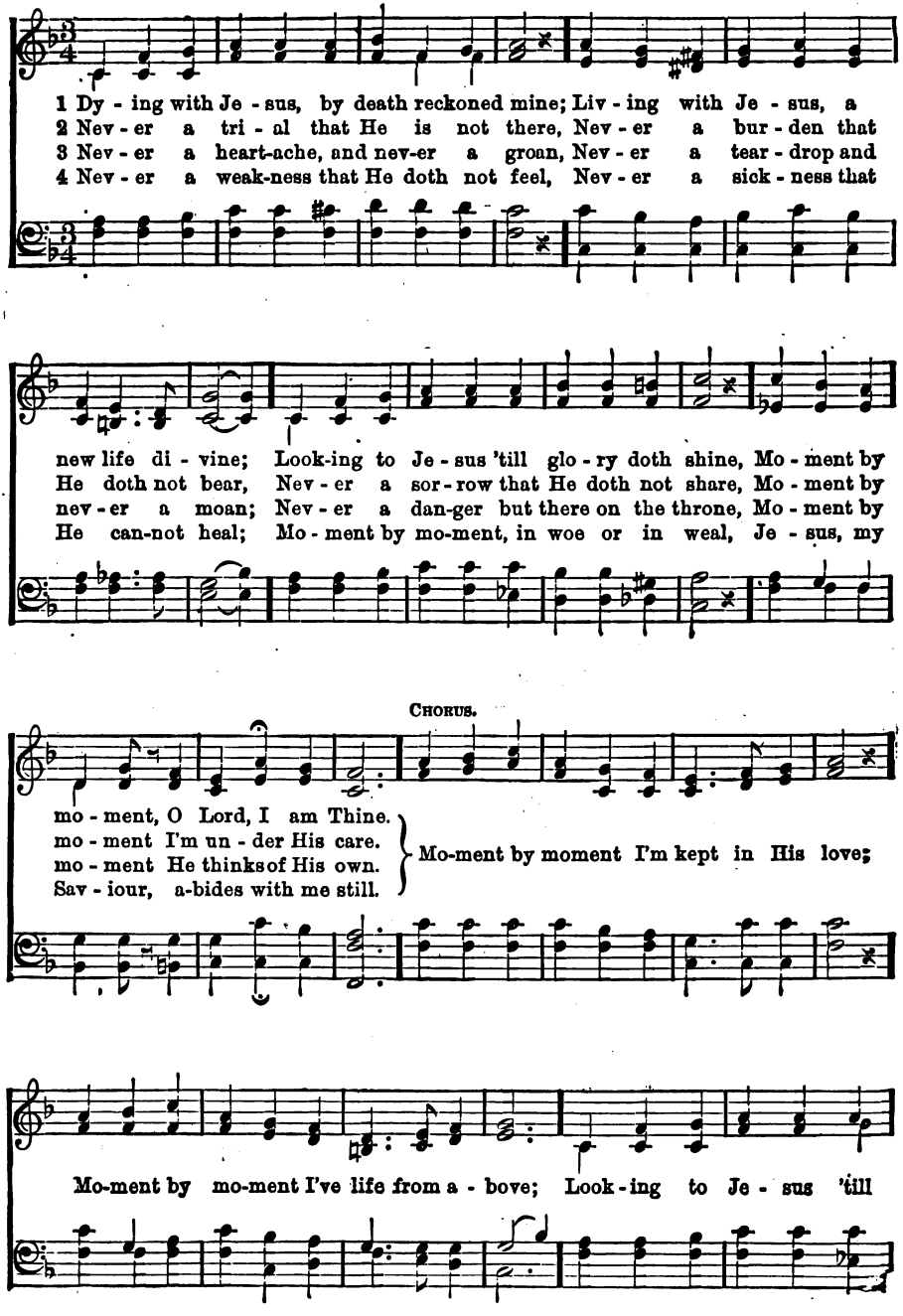
46 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. (VARINA.) Geo. F. Root.


1 There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
2. Bright fields be-yond the swell - ing flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green;
3. Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloom - y doubts that rise,
E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
So to the Jews fair Ca naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween.
And see the Ca - naan that we love, With faith's il - lu mined eyes:
There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er - with-'ring flowers;
But timorous mor - tals start and shrink To cross the nar - row sea,
Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,
Death, like a nar - row sea, di-vides This heav'n - ly land from ours.
And lin - ger, trem - bling on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

47 Dying With Jesus.

D. W. Whittle. (MOMENT BY MOMENT.) May Whittle Moody.


1 Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv - ing with Je - sus, a
2 Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a bur - den that
3 Nev - er a heart-ache, and nev-er a groan, Nev - er a tear - drop and
4 Nev - er a weak-ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a sick - ness that
new life di - vine; Look-ing to Je - sus 'till glo - ry doth shine, Mo - ment by
He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share, Mo - ment by
nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan-ger but there on the throne, Mo - ment by
He can-not heal; Mo - ment by mo-ment, in woe or in weal, Je - sus, my
CHORUS.
mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
mo - ment I'm un - der His care.
mo - ment He thinksof His own.
Sav - iour, a-bides with me still.
Mo-ment by moment I'm kept in His love;
Mo-ment by mo-ment I've life from a - bove; Look - ing to Je - sus 'till

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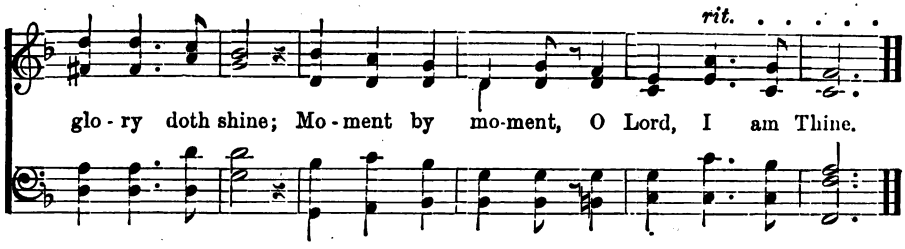
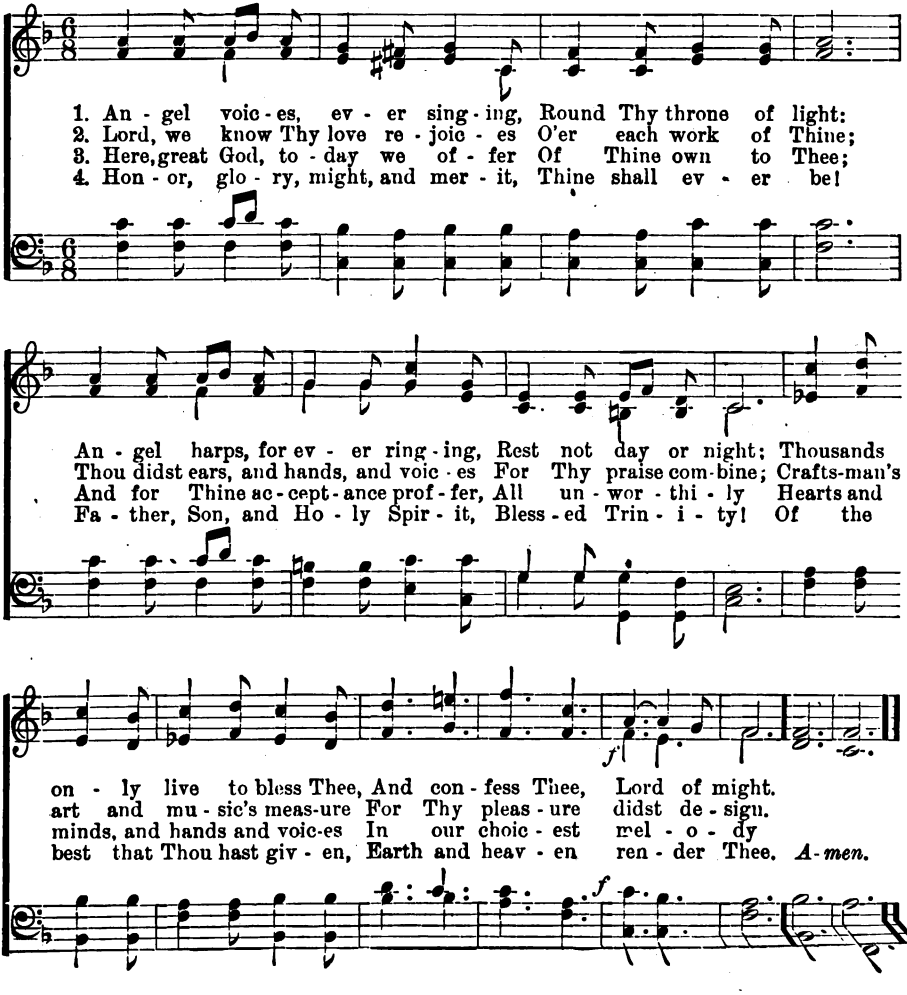
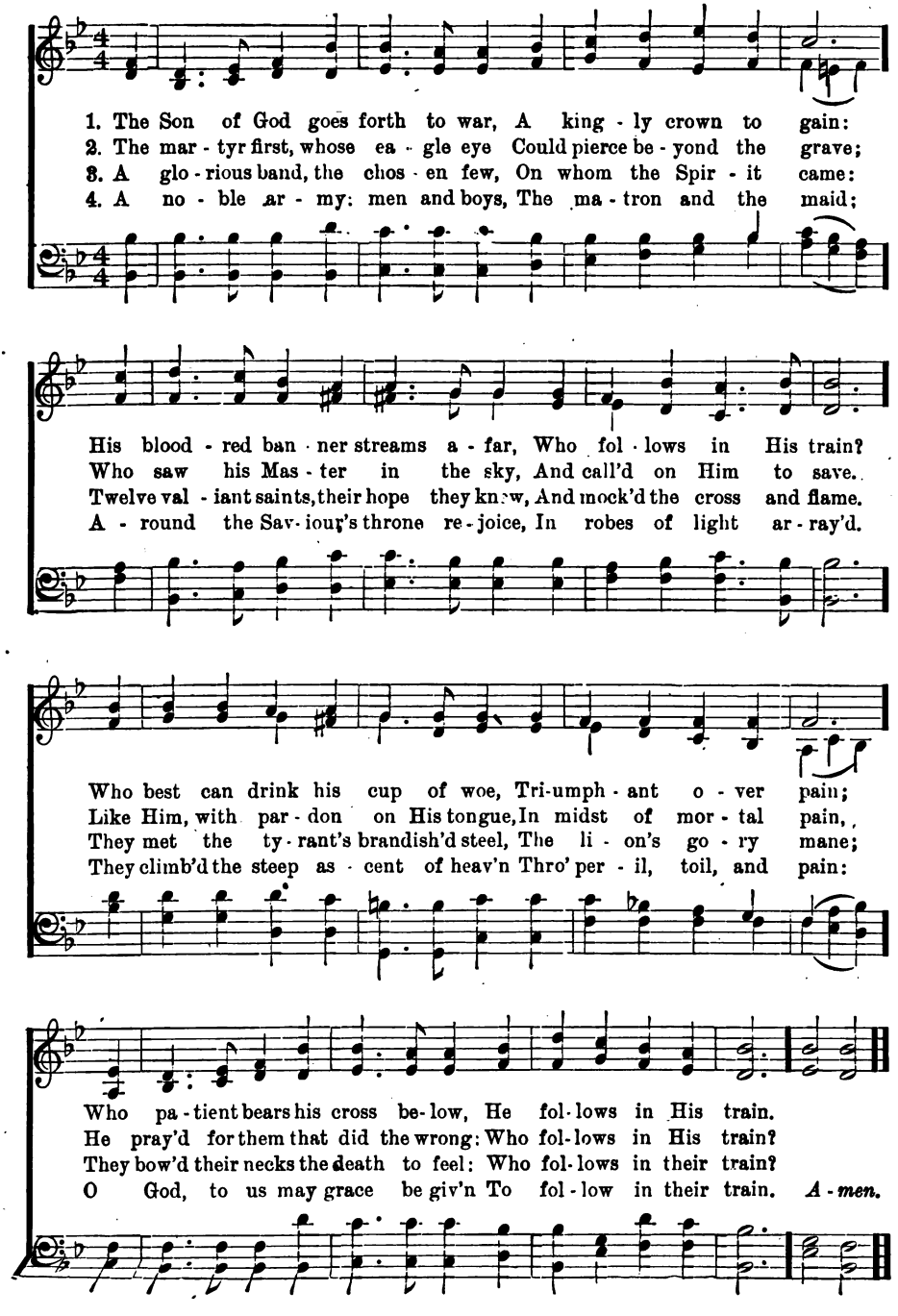
Dying With Jesus.—Concluded.

48 Angel Voices, Ever Singing.

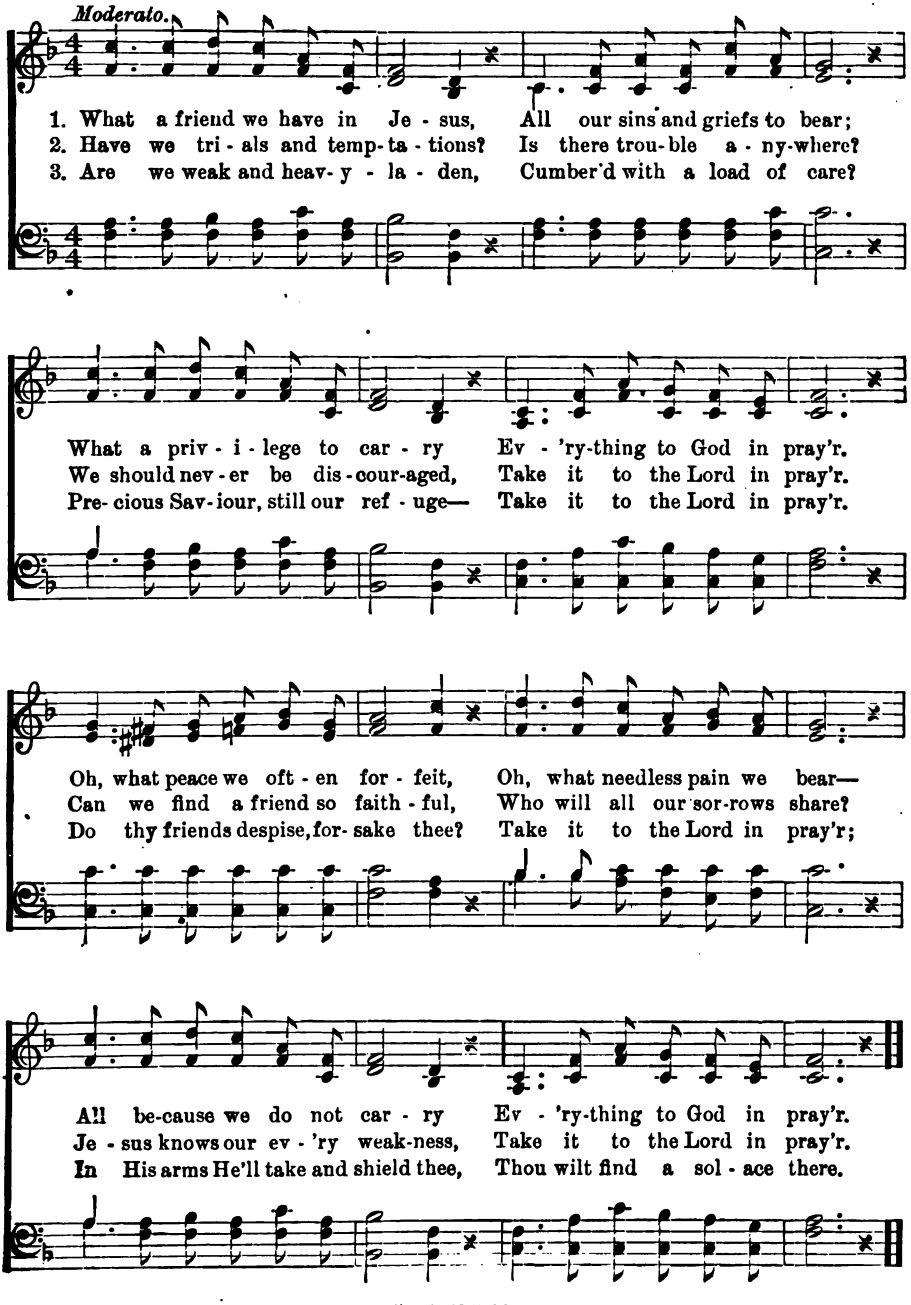
F. Pott. (ANGEL VOICES.) A. S. Sullivan.


1. An - gel voic - es, ev - er sing - ing, Round Thy throne of light:
2. Lord, we know Thy love re - joic - es O'er each work of Thine;
3. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee;
4. Hon - or, glo - ry, might, and mer - it, Thine shall ev - er be!
An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day or night; Thousands
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voic - es For Thy praise com-bine; Crafts-man's
And for Thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer, All un - wor - thi - ly Hearts and
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty! Of the
f
on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee, Lord of might.
art and mu - sic's meas-ure For Thy pleas - ure didst de - sign.
minds, and hands and voic-es In our choic - est mel - o - dy
best that Thou hast giv - en, Earth and heav - en ren - der Thee. A-men.
f

49 The Son of God goes forth to War.

R. Heber. (ALL SAINTS.) H. S. Cutler.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain:
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave;
3. A glo - rious band, the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came:
4. A no - ble ar - my: men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid;
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And call'd on Him to save.
Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame.
A - round the Sav - iour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - ray'd.
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph - ant o - ver pain;
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
They met the ty - rant's brandish'd steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
They climb'd the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain:
Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
They bow'd their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train. A - men.

50 What a Friend we have in Jesus.

Joseph Scriven. (CONVERSE.) Charles C. Converse.

Moderato.
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trou-ble a - ny-where?
3. Are we weak and heav- y - la - den, Cumber'd with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
We should nev - er be dis - cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre- cious Sav- iour, still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for- sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

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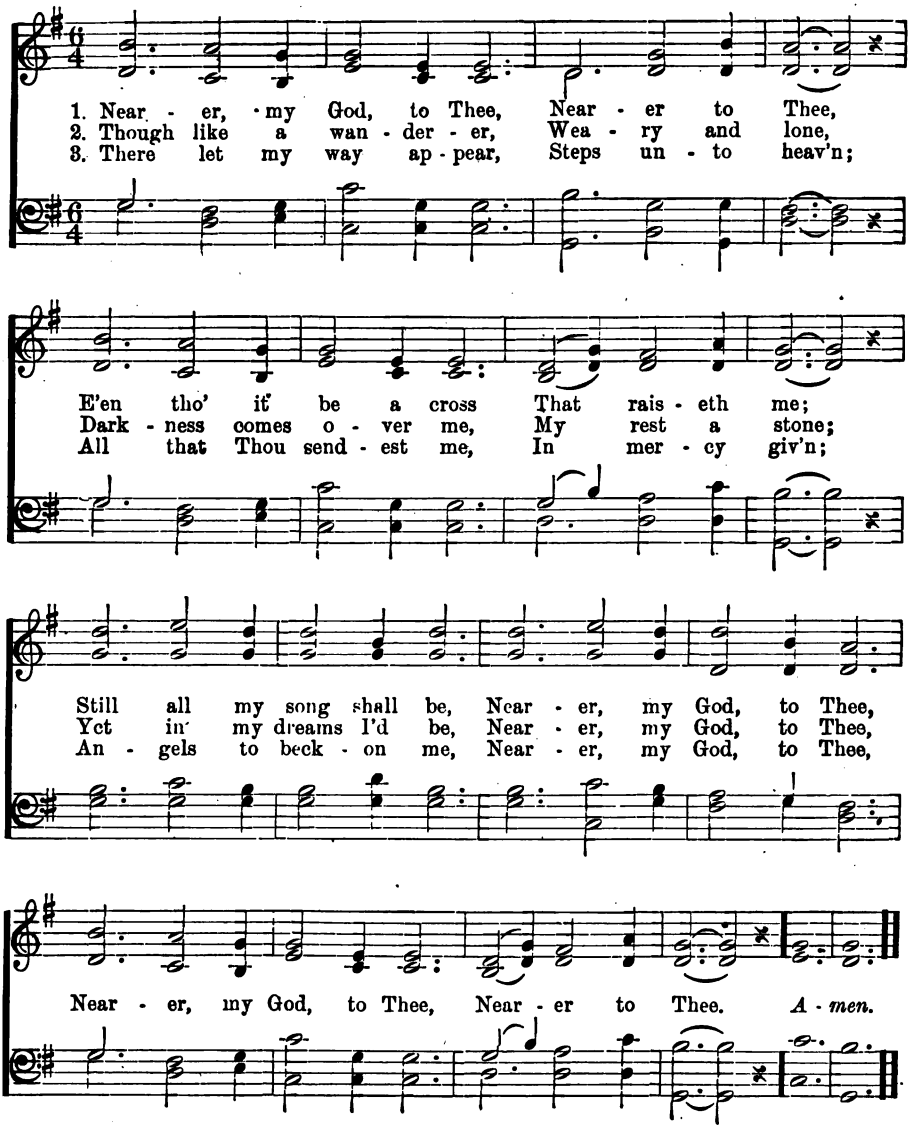
51 Nearer, my God, to Thee.

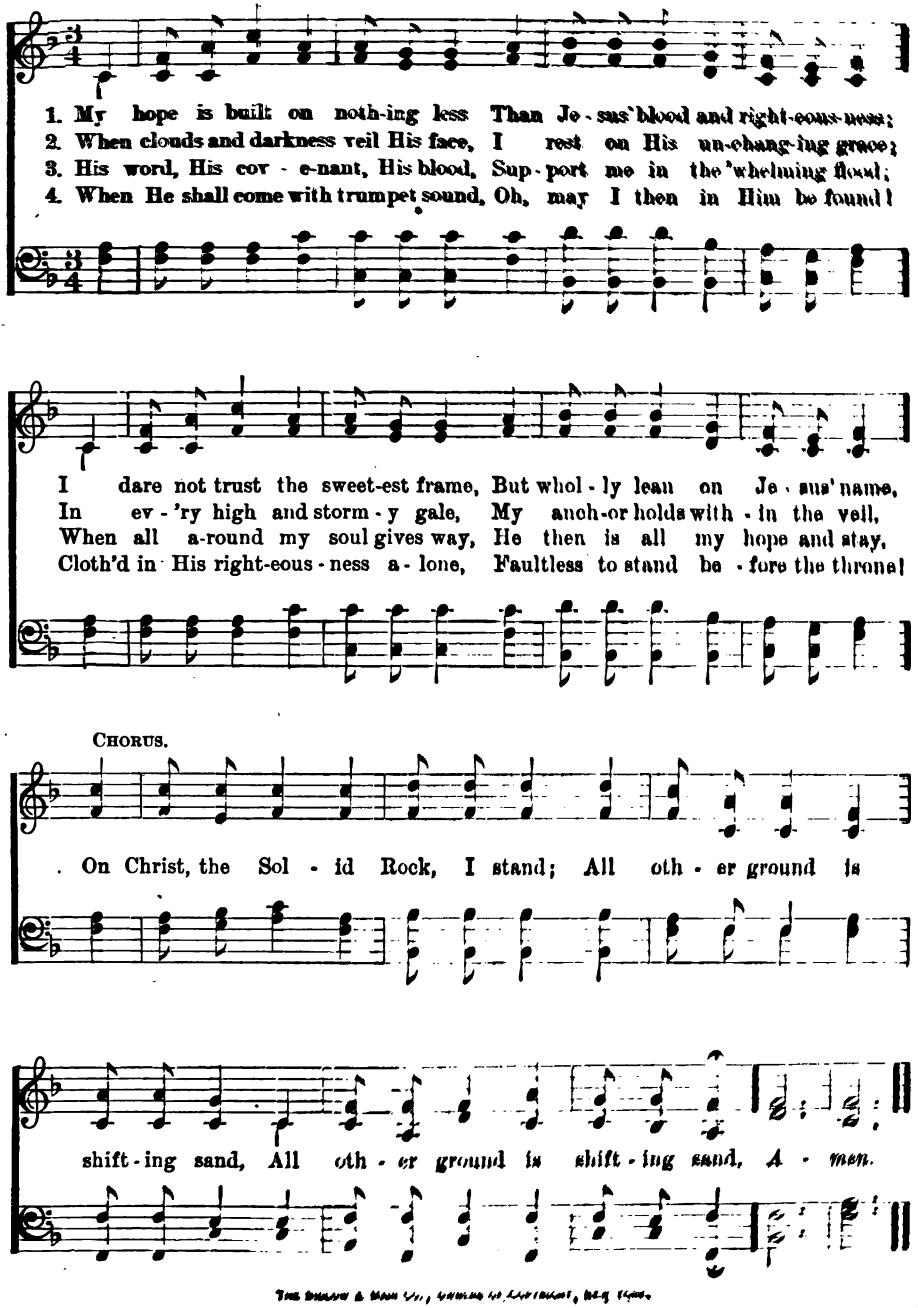
S. Adams. (BETHANY.) L. Mason.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee,
2. Though like a wan - der - er, Wea - ry and lone,
3. There let my way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n;
E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me;
Dark - ness comes o - ver me, My rest a stone;
All that Thou send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n;
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A - men.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

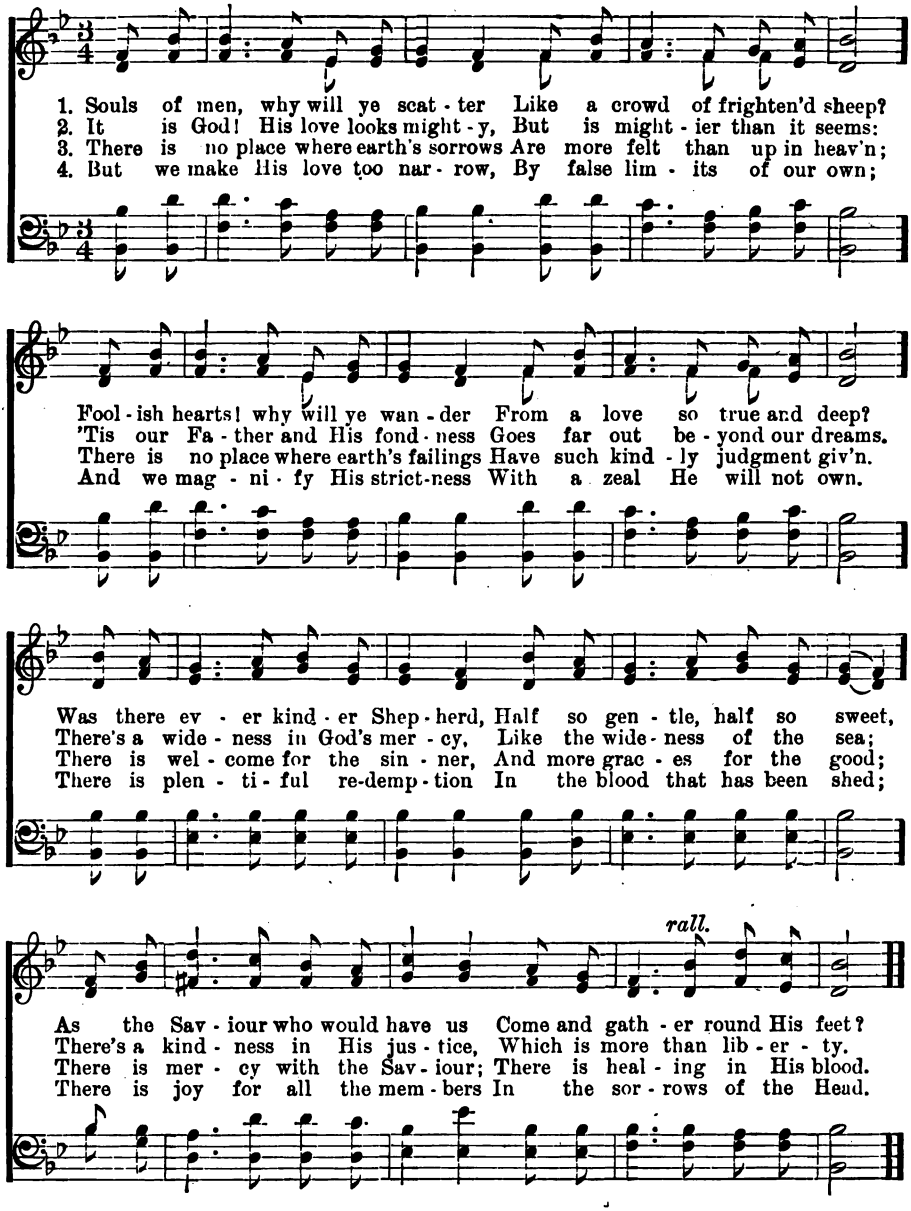
5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

52 My Hope is Built on Nothing Less.

Edward Mote. (THE SOLID ROCK.) William B. Bradbury.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
2. When clouds and darkness veil His face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His word, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found!
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name,
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My anch-or holds with-in the veil,
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay,
Cloth'd in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Faultless to stand be-fore the throne!
CHORUS.
On Christ, the Sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is
shift-ing sand, All oth-er ground is shift-ing sand, A-men.

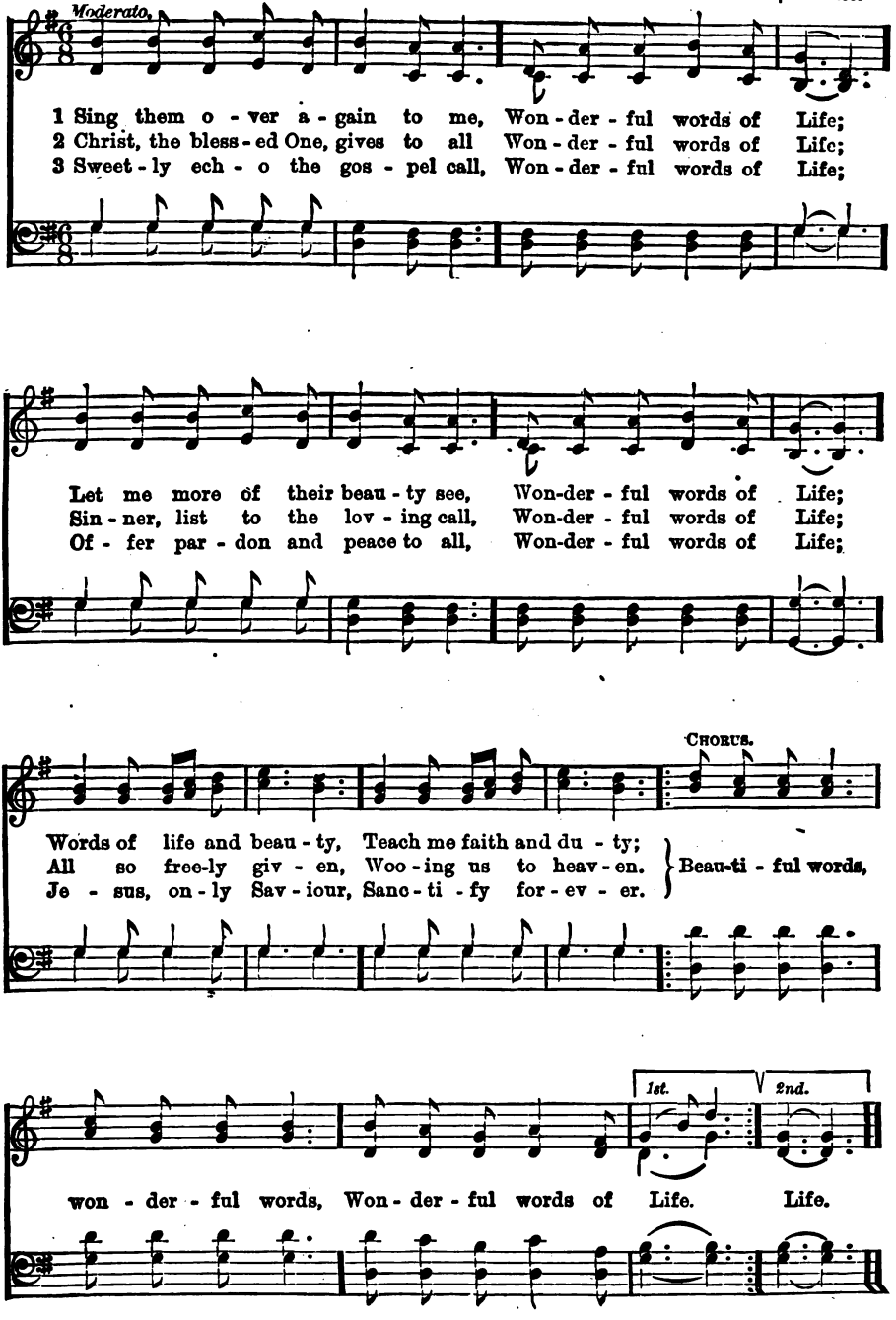
53 Souls of Men, why will ye Scatter?

F. W. Faber. (KERR.) Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Souls of men, why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?
2. It is God! His love looks might - y, But is might - ier than it seems:
3. There is no place where earth's sorrows Are more felt than up in heav'n;
4. But we make His love too nar - row, By false lim - its of our own;
Fool - ish hearts! why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?
'Tis our Fa - ther and His fond - ness Goes far out be - yond our dreams.
There is no place where earth's failings Have such kind - ly judgment giv'n.
And we mag - ni - fy His strict-ness With a zeal He will not own.
Was there ev - er kind - er Shep - herd, Half so gen - tle, half so sweet,
There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;
There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
There is plen - ti - ful re-demp - tion In the blood that has been shed;
rall.
As the Sav - iour who would have us Come and gath - er round His feet?
There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
There is joy for all the mem - bers In the sor - rows of the Head.

5 If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would all be sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

54 Sing Them Over Again to Me.

P. P. B. (WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE.) Philip P. Bliss.

Moderato.
1 Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2 Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life;
3 Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won-der - ful words of Life;
CHORUS.
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free-ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.
Beau-ti - ful words,
1st.
2nd.
won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life. Life.

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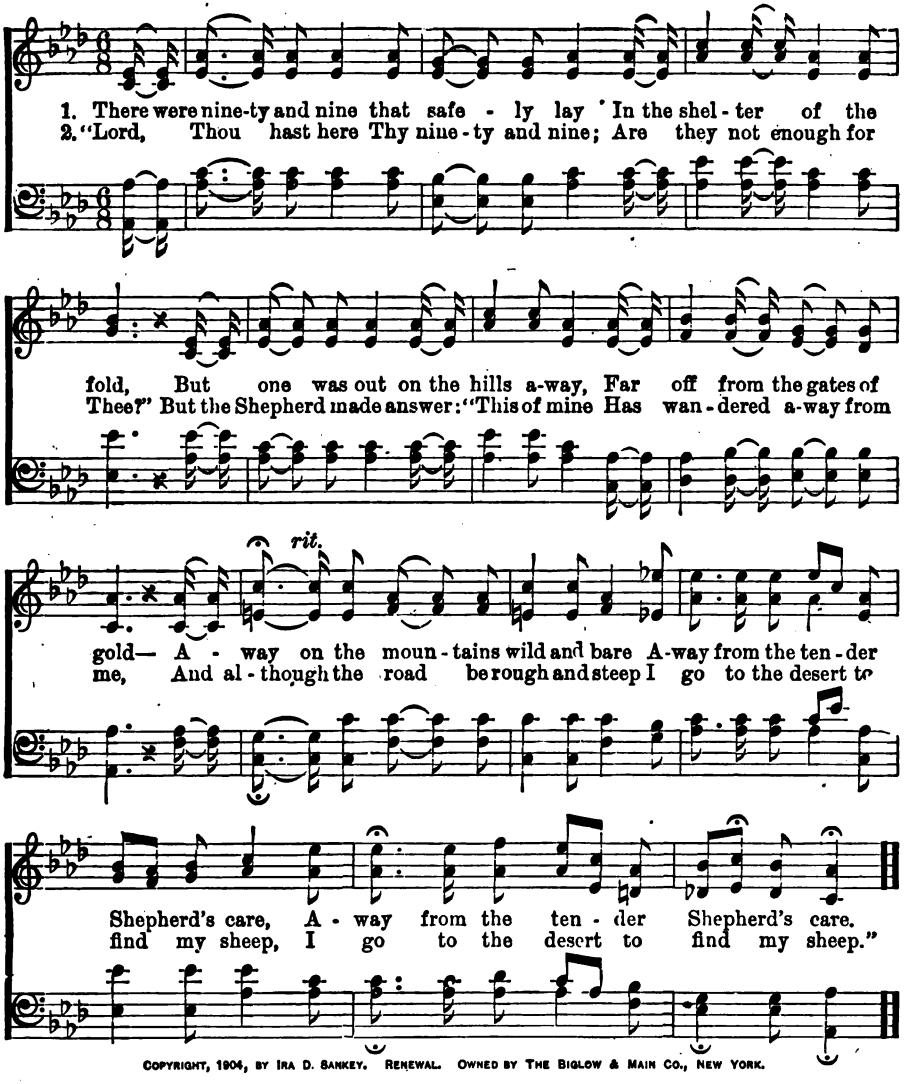
55 There Were Ninety and Nine.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. (THE NINETY AND NINE.) Ira D. Sankey.

1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are they not enough for
fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of
Thee?" But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine Has wan - dered a-way from
rit.
gold— A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare A-way from the ten - der
me, And al - though the road be rough and steep I go to the desert to
Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.
find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."

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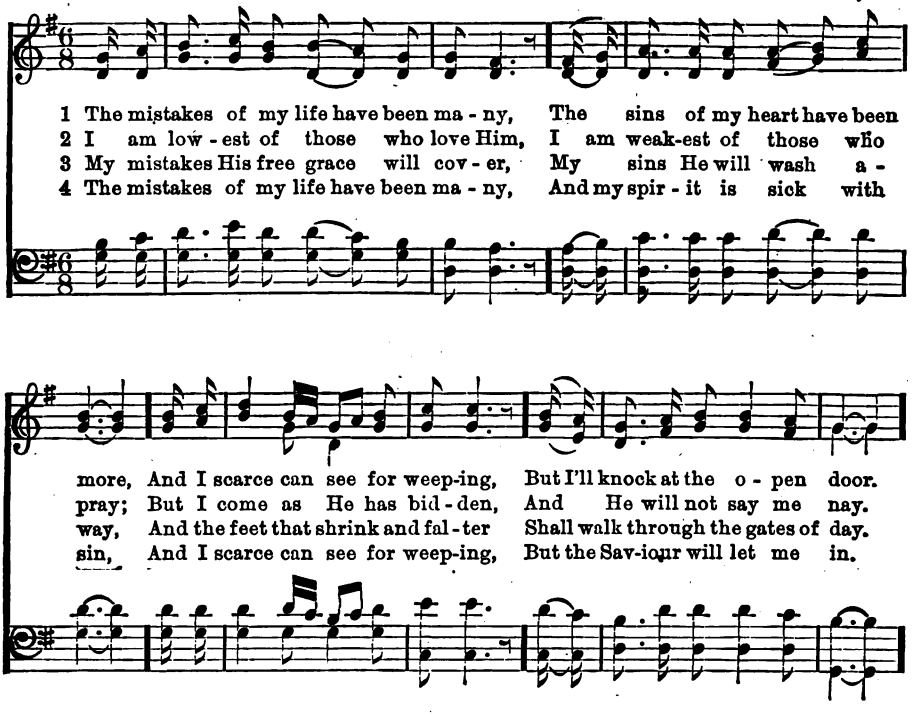
3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sh ep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

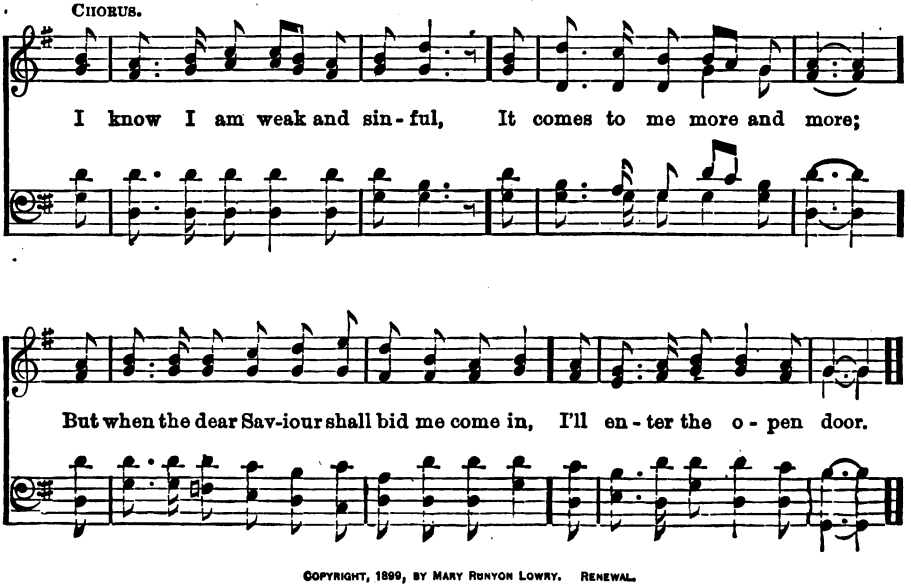
4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"*They were shed for one* who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

The Mistakes of My Life.

Mrs. Urania L. Bailey. (THE OPEN DOOR.) Robert Lowry.

1 The mistakes of my life have been ma - ny, The sins of my heart have been
2 I am low - est of those who love Him, I am weak-est of those who
3 My mistakes His free grace will cov - er, My sins He will wash a -
4 The mistakes of my life have been ma - ny, And my spir - it is sick with
more, And I scarce can see for weep-ing, But I'll knock at the o - pen door.
pray; But I come as He has bid - den, And He will not say me nay.
way, And the feet that shrink and fal - ter Shall walk through the gates of day.
sin, And I scarce can see for weep-ing, But the Sav-iour will let me in.

CHORUS.



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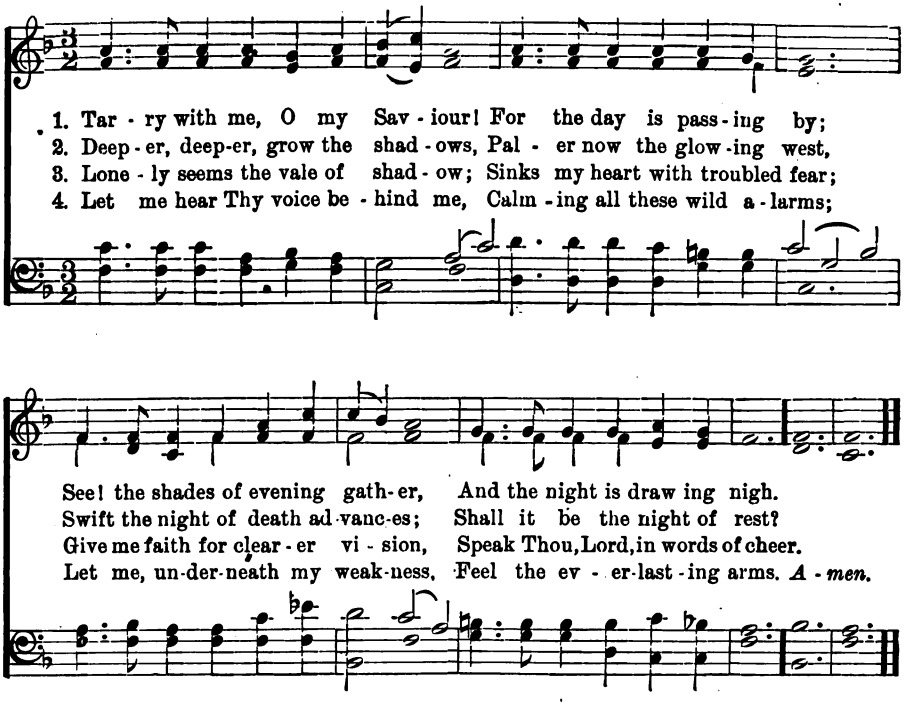
57 Tarry With me, O my Saviour!

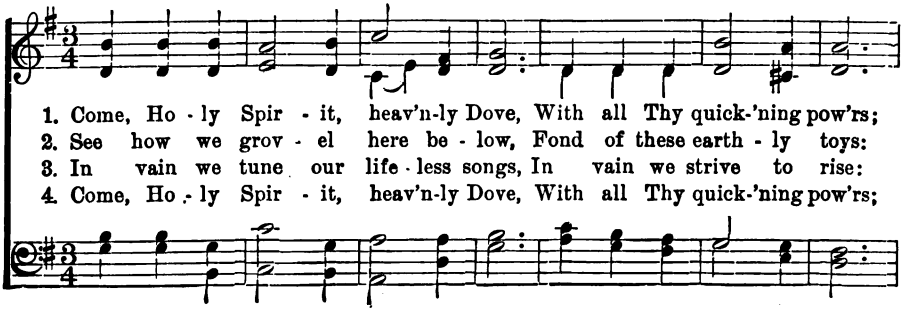
C. L. Smith. (ST. SYLVESTER.) J. B. Dykes.

1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - iour! For the day is pass - ing by;
2. Deep - er, deep-er, grow the shad - ows, Pal - er now the glow - ing west,
3. Lone - ly seems the vale of shad - ow; Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
4. Let me hear Thy voice be - hind me, Calm - ing all these wild a - larms;
See! the shades of evening gath - er, And the night is draw ing nigh.
Swift the night of death ad - vanc - es; Shall it be the night of rest?
Give me faith for clear - er vi - sion, Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.
Let me, un - der - neath my weak - ness, Feel the ev - er - last - ing arms. A - men.

5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

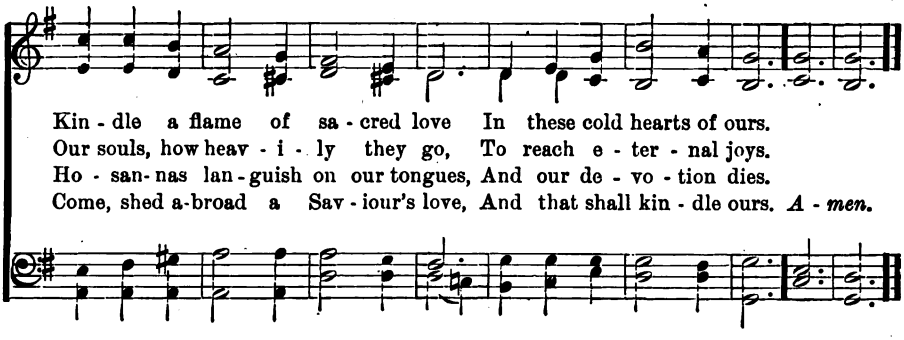
6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me!
Morning of eternal rest.

58 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

I. Watts. (ST. AGNES.) J. B. Dykes.

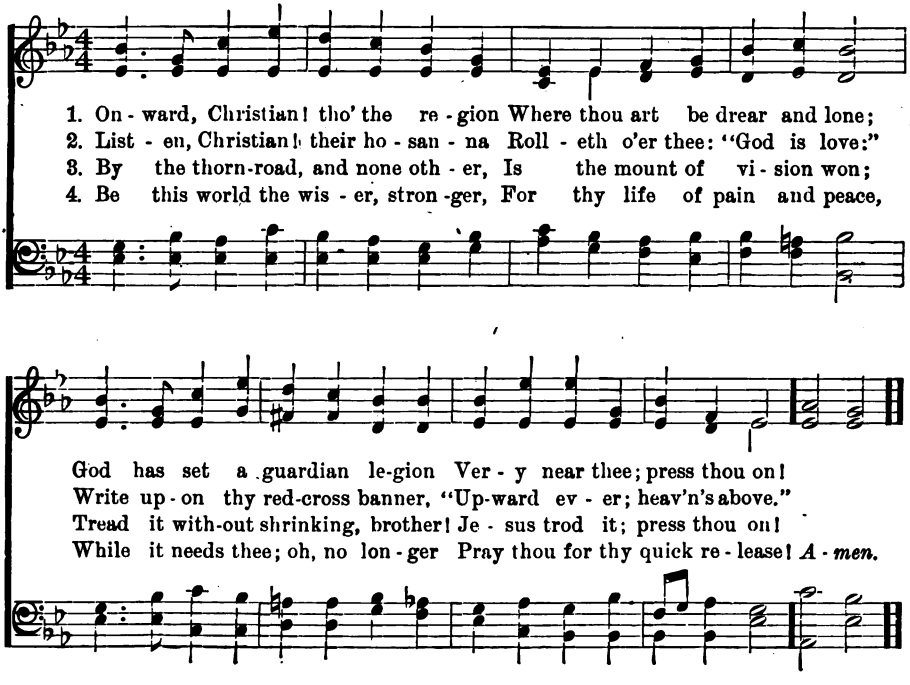

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs;
2. See how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys:
3. In vain we tune our life - less songs, In vain we strive to rise:
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs;

Come, Holy Spirit—Concluded.


Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Come, shed a-broad a Sav - iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours. A - men.

59 Onward, Christian, Though the Region.

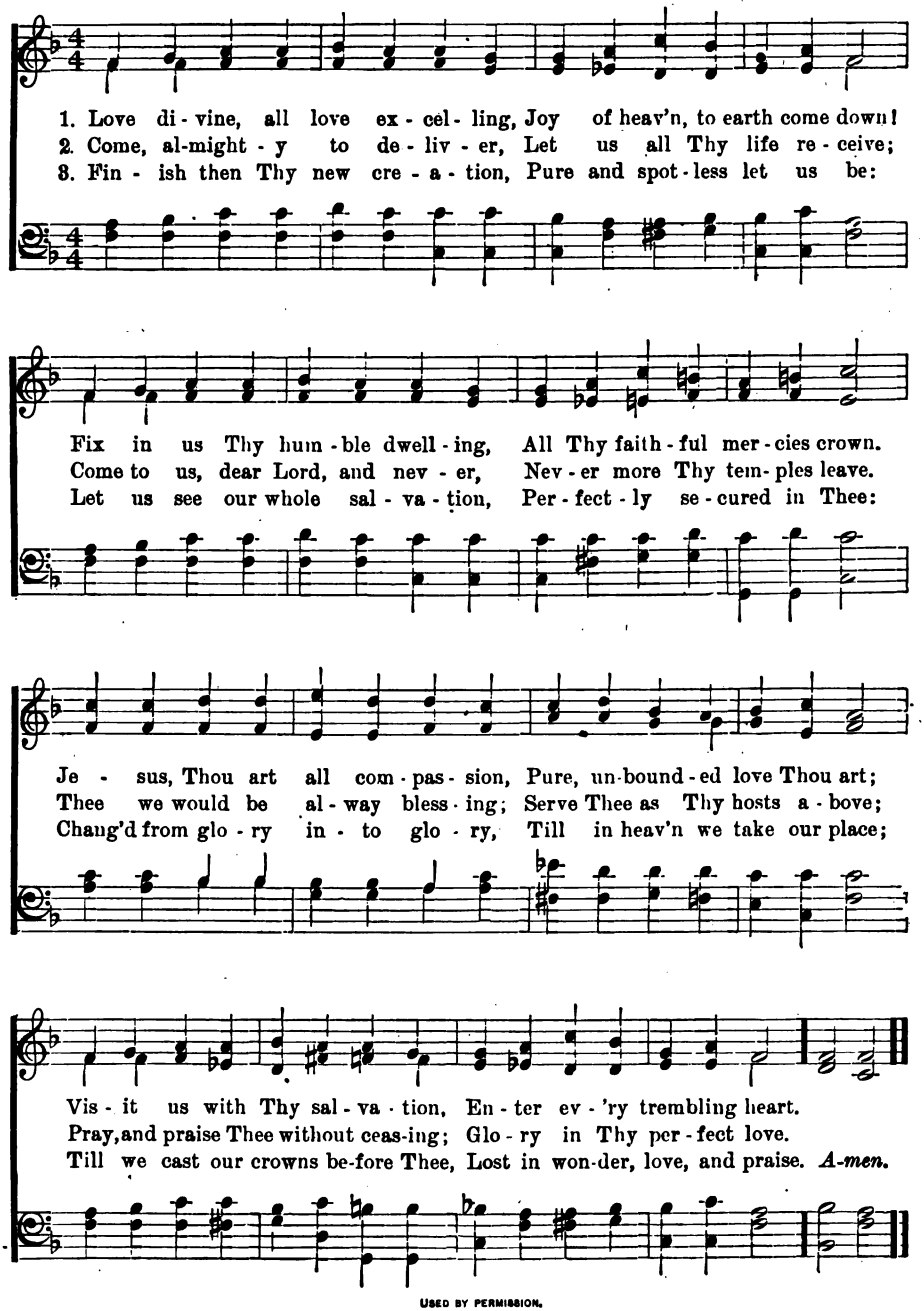
S. Johnson. (ST. OSWALD.) J. B. Dykes.


1. On - ward, Christian! tho' the re - gion Where thou art be drear and lone;
2. List - en, Christian! their ho - san - na Roll - eth o'er thee: "God is love:"
3. By the thorn-road, and none oth - er, Is the mount of vi - sion won;
4. Be this world the wis - er, stron - ger, For thy life of pain and peace,
God has set a guardian le-gion Ver - y near thee; press thou on!
Write up - on thy red-cross banner, "Up-ward ev - er; heav'n's above."
Tread it with-out shrinking, brother! Je - sus trod it; press thou on!
While it needs thee; oh, no lon - ger Pray thou for thy quick re - lease! A - men.

5 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done."

60 Love Divine, all Love Excelling.

C. Wesley. (LOVE DIVINE.) G. F. Le Jeune.


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Come, al-might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less let us be:
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Come to us, dear Lord, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave.
Let us see our whole sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly se - cured in Thee:
Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bound - ed love Thou art;
Thee we would be al - way bless - ing; Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove;
Chang'd from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place;
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-ing; Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise. *A-men.*

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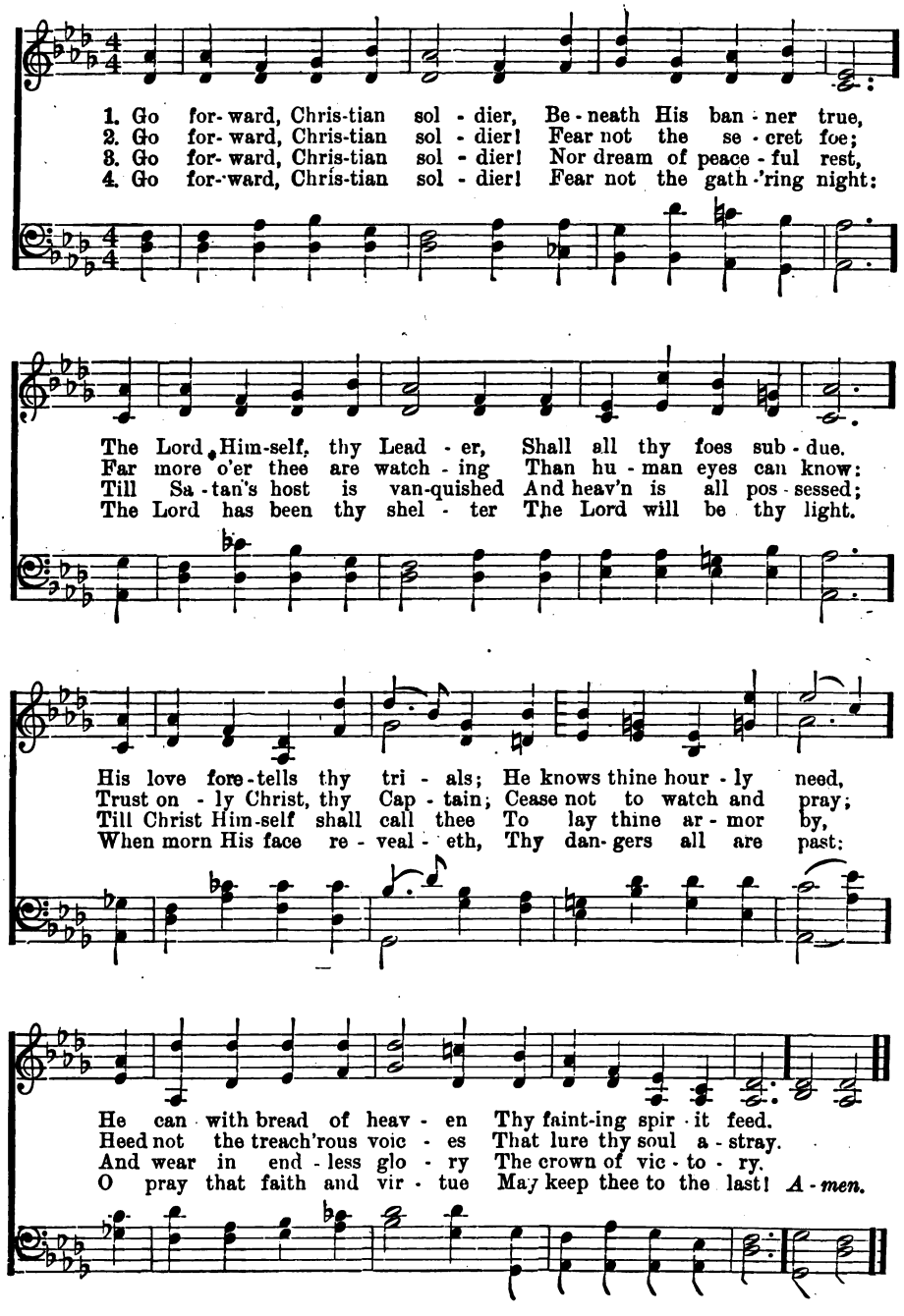
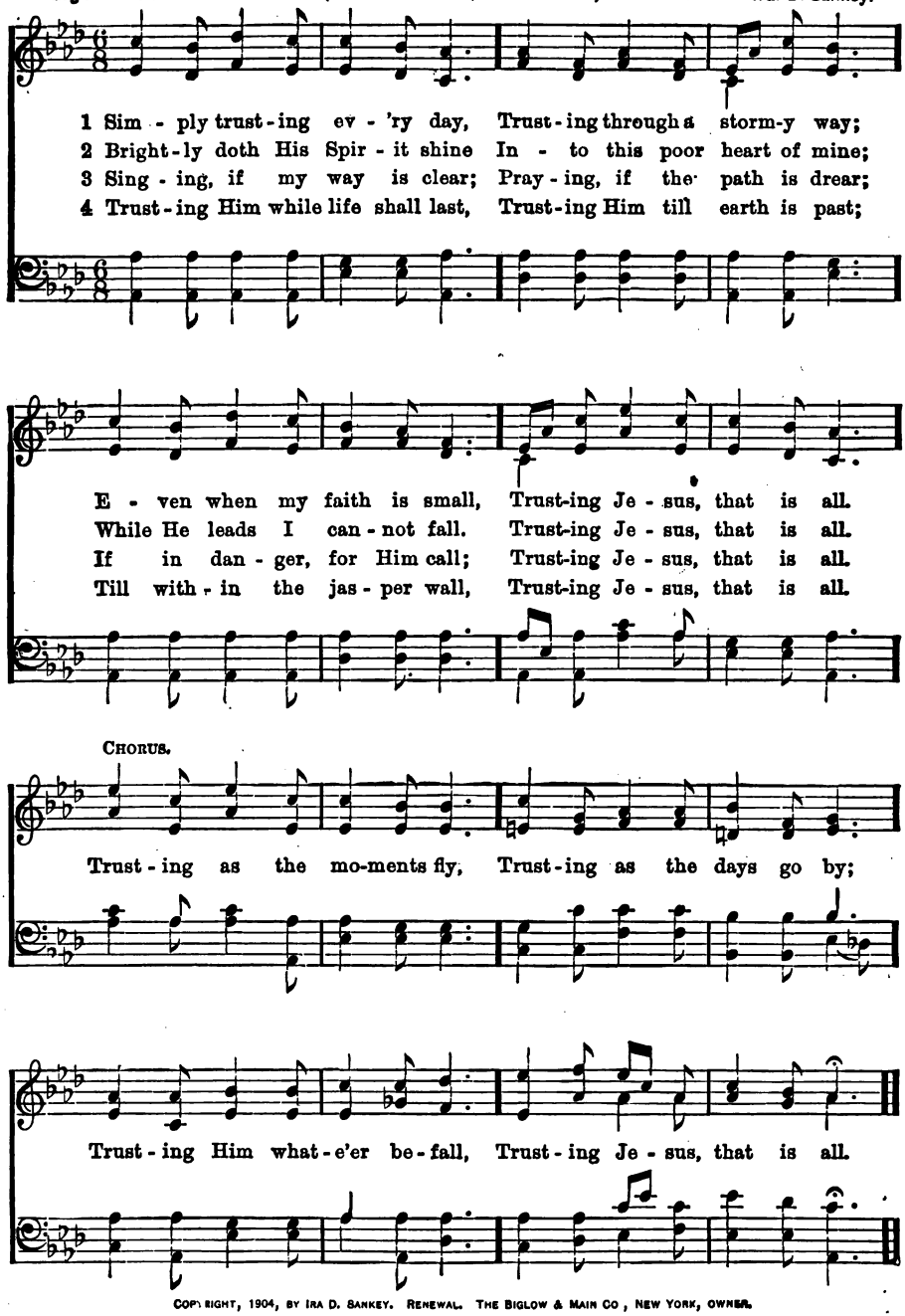
61 Go Forward, Christian Soldier.

L. Tuttiett. (LANCASHIRE.) H. Smart.

1. Go for-ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true,
2. Go for- ward, Chris-tian sol - dier! Fear not the se - cret foe;
3. Go for- ward, Chris-tian sol - dier! Nor dream of peace - ful rest,
4. Go for-ward, Chris-tian sol - dier! Fear not the gath-'ring night:
The Lord Him-self, thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.
Far more o'er thee are watch - ing Than hu - man eyes can know:
Till Sa - tan's host is van-quished And heav'n is all pos - sessed;
The Lord has been thy shel - ter The Lord will be thy light.
His love fore-tells thy tri - als; He knows thine hour - ly need,
Trust on - ly Christ, thy Cap - tain; Cease not to watch and pray;
Till Christ Him-self shall call thee To lay thine ar - mor by,
When morn His face re - veal - eth, Thy dan-gers all are past:
He can with bread of heav - en Thy faint-ing spir - it feed.
Heed not the treach'rous voic - es That lure thy soul a - stray.
And wear in end - less glo - ry The crown of vic - to - ry.
O pray that faith and vir - tue May keep thee to the last! A - men.

62 Simply Trusting Every Day.

Edgar P. Stites. (TRUSTING JESUS, THAT IS ALL.) Ira. D. Sankey.


1 Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust - ing through a storm-y way;
2 Bright - ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3 Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
4 Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth is past;
E - ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
While He leads I can - not fall. Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
CHORUS.
Trust - ing as the mo-ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;
Trust - ing Him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

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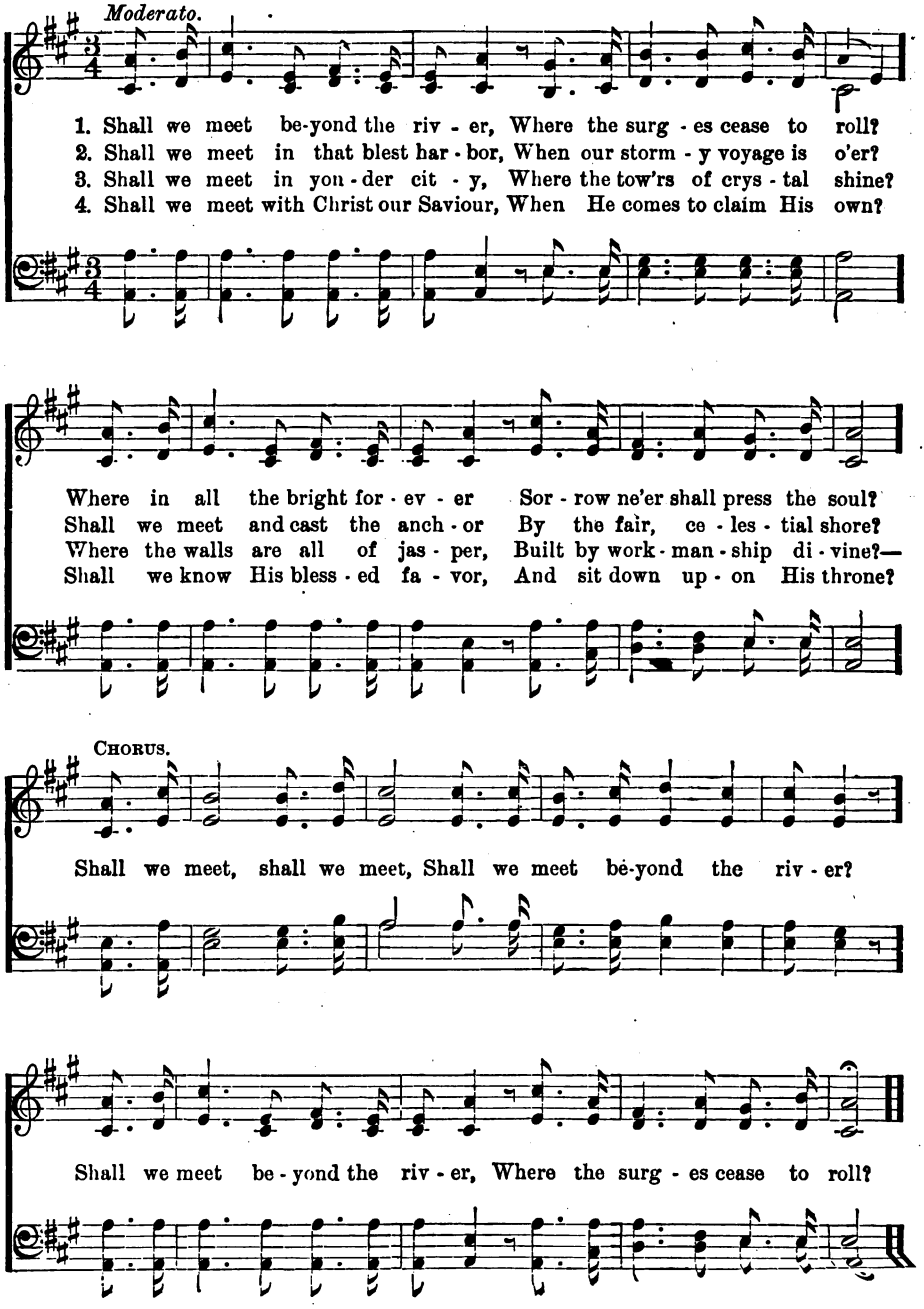
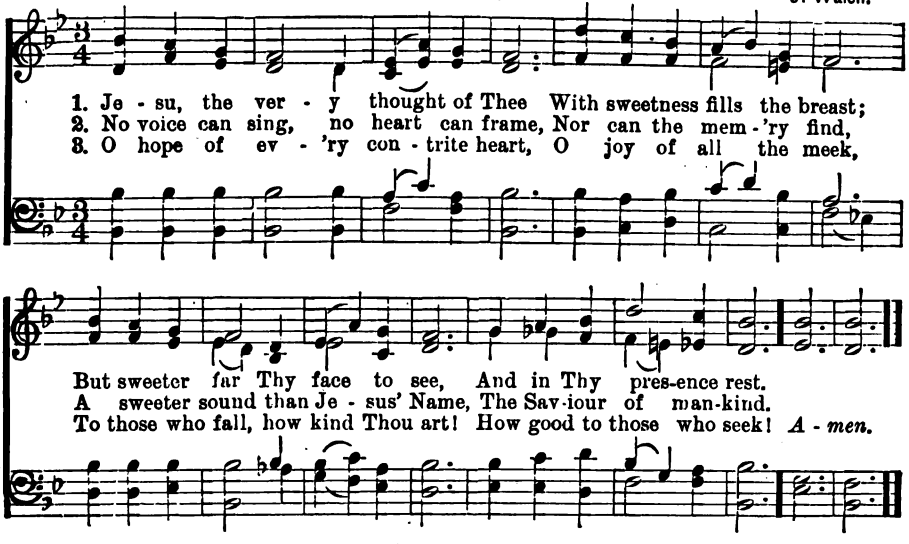
63 Shall We Meet Beyond the River?

Horace L. Hastings. (ANTICIPATION.) Elihu S. Rice.

Moderato.
1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?
Where in all the bright for - ev - er Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anch - or By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine?—
Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?
CHORUS.
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?
Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?

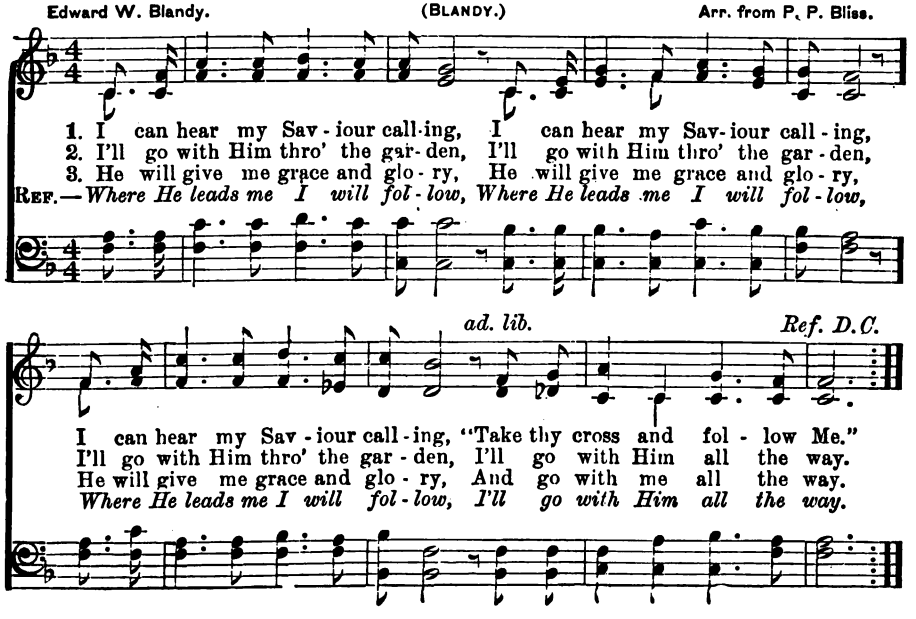
64 Jesu, the Very Thought of Thee.

E. Caswall. (SAWLEY.) J. Walch.

1. Je - su, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find,
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweeter sound than Je - sus' Name, The Sav-iour of man-kind.
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek! A - men.

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

65 I Can Hear My Saviour Calling.

Edward W. Blandy. (BLANDY.) Arr. from P. P. Bliss.

1. I can hear my Sav - iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
REF.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
ad. lib.
Ref. D.C.
I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him all the way.

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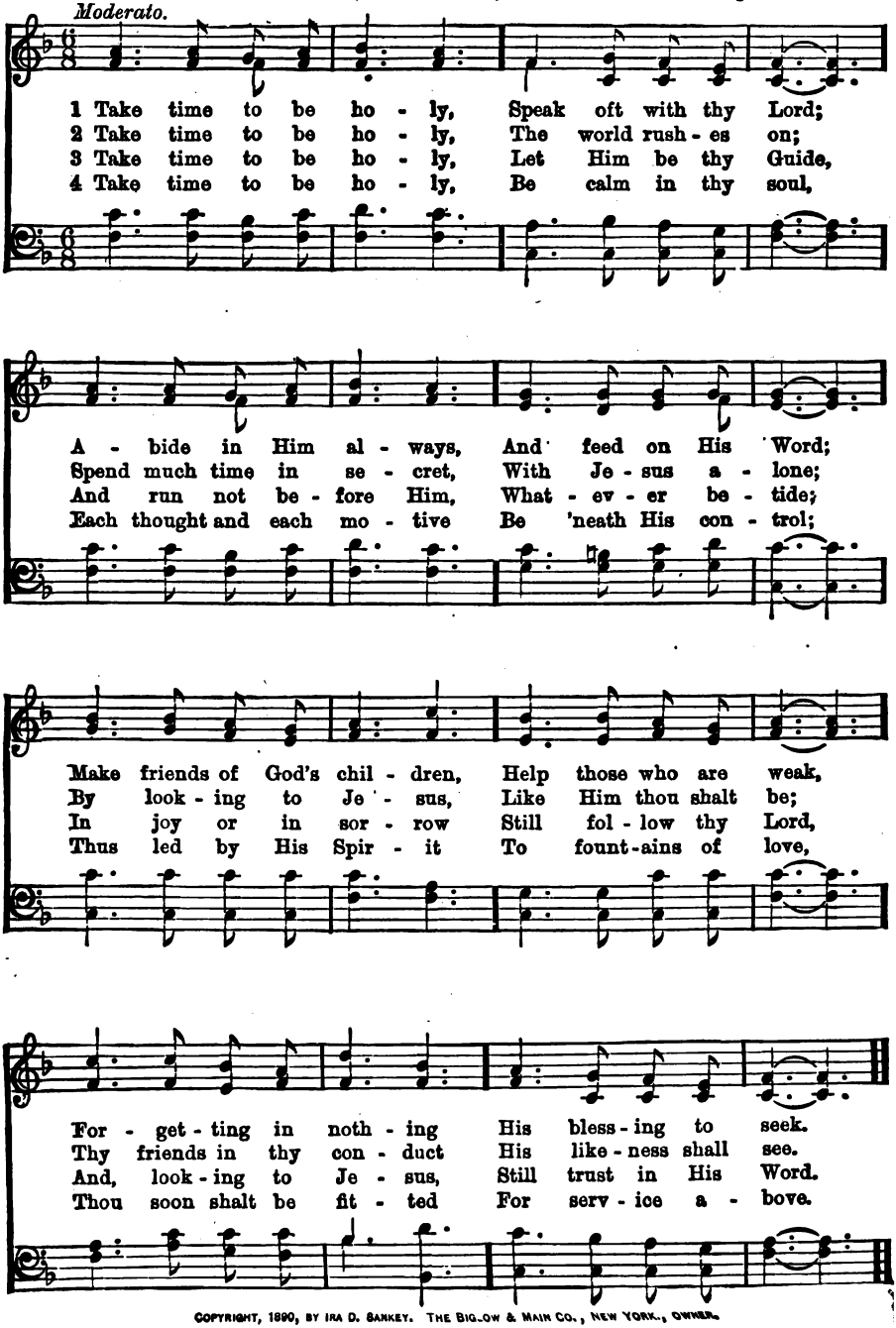
66 Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. Longstaff. (LONGSTAFF.) George C. Stebbins.

Moderato.

1 Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord;
2 Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on;
3 Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide,
4 Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul,
A - bide in Him al - ways, And feed on His Word;
Spend much time in se - cret, With Je - sus a - lone;
And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;
Each thought and each mo - tive Be 'neath His con - trol;
Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak,
By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be;
In joy or in sor - row Still fol - low thy Lord,
Thus led by His Spir - it To fount - ains of love,
For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.
And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

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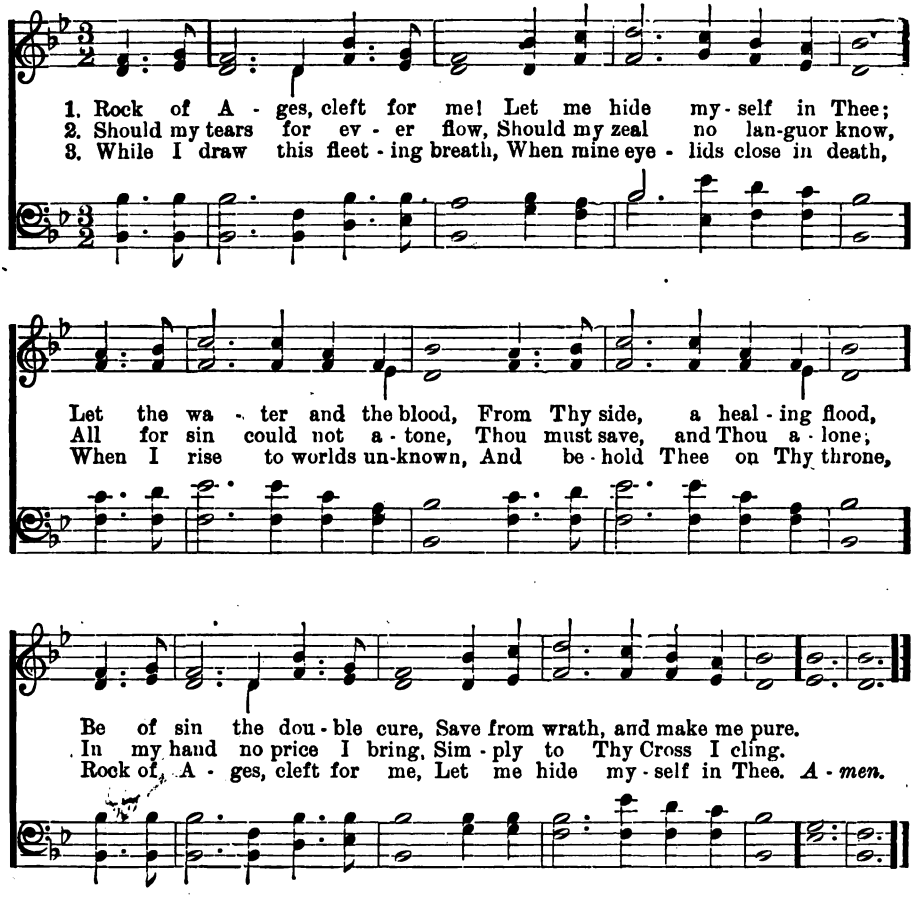
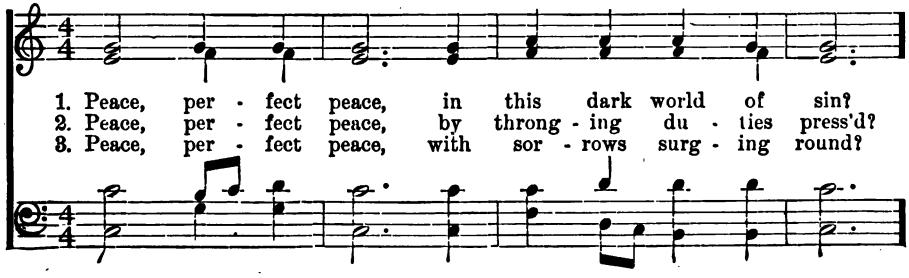
67 Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

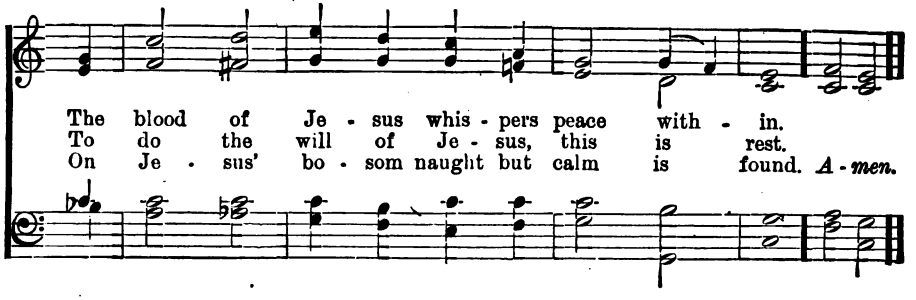
A. M. Toplady. (TOPLADY.) T. Hastings.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Should my tears for ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,
All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy Cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - men.

68 Peace, Perfect Peace.

E. H. Bickersteth. (PAX TECUM.) G. T. Caldbeck.


1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
2. Peace, per - fect peace, by throng - ing du - ties press'd?
3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing round?

Peace, Perfect Peace.—Concluded.



4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

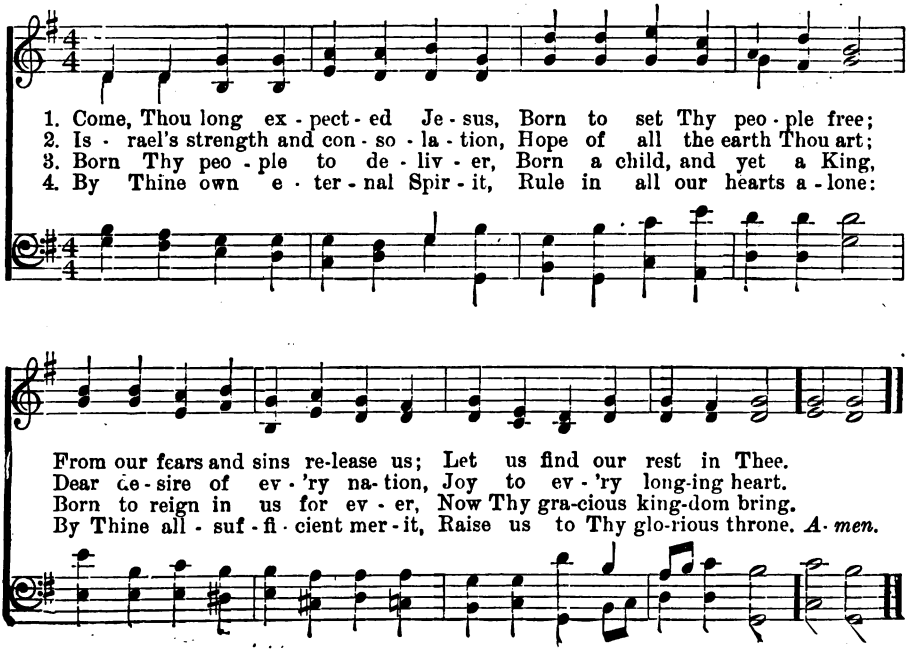
5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

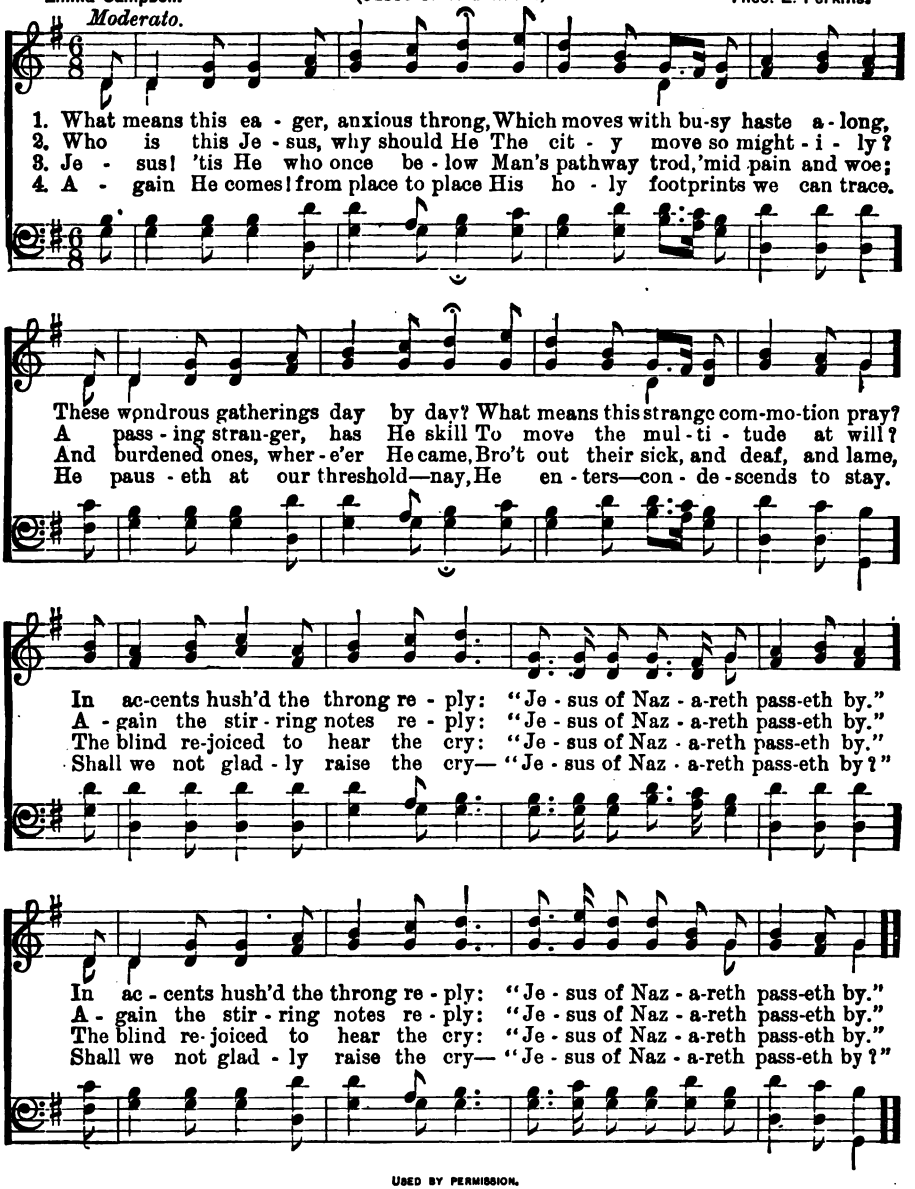
69 Come, Thou Long Expected Jesus.

C. Wesley. (STUTTGARD.) H. L. Hassler.


1. Come, Thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;
2. Is - rael's strength and con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art;
3. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a child, and yet a King,
4. By Thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone:
From our fears and sins re-lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee.
Dear de - sire of ev - 'ry na - tion, Joy to ev - 'ry long-ing heart.
Born to reign in us for ev - er, Now Thy gra-cious king-dom bring.
By Thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glo-rious throne. A - men.

70 What Means this Eager, Anxious Throng?

Emma Campbell. (JESUS OF NAZARETH.) Theo. E. Perkins.

Moderato.

1. What means this ea - ger, anxious throng, Which moves with bu-sy haste a - long,
2. Who is this Je - sus, why should He The cit - y move so might - i - ly?
3. Je - sus! 'tis He who once be - low Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
4. A - gain He comes! from place to place His ho - ly footprints we can trace.
These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange com-mo-tion pray?
A pass - ing stran-ger, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?
And burdened ones, wher - e'er He came, Bro't out their sick, and deaf, and lame,
He paus - eth at our threshold—nay, He en - ters—con - de - scends to stay.
In ac-cents hush'd the throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass-eth by."
A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass-eth by."
The blind re-joiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass-eth by."
Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry— "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass-eth by?"
In ac - cents hush'd the throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass-eth by."
A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass-eth by."
The blind re-joiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass-eth by."
Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry— "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass-eth by?"

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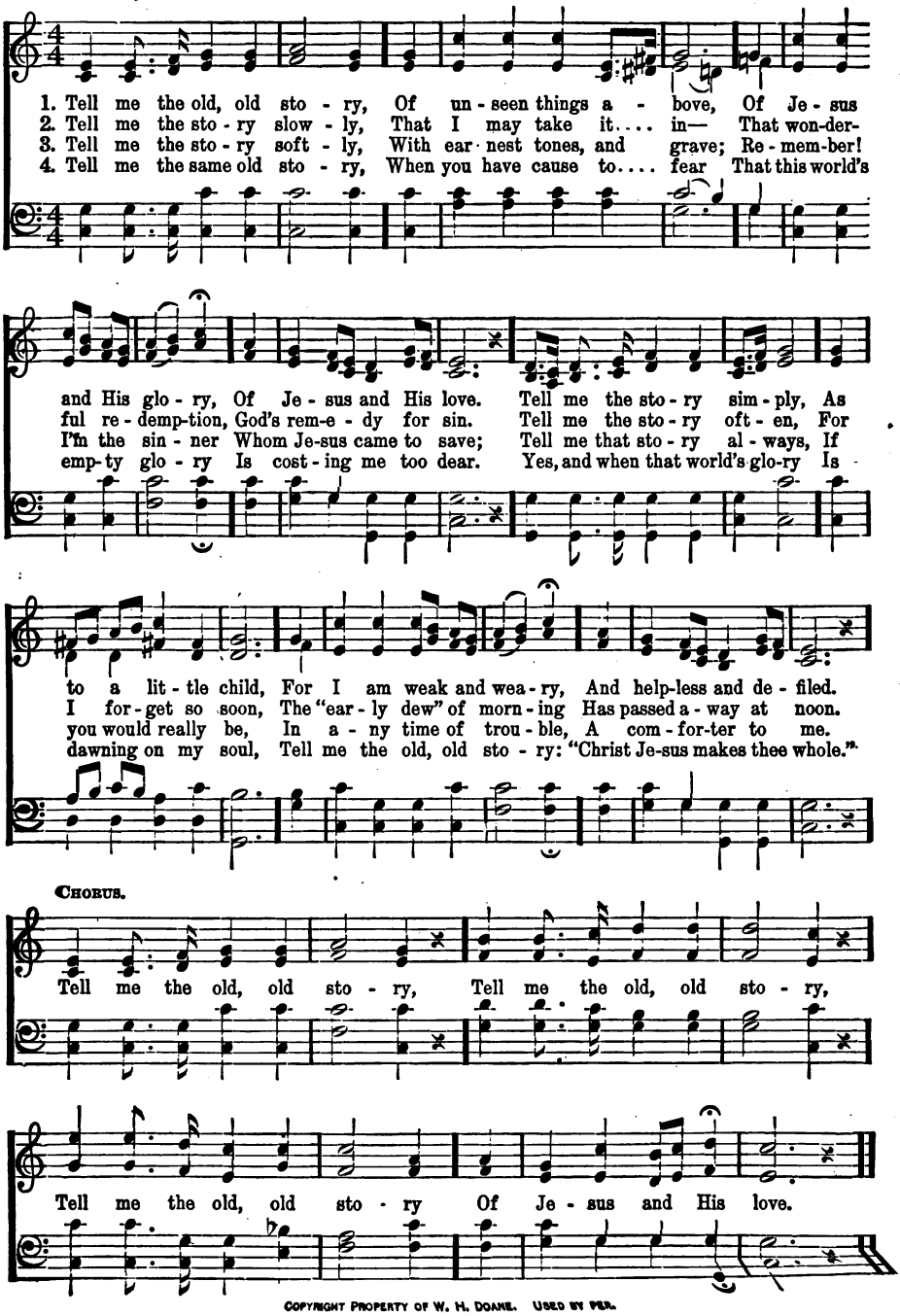
5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home,
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace,
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

71 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. (THE OLD, OLD STORY) W. H. Doane.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it.... in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones, and grave; Re - mem-ber!
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to.... fear That this world's
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As
ful re - demp-tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je-sus came to save; Tell me that sto - ry al - ways, If
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's glo-ry Is
to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And help-less and de - filed.
I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon.
you would really be, In a - ny time of trou - ble, A com - for-ter to me.
dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ Je-sus makes thee whole."
CHORUS.
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,
Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

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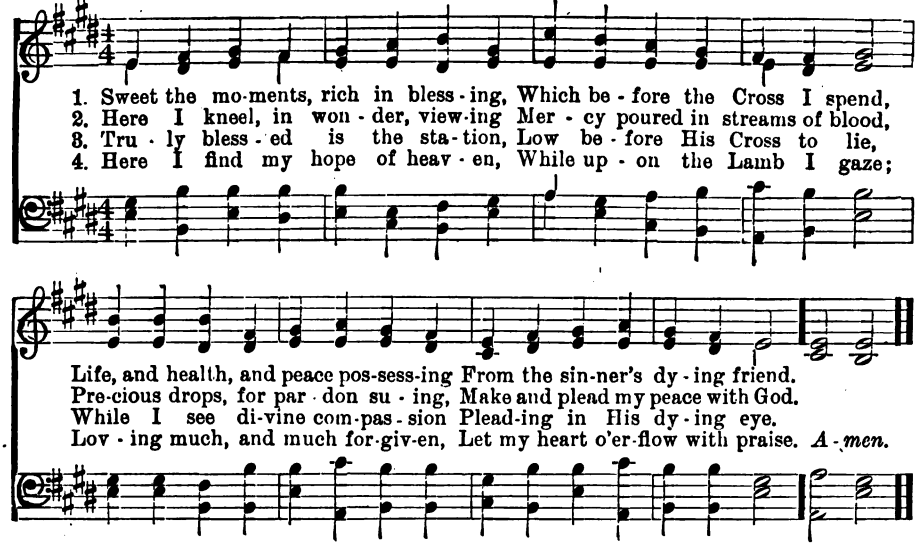
72 Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing.

W. Shirley. (BATTY.) J. B. König.

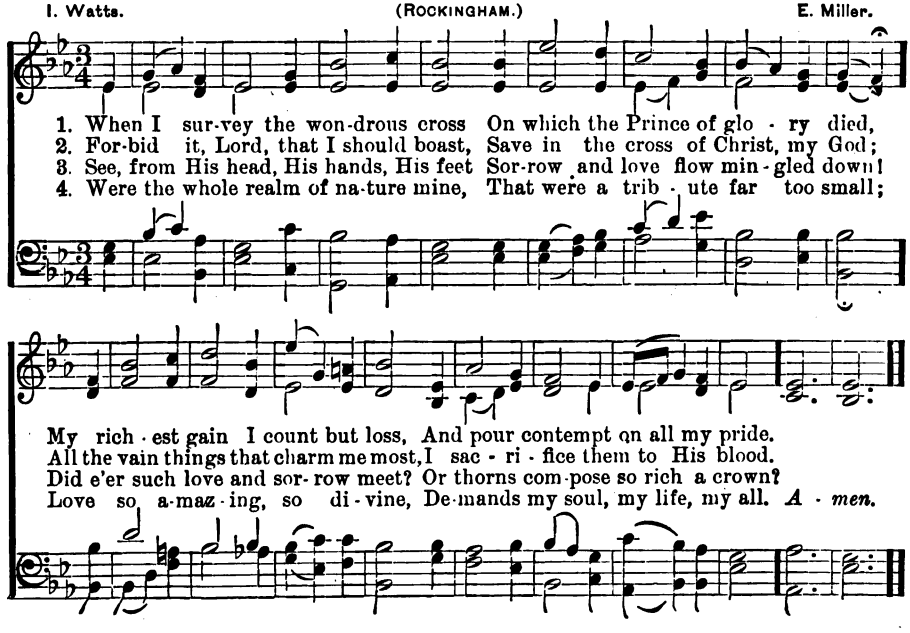

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the Cross I spend,
2. Here I kneel, in won-der, view-ing Mer-cy poured in streams of blood,
3. Tru-ly bless-ed is the sta-tion, Low be-fore His Cross to lie,
4. Here I find my hope of heav-en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze;
Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing From the sin-ner's dy-ing friend.
Pre-cious drops, for par-don su-ing, Make and plead my peace with God.
While I see di-vine com-pas-sion Plead-ing in His dy-ing eye.
Lov-ing much, and much for-giv-en, Let my heart o'er-flow with praise. A-men.

5 Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation
And Thine unveil'd glories see.

6 For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,
In my heart Thy love increase.

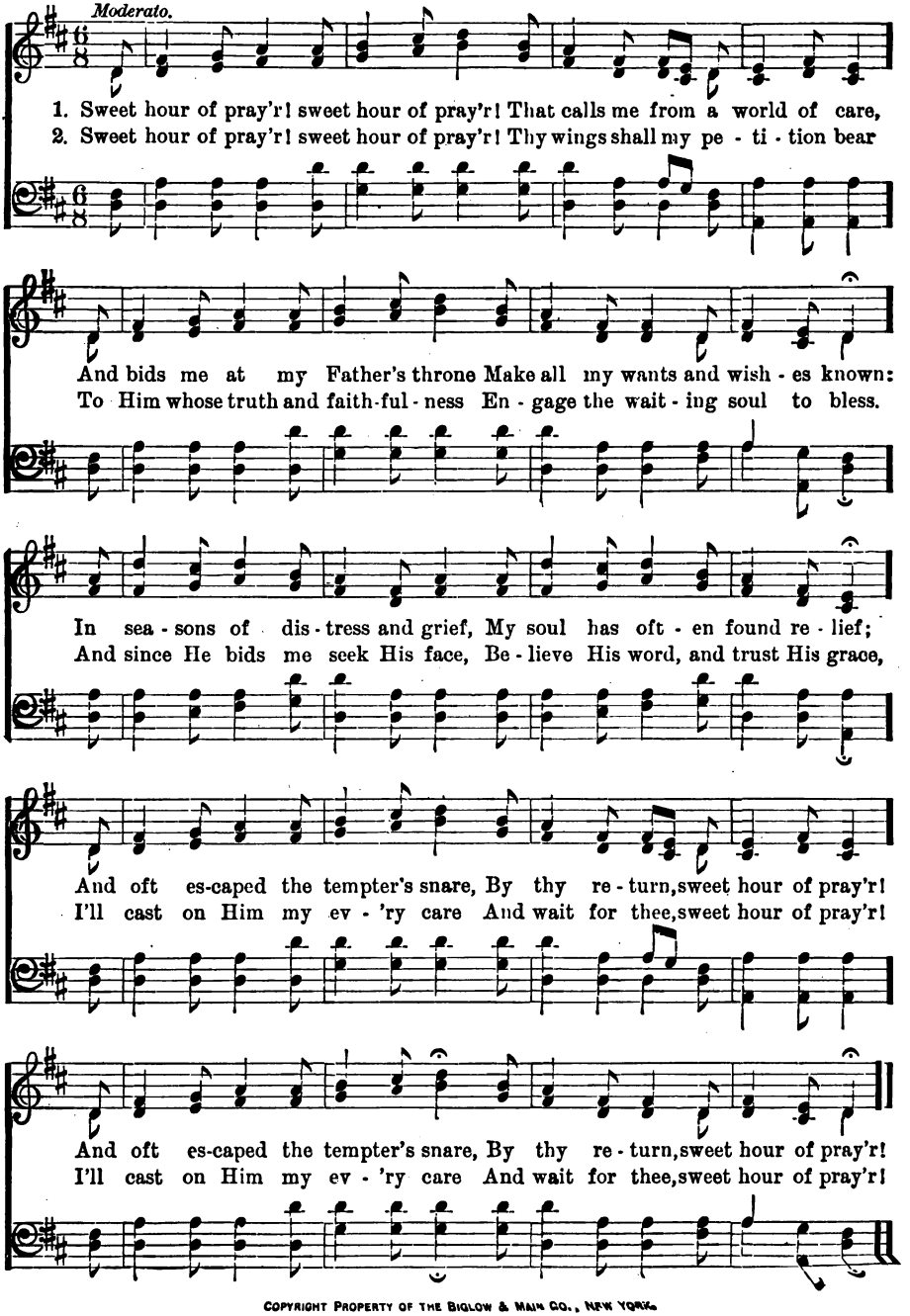
73 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

I. Watts. (ROCKINGHAM.) E. Miller.


1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet Sor-row and love flow min-gled down!
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a trib-ute far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet? Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all. A-men.

74 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

William W. Walford. (WALFORD.) William B. Bradbury.


Moderato.
1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known:
To Him whose truth and faith-ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless.
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,
And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r!
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!
And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r!
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!

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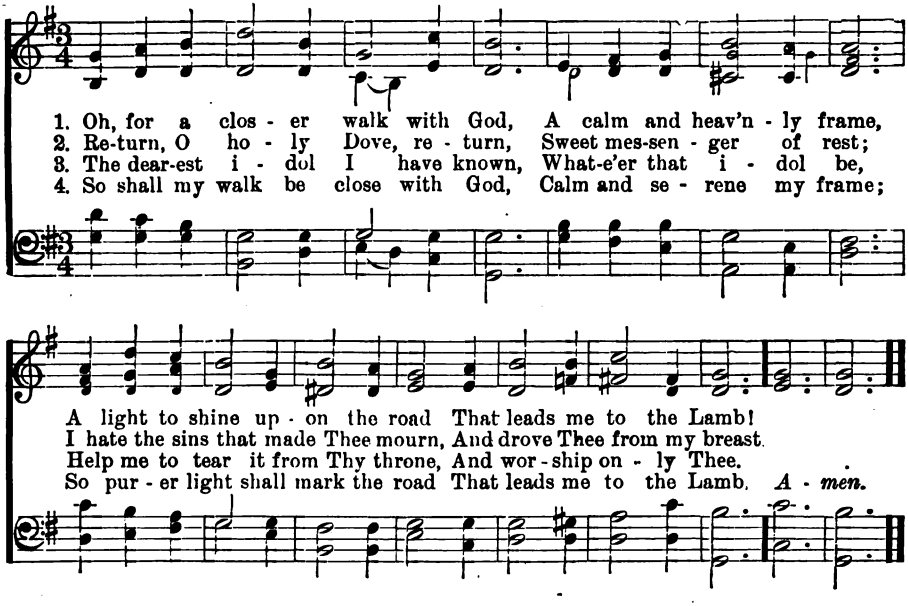
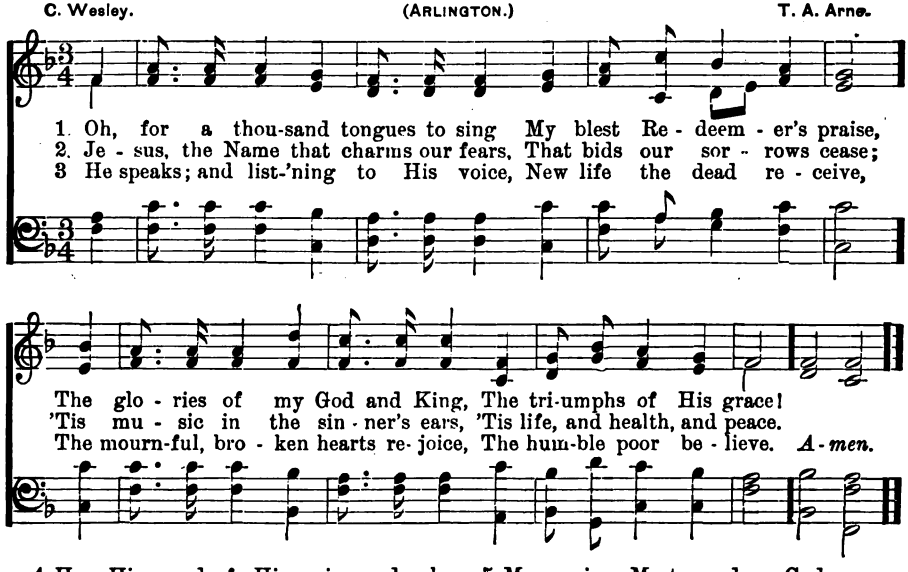
75 Oh, for a Closer Walk With God.

W. Cowper. (BEATITUDO.) J. B. Dykes.

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame,
2. Re-turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes-sen - ger of rest;
3. The dear-est i - dol I have known, What-e'er that i - dol be,
4. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.
So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb. A - men.

76 Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

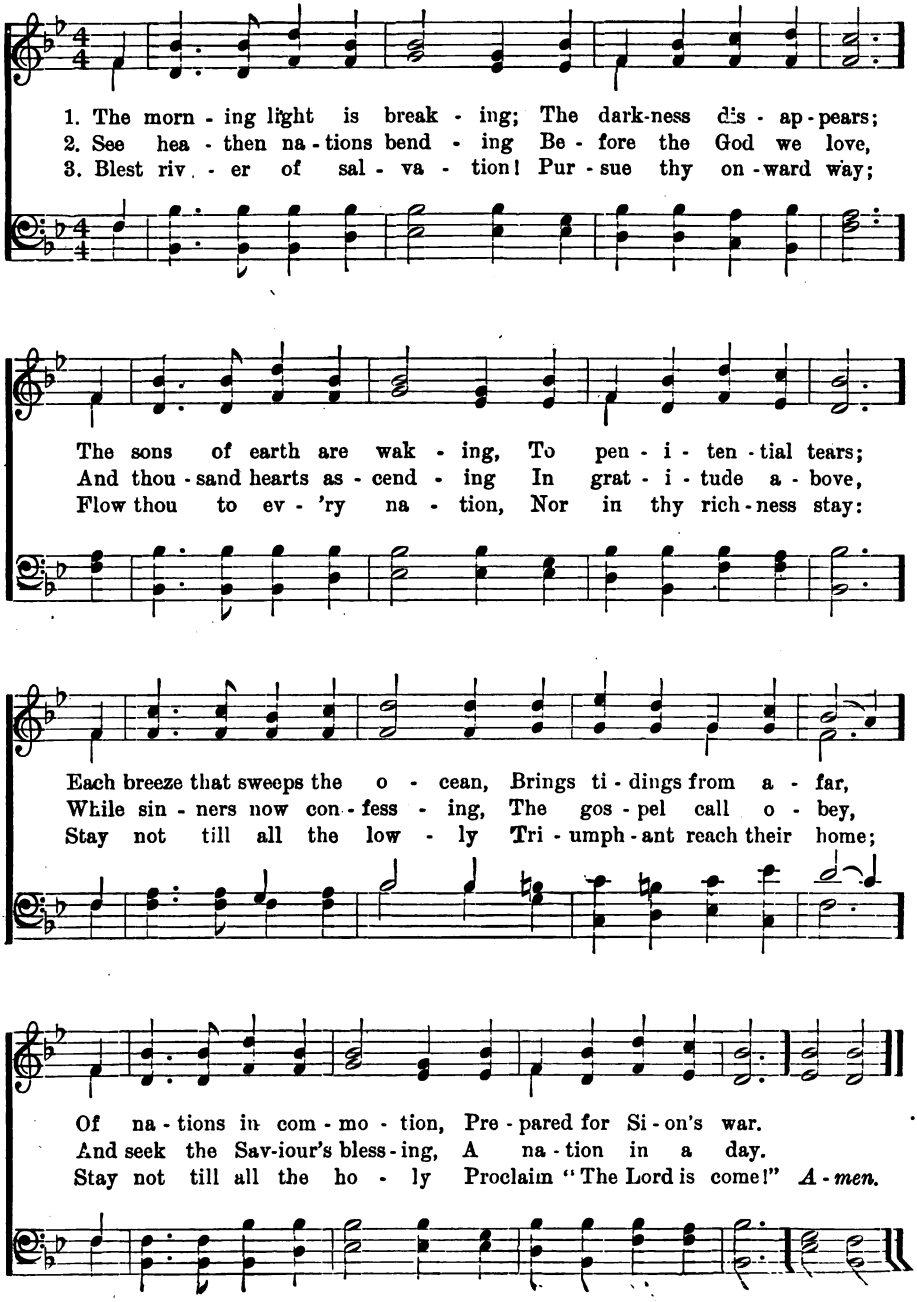
C. Wesley. (ARLINGTON.) T. A. Arne.


1. Oh, for a thou-sand tongues to sing My blest Re - deem - er's praise,
2. Je - sus, the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
3 He speaks; and list-'ning to His voice, New life the dead re - ceive,
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace!
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
The mourn-ful, bro - ken hearts re-joice, The hum-ble poor be - lieve. A-men.

4 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

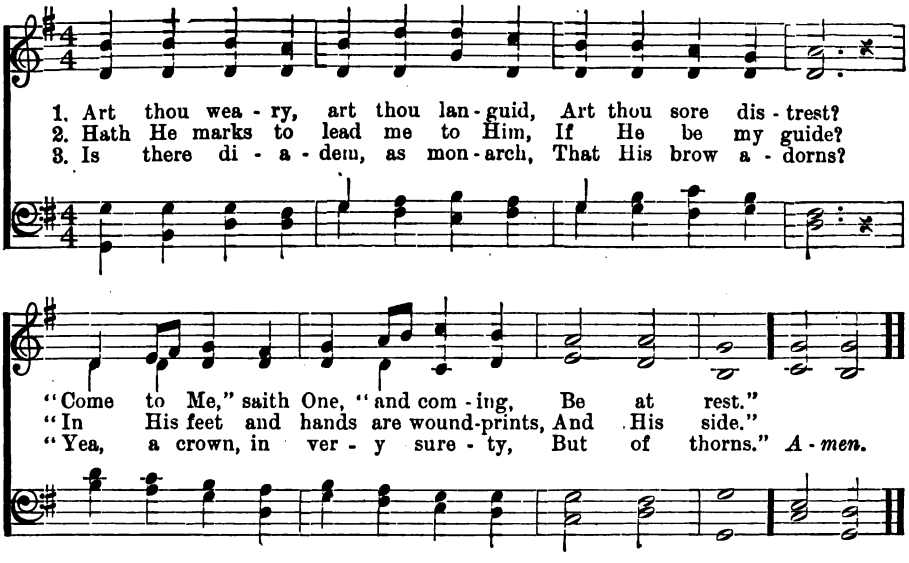
5 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread thro' all the world abroad
The honors of Thy Name.

77 The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. (WEBB.) G. J. Webb.

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark-ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion! Pur - sue thy on - ward way;
The sons of earth are wak - ing, To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove,
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay:
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean, Brings ti - dings from a - far,
While sin - ners now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey,
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph - ant reach their home;
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Si - on's war.
And seek the Sav-iour's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim "The Lord is come!" A - men.

78 Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid.

J. M. Neale. (STEPHANOS.) H. W. Baker.

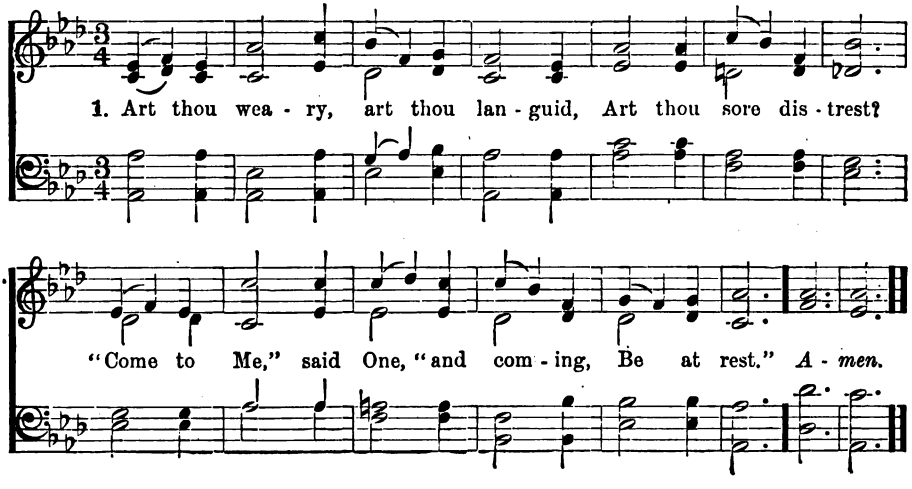

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
3. Is there di - a - dem, as mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Yea, a crown, in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns." A - men.

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

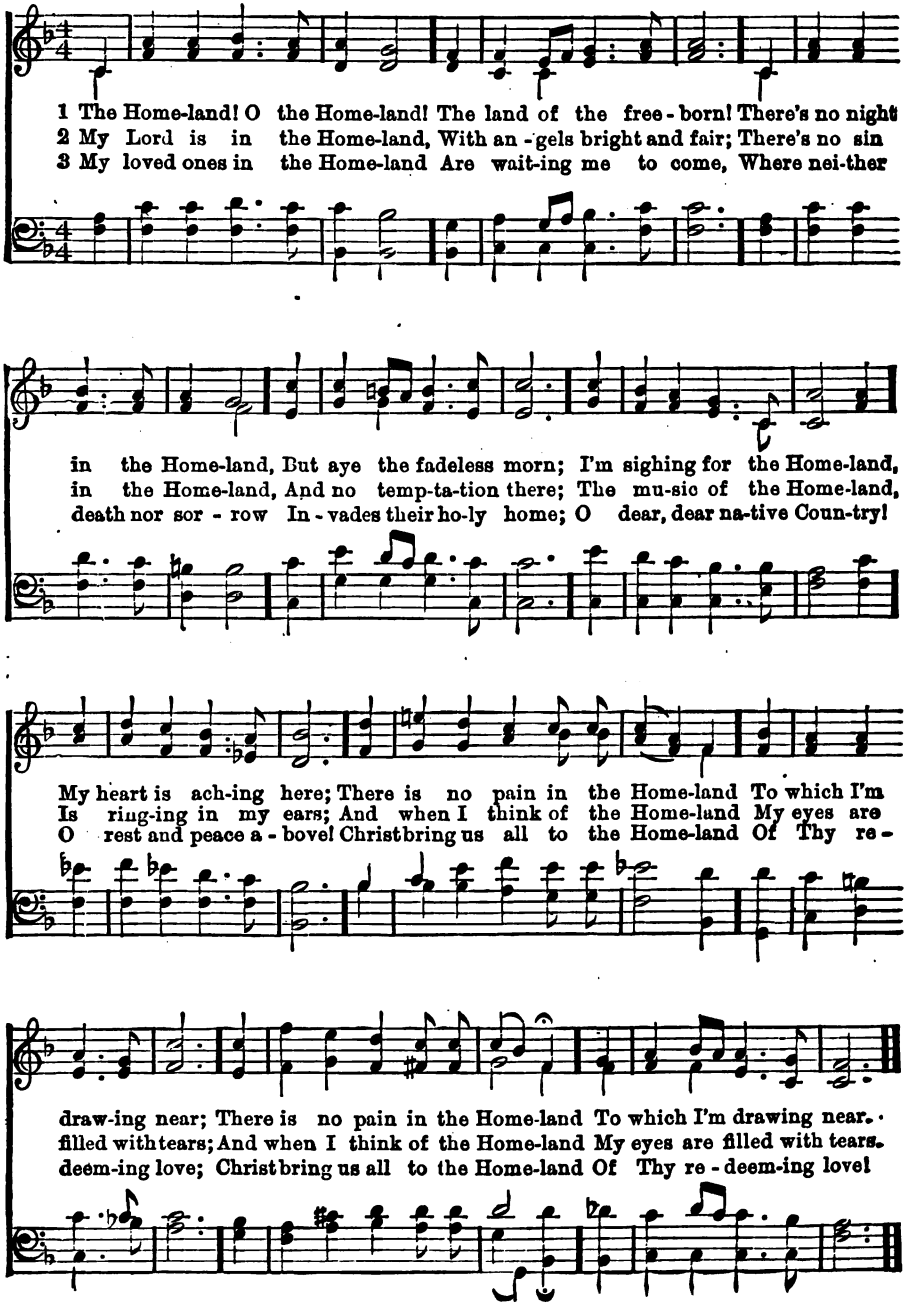
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes."

78 Second Tune. (BULLINGER) E. W. Bullinger.

79 The Homeland! O the Homeland!

Hugh R. Haweis. (THE HOMELAND.) Geo. C. Stebbins.


1 The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of the free - born! There's no night
2 My Lord is in the Home-land, With an - gels bright and fair; There's no sin
3 My loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come, Where nei-ther
in the Home-land, But aye the fadeless morn; I'm sighing for the Home-land,
in the Home-land, And no temp-ta-tion there; The mu-sic of the Home-land,
death nor sor - row In - vades their ho-ly home; O dear, dear na-tive Coun-try!
My heart is ach-ing here; There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm
Is ring-ing in my ears; And when I think of the Home-land My eyes are
O rest and peace a - bove! Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of Thy re -
draw-ing near; There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm drawing near.
filled with tears; And when I think of the Home-land My eyes are filled with tears.
deem-ing love; Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of Thy re - deem-ing love!

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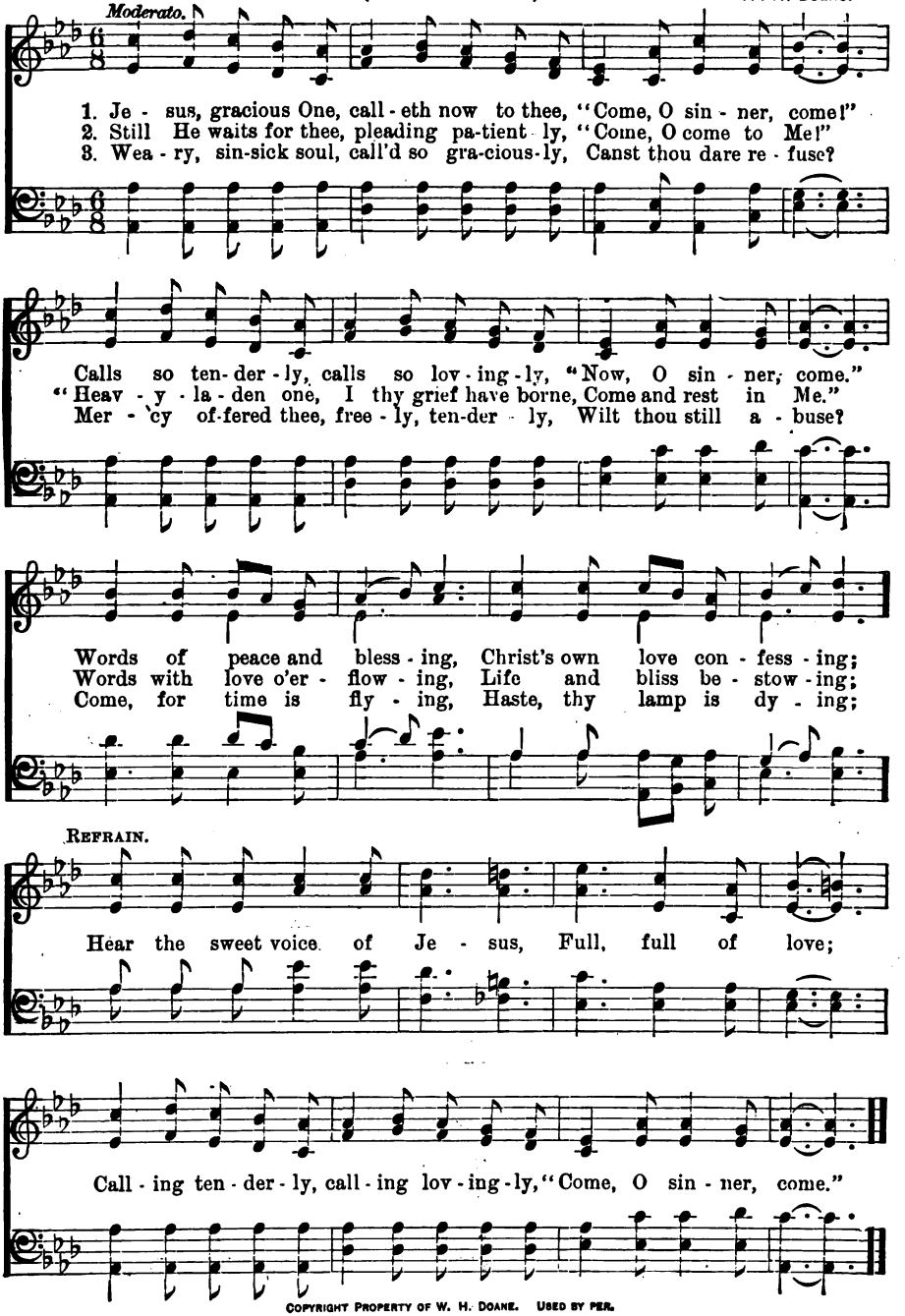
80 Jesus, Gracious One, Calleth.

Mrs. S. A. Collins. (JESUS CALLS THEE.) W. H. Doane.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus, gracious One, call - eth now to thee, "Come, O sin - ner, come!"
2. Still He waits for thee, pleading pa-tient - ly, "Come, O come to Me!"
3. Wea - ry, sin-sick soul, call'd so gra-cious-ly, Canst thou dare re - fuse?
Calls so ten- der - ly, calls so lov - ing - ly, "Now, O sin - ner, come."
"Heav - y - la - den one, I thy grief have borne, Come and rest in Me."
Mer - cy of-fered thee, free - ly, ten-der - ly, Wilt thou still a - buse?
Words of peace and bless - ing, Christ's own love con - fess - ing;
Words with love o'er - flow - ing, Life and bliss be - stow - ing;
Come, for time is fly - ing, Haste, thy lamp is dy - ing;
REFRAIN.
Hear the sweet voice of Je - sus, Full, full of love;
Call - ing ten - der - ly, call - ing lov - ing - ly, "Come, O sin - ner, come."

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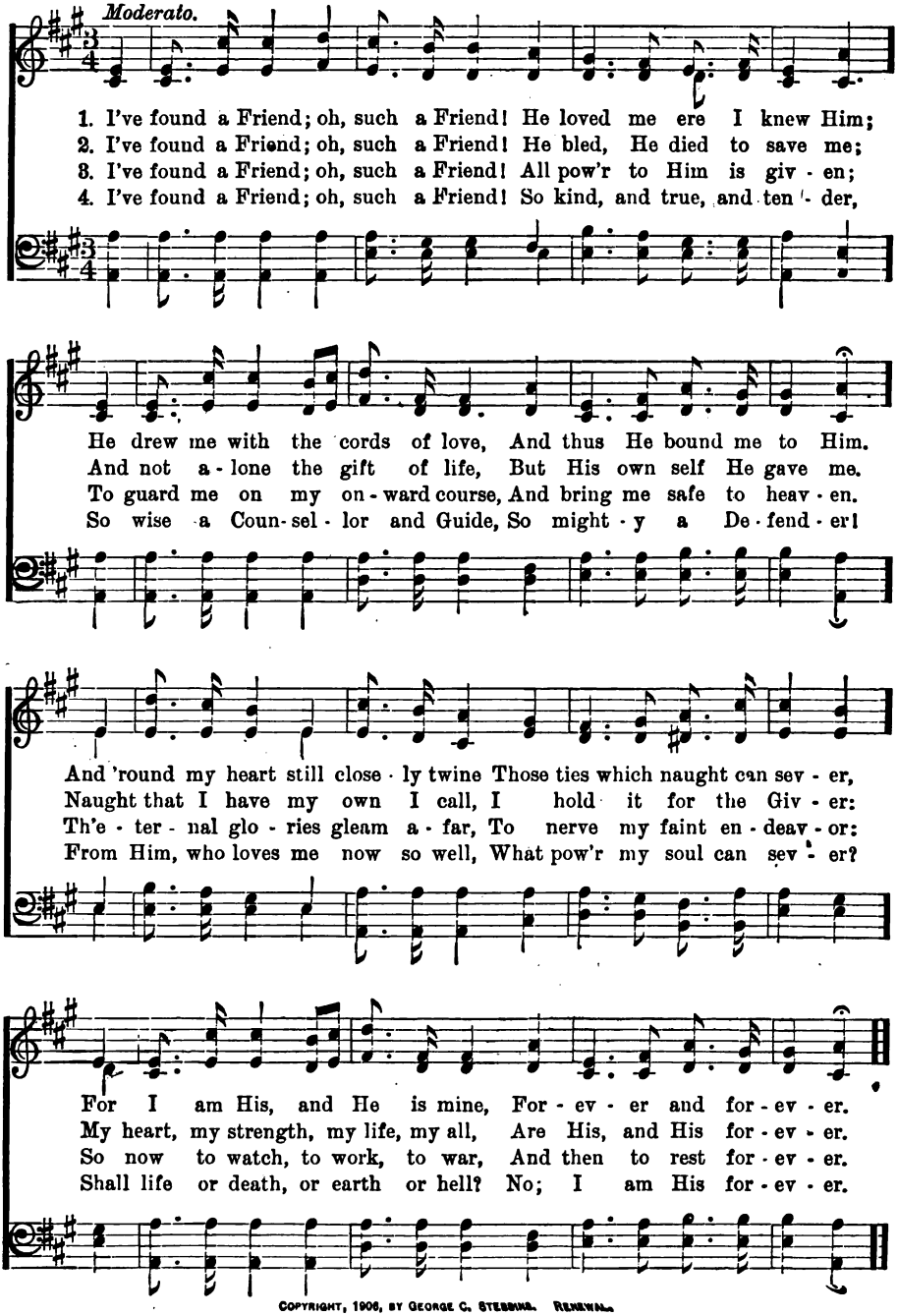
81 I've Found a Friend, oh, Such a Friend.

J. G. Small. (I'VE FOUND A FRIEND.) Geo. C. Stebbins.

Moderato.


1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv - en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on - ward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!
And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
Th'e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?
For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

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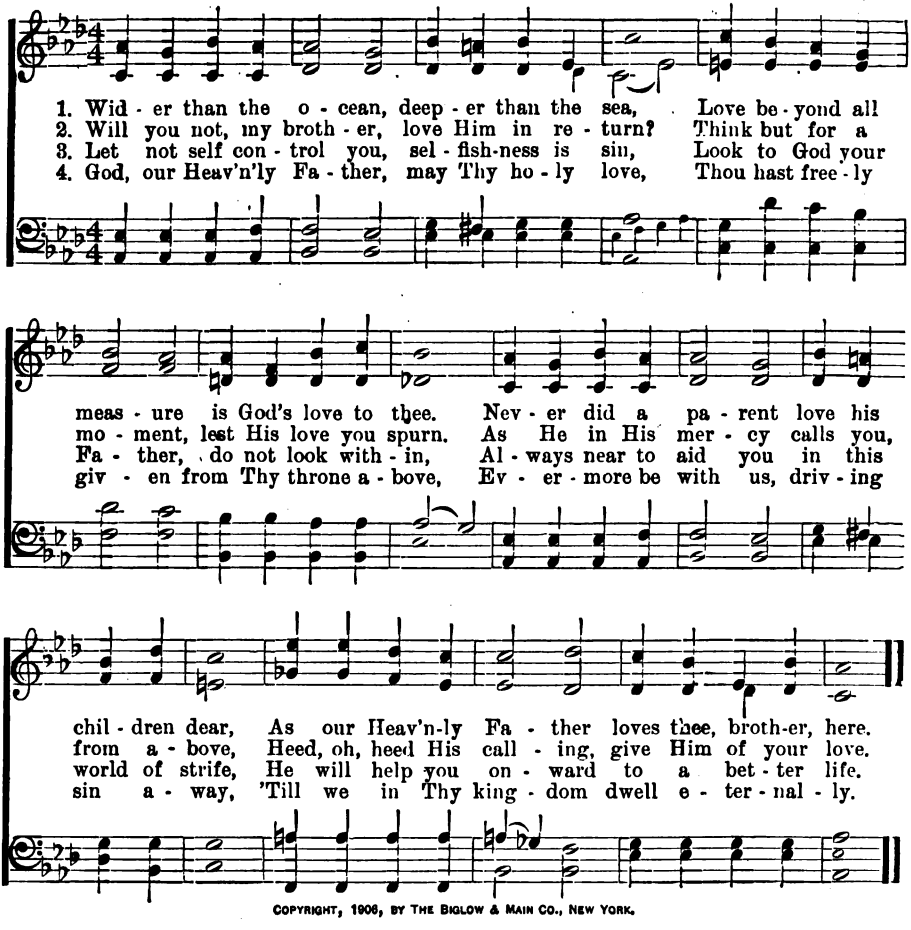
82 Wider Than the Ocean.

John Sterling. (GOD'S LOVE.) I. Allan Sankey.

1. Wid - er than the o - cean, deep - er than the sea, Love be - yond all
2. Will you not, my broth - er, love Him in re - turn? Think but for a
3. Let not self con - trol you, sel - fish-ness is sin, Look to God your
4. God, our Heav'n'ly Fa - ther, may Thy ho - ly love, Thou hast free - ly
meas - ure is God's love to thee. Nev - er did a pa - rent love his
mo - ment, lest His love you spurn. As He in His mer - cy calls you,
Fa - ther, do not look with - in, Al - ways near to aid you in this
giv - en from Thy throne a - bove, Ev - er - more be with us, driv - ing
chil - dren dear, As our Heav'n-ly Fa - ther loves thee, broth-er, here.
from a - bove, Heed, oh, heed His call - ing, give Him of your love.
world of strife, He will help you on - ward to a bet - ter life.
sin a - way, 'Till we in Thy king - dom dwell e - ter - nal - ly.

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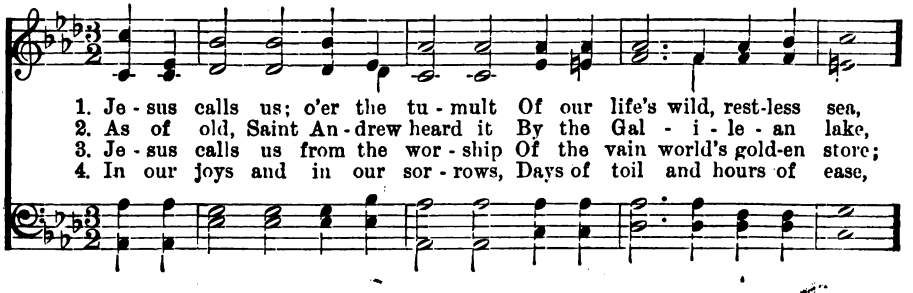
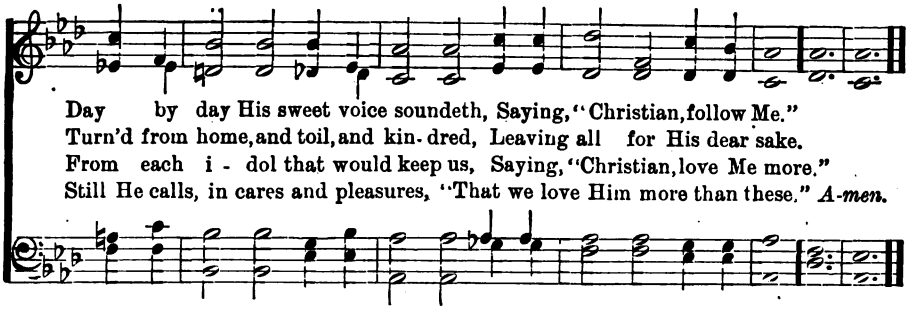
83 Jesus Calls Us; O'er the Tumult.

C. F. Alexander. (GALILEE.) W. H. Jude.


1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. As of old, Saint An - drew heard it By the Gal - i - le - an lake,
3. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store;
4. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,

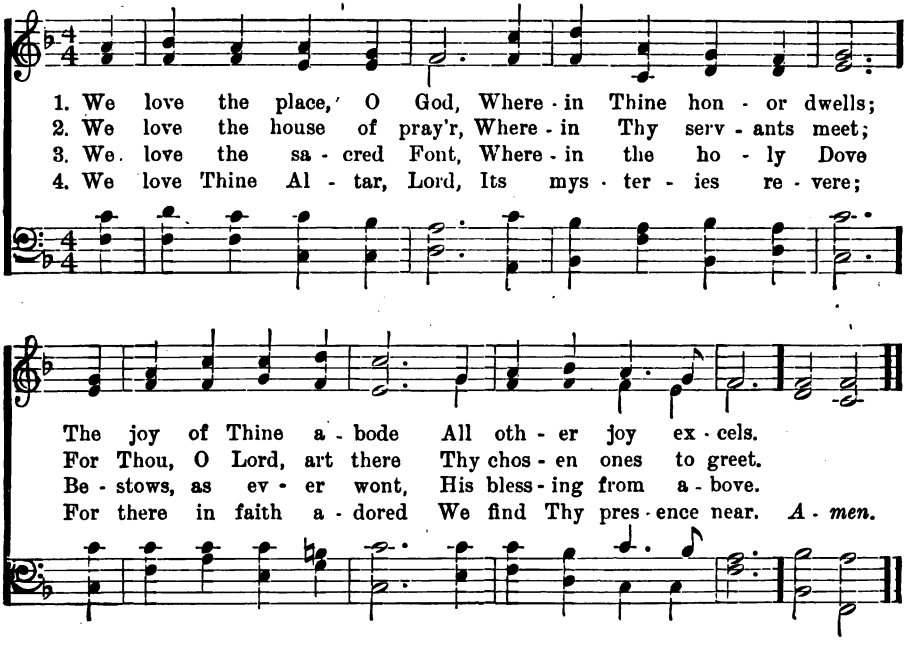
Jesus Calls Us.—Concluded.


Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me."
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kin-dred, Leaving all for His dear sake.
From each i-dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "That we love Him more than these." A-men.

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

84 We Love the place, O God.

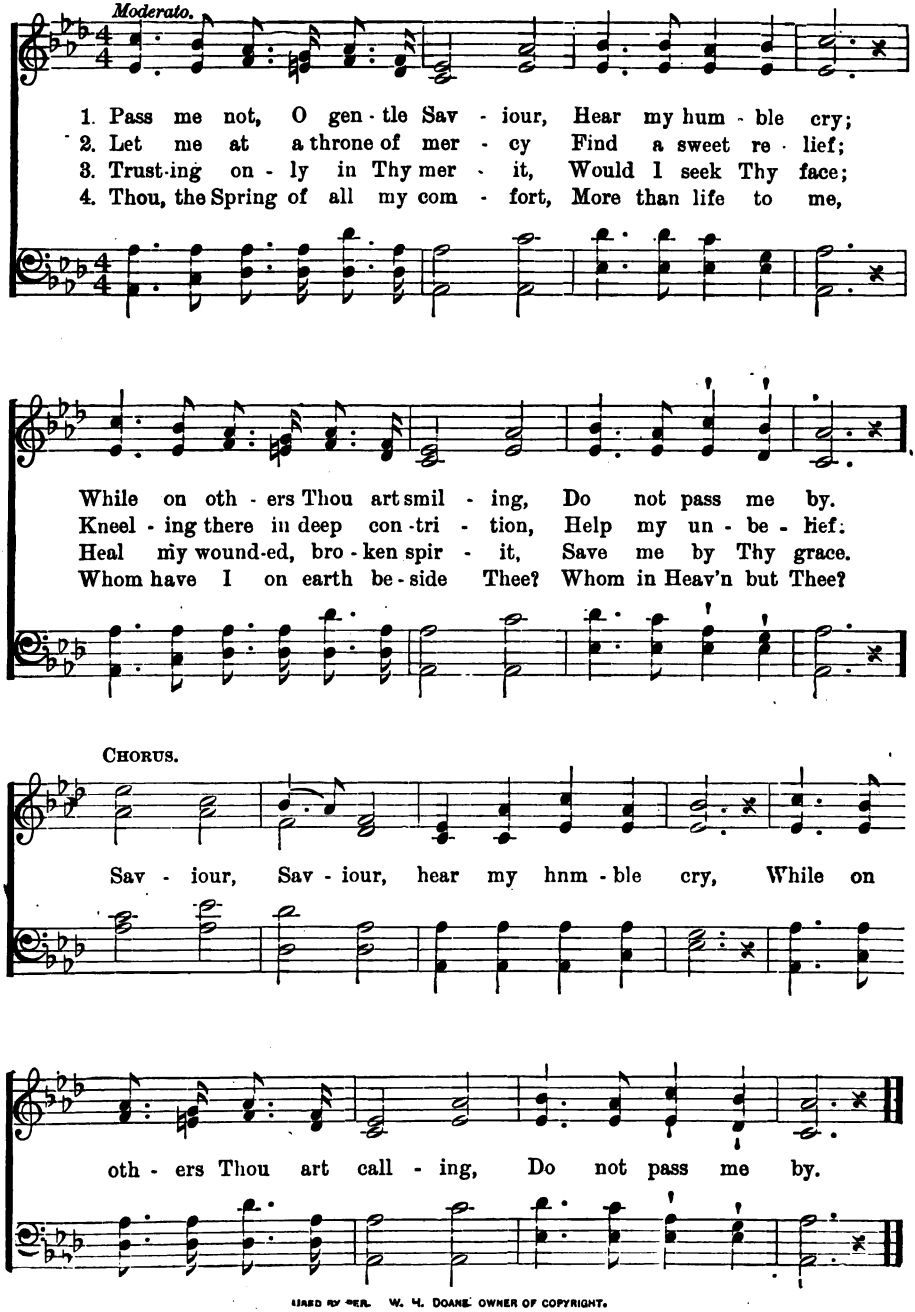
W. Bullock. (QUAM DILECTA.)


1. We love the place, O God, Where-in Thine hon-or dwells;
2. We love the house of pray'r, Where-in Thy serv-ants meet;
3. We love the sa-cred Font, Where-in the ho-ly Dove
4. We love Thine Al-tar, Lord, Its mys-ter-ies re-vere;
The joy of Thine a-bode All oth-er joy ex-cels.
For Thou, O Lord, art there Thy chos-en ones to greet.
Be-stows, as ev-er wont, His bless-ing from a-bove.
For there in faith a-dored We find Thy pres-ence near. A-men.

5 We love Thy holy word,
The lamp Thou gav'st to guide
All wanderers home, O Lord,
Home to their Father's side.

6 Then let us sing the love
To us so freely given,
Until we sing above
The triumph-song of heaven!

85 Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour.

Fanny J. Crosby. (CROSBY.) William H. Doane.

Moderato.
1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou, the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me,
While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief:
Heal my wound-ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?
CHORUS.
Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hnm - ble cry, While on
oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

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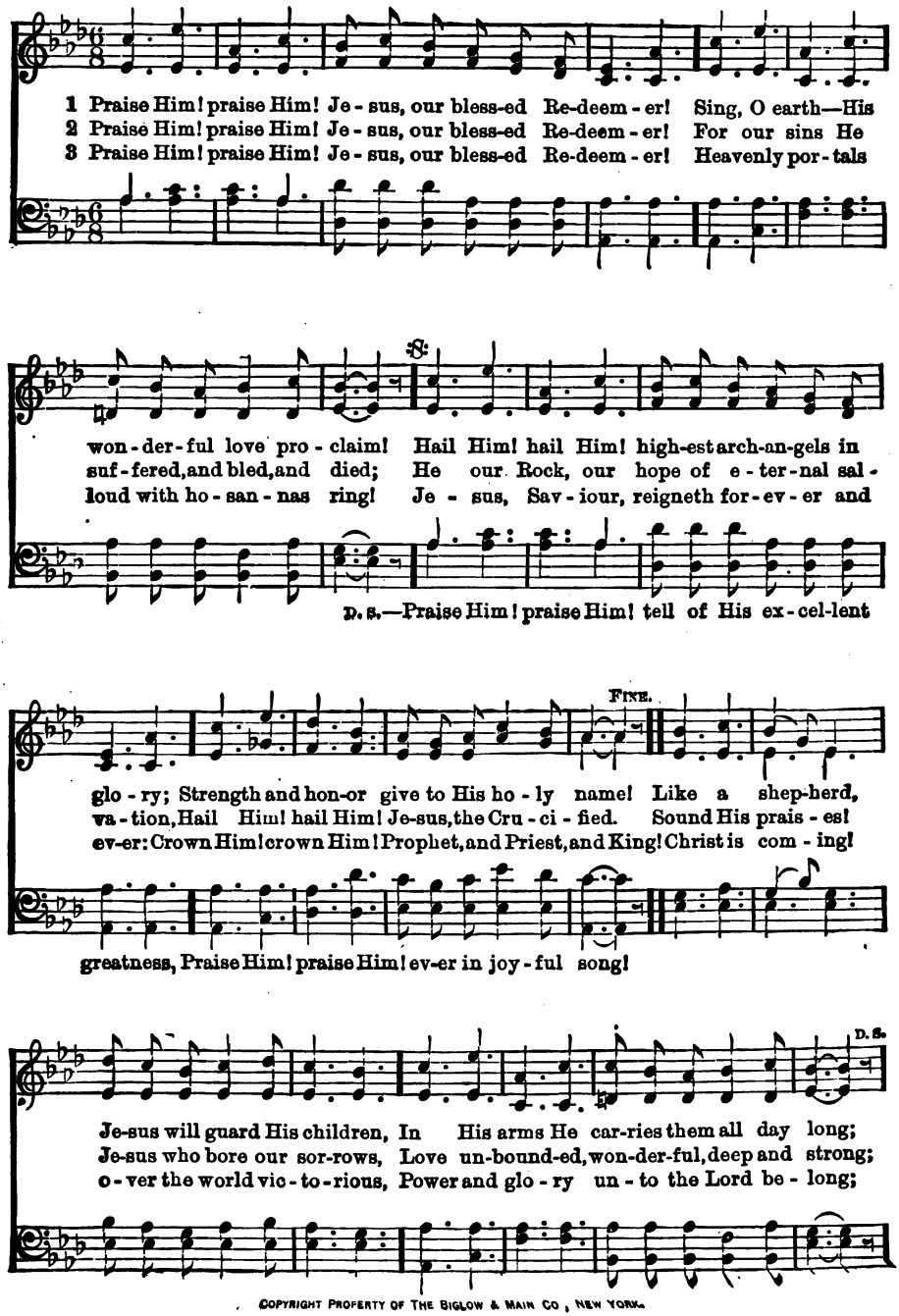
86 Praise Him! Praise Him!

Fanny J. Crosby. (GRISWOLD) Chester G. Allen.

1 Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! Sing, O earth—His
2 Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! For our sins He
3 Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! Heavenly por - tals
won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
suf - fered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter - nal sal -
loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - iour, reigneth for - ev - er and
D. S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex - cel - lent
FINE.
glo - ry; Strength and hon-or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep-herd,
va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus, the Cru - ci - fied. Sound His prais - es!
ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com - ing!
greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy - ful song!
D. S.
Je-sus will guard His children, In His arms He car-ries them all day long;
Je-sus who bore our sor-rows, Love un-bound-ed, won-der-ful, deep and strong;
o - ver the world vic - to - rious, Power and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long;

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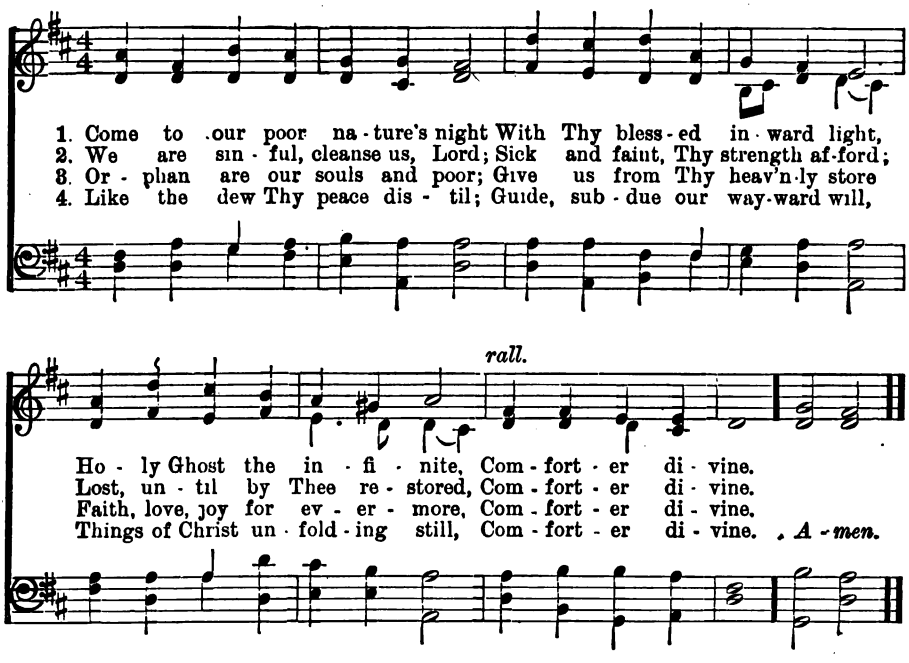
87 Come to Our Poor Nature's Night.

Geo. Rawson. (CAPETOWN.) Freidrich Filitz.


1. Come to our poor na-ture's night With Thy bless-ed in-ward light,
2. We are sin-ful, cleanse us, Lord; Sick and faint, Thy strength af-ford;
3. Or-phan are our souls and poor; Give us from Thy heav'n-ly store
4. Like the dew Thy peace dis-til; Guide, sub-due our way-ward will,
rall.
Ho-ly Ghost the in-fi-nite, Com-fort-er di-vine.
Lost, un-til by Thee re-stored, Com-fort-er di-vine.
Faith, love, joy for ev-er-more, Com-fort-er di-vine.
Things of Christ un-fold-ing still, Com-fort-er di-vine. A-men.

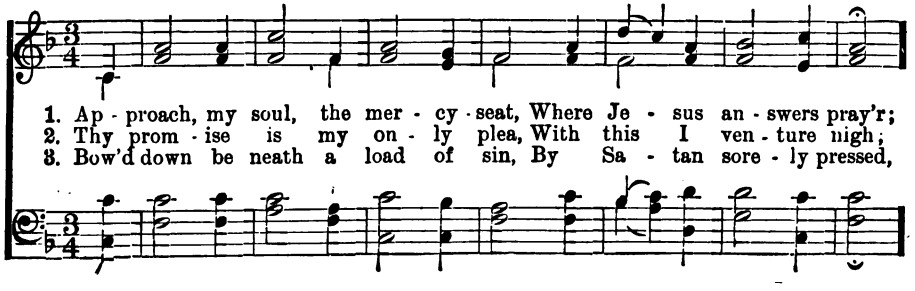
5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast;
There Thy presence be confest,
Comforter divine.

6 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.

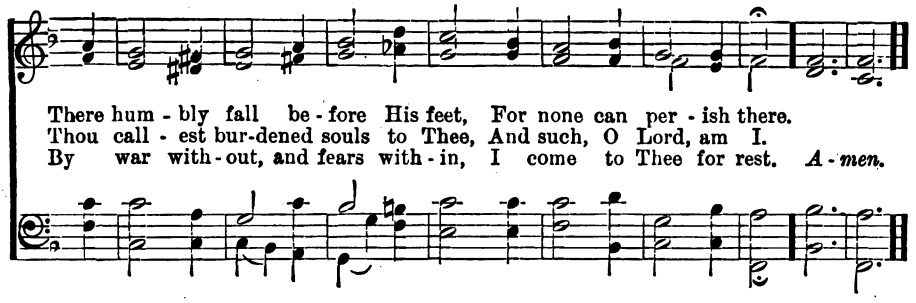
7 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.

8 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter divine.

88 Approach, My Soul, the Mercy-seat.

J. Newton. (SPOHR.) L. Spohr.

1. Ap-proach, my soul, the mer-cy-seat, Where Je-sus an-swers pray'r;
2. Thy prom-ise is my on-ly plea, With this I ven-ture nigh;
3. Bow'd down be neath a load of sin, By Sa-tan sore-ly pressed,

Approach, My Soul.—Concluded.

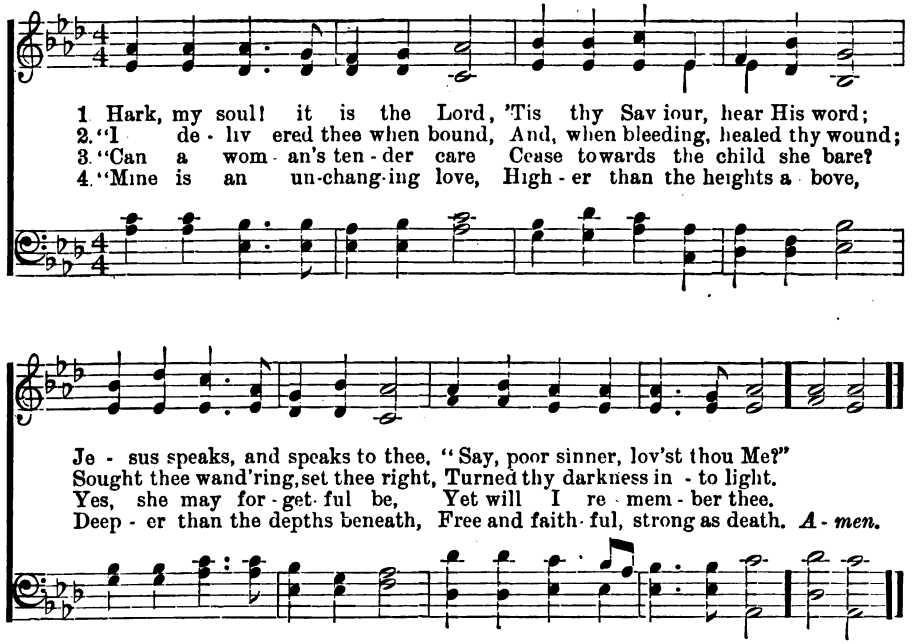

There hum - bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there.
Thou call - est bur-dened souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
By war with - out, and fears with - in, I come to Thee for rest. A - men.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died!

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name.

89 Hark, My Soul! It is the Lord.

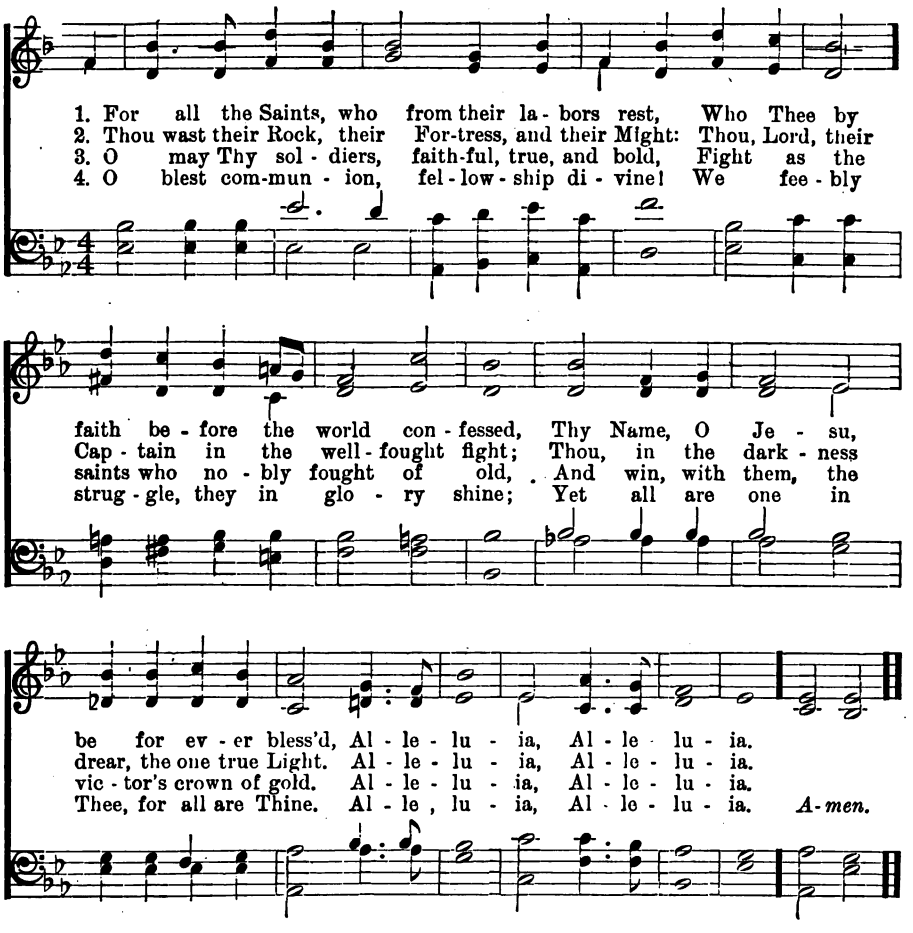
W. Cowper. (St Bees.) J. B. Dykes.


1 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Sav iour, hear His word;
2. "I de - liv ered thee when bound, And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
3. "Can a wom - an's ten - der care Cease towards the child she bare?
4. "Mine is an un-chang-ing love, High - er than the heights a bove,
Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turned thy darkness in - to light.
Yes, she may for - get - ful be, Yet will I re - mem - ber thee.
Deep - er than the depths beneath, Free and faith - ful, strong as death. A - men.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My Throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more.

90 For All the Saints.

W. W. How. (SARUM.) J. Barnby.

1. For all the Saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
2. Thou wast their Rock, their For-tress, and their Might: Thou, Lord, their
3. O may Thy sol - diers, faith-ful, true, and bold, Fight as the
4. O blest com-mun - ion, fel - low - ship di - vine! We fee - bly
faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je - su,
Cap - tain in the well - fought fight; Thou, in the dark - ness
saints who no - bly fought of old, And win, with them, the
strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are one in
be for ev - er bless'd, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.
drear, the one true Light. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.
vic - tor's crown of gold. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.
Thee, for all are Thine. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. A-men.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia.

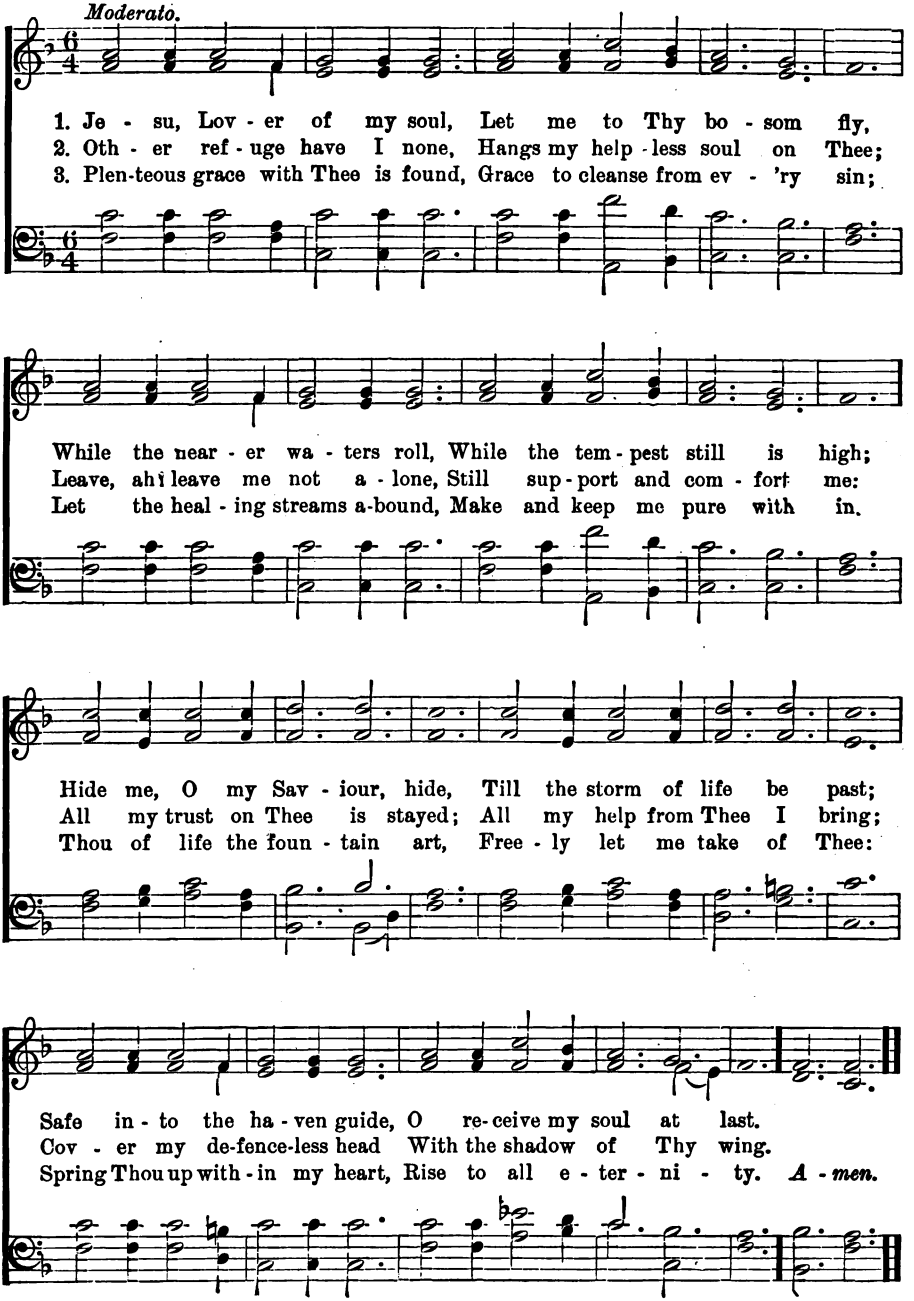
6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia.

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia.

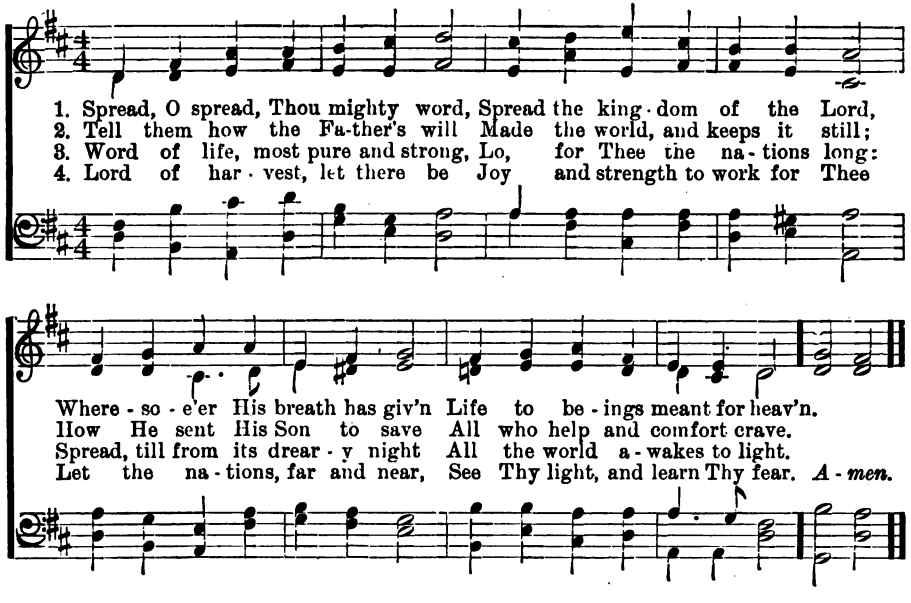
91 Jesu, Lover of My Soul.

C. Wesley. (MARTYN.) S. B. Marsh.

Moderato.

1. Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cleanse from ev - 'ry sin;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
Let the heal - ing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with in.
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring;
Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fence-less head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. *A - men.*

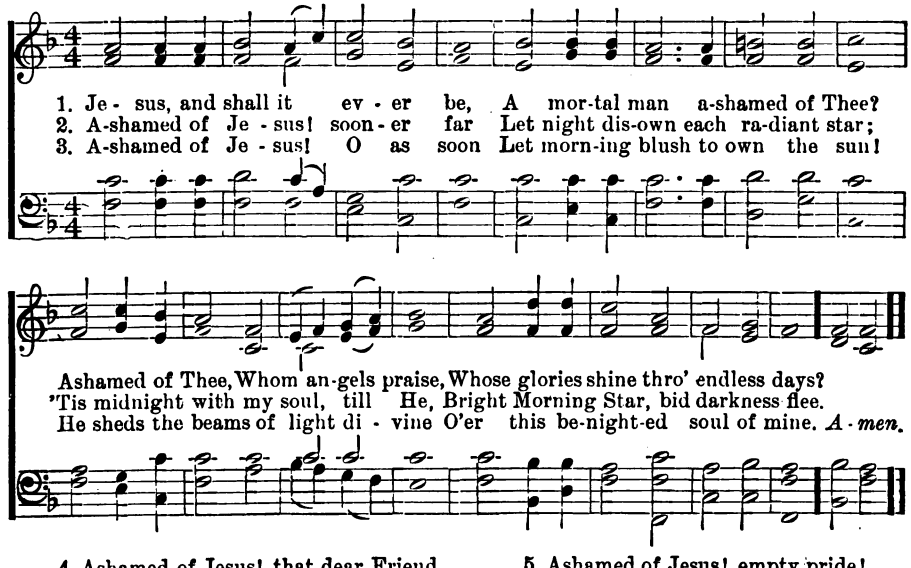
92 Spread, O Spread, Thou Mighty Word.

J. F. Bahnmaier, *Tr.* (LUBECK.) German.


1. Spread, O spread, Thou mighty word, Spread the king-dom of the Lord,
2. Tell them how the Fa-ther's will Made the world, and keeps it still;
3. Word of life, most pure and strong, Lo, for Thee the na-tions long:
4. Lord of har-vest, let there be Joy and strength to work for Thee
Where-so-e'er His breath has giv'n Life to be-ings meant for heav'n.
How He sent His Son to save All who help and comfort crave.
Spread, till from its drear-y night All the world a-wakes to light.
Let the na-tions, far and near, See Thy light, and learn Thy fear. *A-men.*

93 Jesus, and Shall it Ever be?

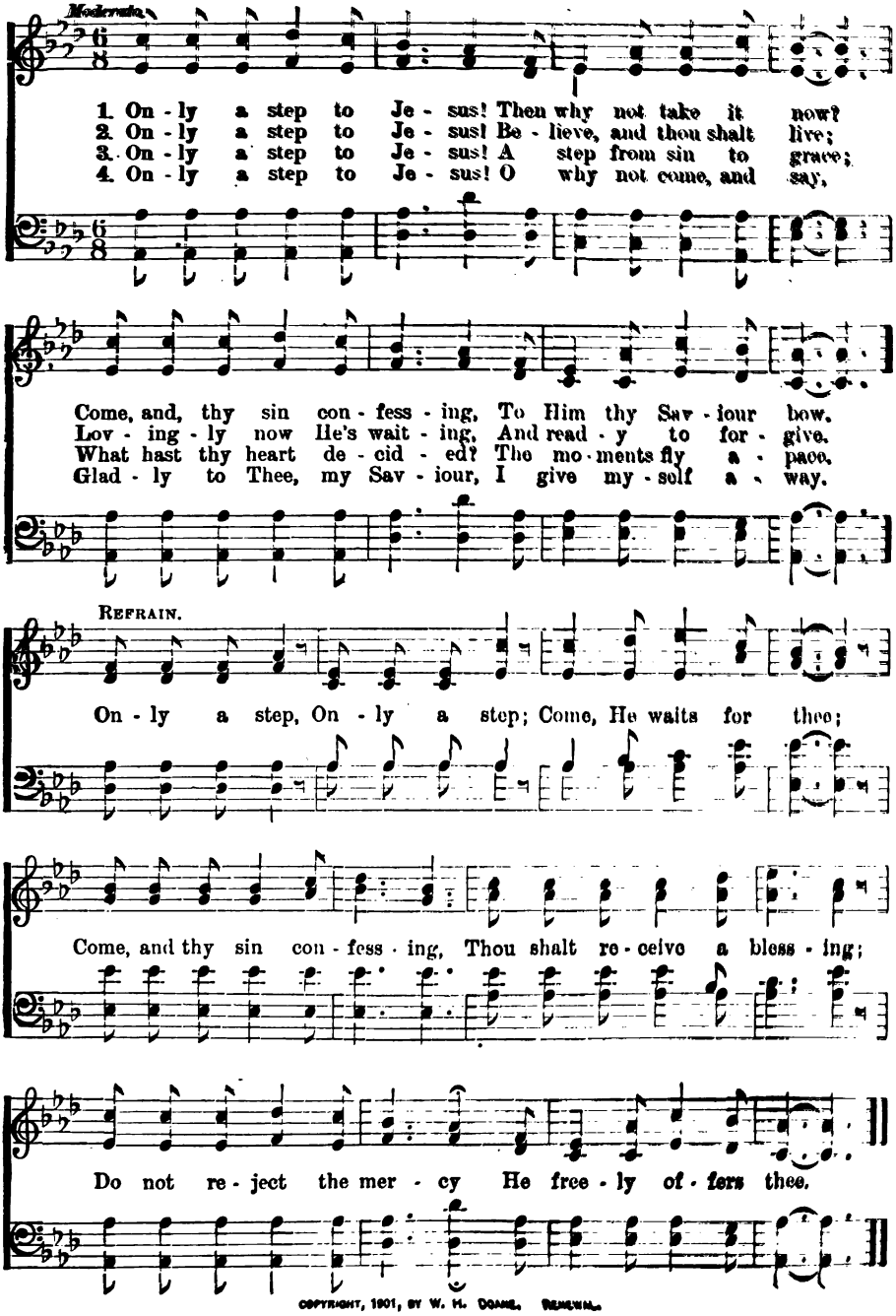
J. Grigg. (FEDERAL STREET.) H. K. Oliver.


1. Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee?
2. A-shamed of Je-sus! soon-er far Let night dis-own each ra-diant star;
3. A-shamed of Je-sus! O as soon Let morn-ing blush to own the sun!
Ashamed of Thee, Whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine. *A-men.*

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride!
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And O may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me.

94 Only a Step to Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. (ONLY A STEP.) W. H. Doane.

Moderato.
1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now?
2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live;
3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace;
4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come, and say,
Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, To Him thy Sav - iour bow.
Lov - ing - ly now He's wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
What hast thy heart de - cid - ed? The mo - ments fly a - pace.
Glad - ly to Thee, my Sav - iour, I give my - self a - way.
REFRAIN.
On - ly a step, On - ly a step; Come, He waits for thee;
Come, and thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt re - ceive a bless - ing;
Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

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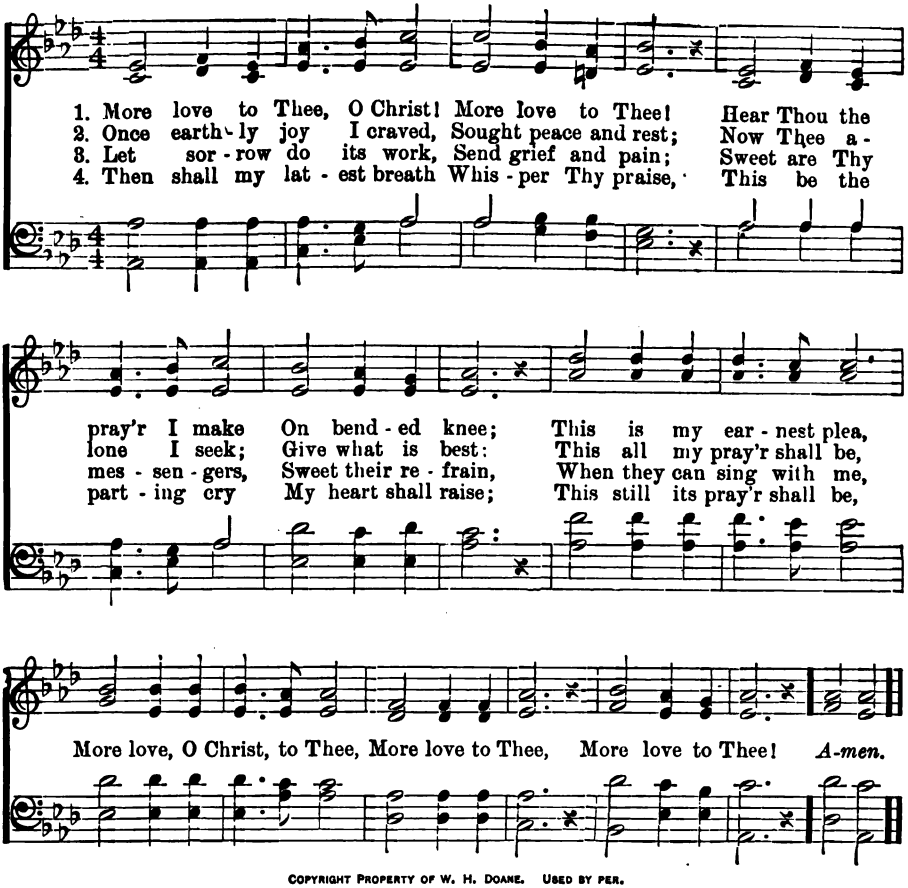
95 More Love to Thee, O Christ.

Elizabeth Prentiss. (PRENTISS.) W. H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise, This be the
pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea,
lone I seek; Give what is best: This all my pray'r shall be,
mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A-men.

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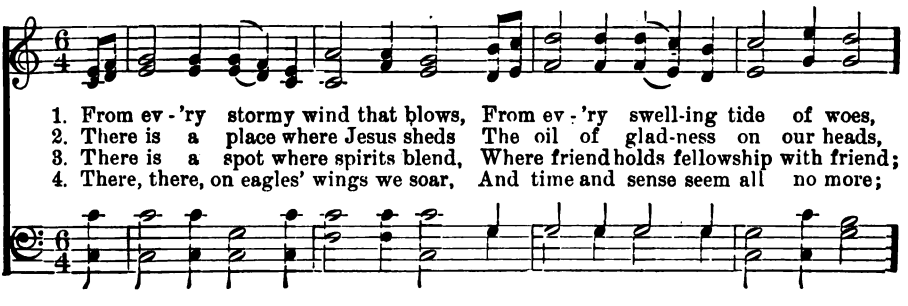
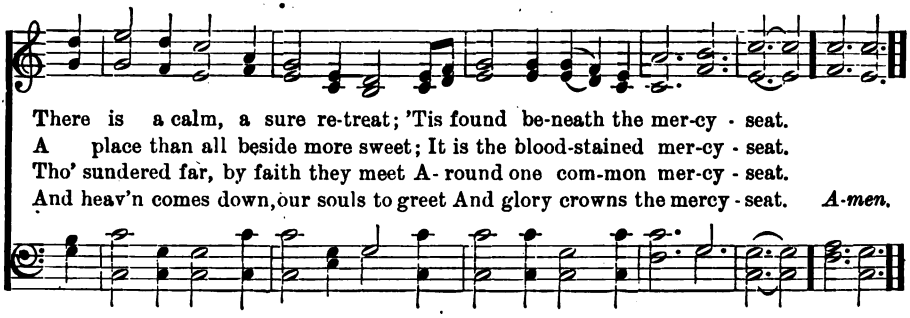
96 From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

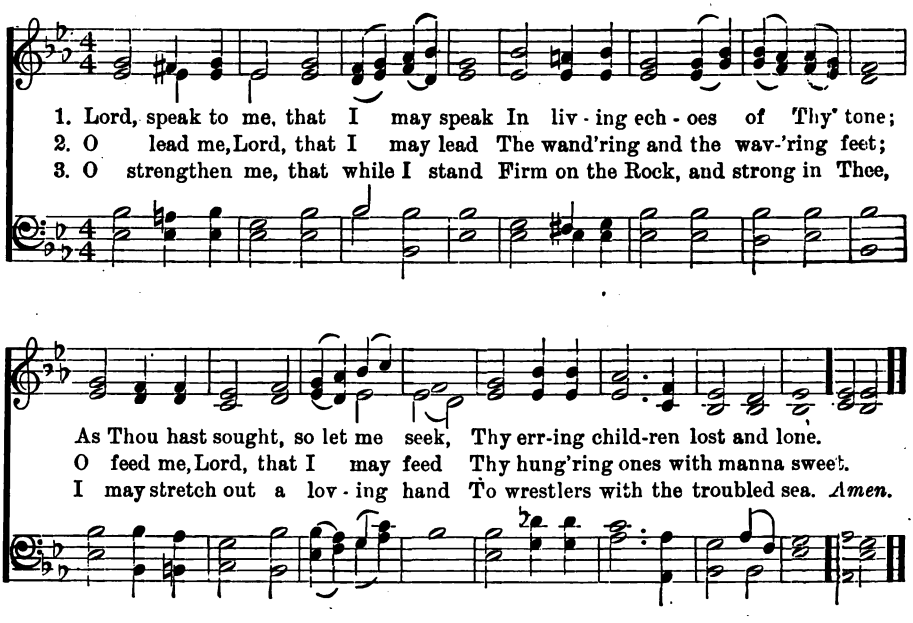
H. Stowell. (RETREAT.) T. Hastings.


1. From ev-'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads,
3. There is a spot where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there, on eagles' wings we soar, And time and sense seem all no more;

From Every Stormy Wind.—Concluded.


There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy - seat.
A place than all beside more sweet; It is the blood-stained mer-cy - seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A- round one com-mon mer-cy - seat.
And heav'n comes down, our souls to greet And glory crowns the mercy - seat. A-men.

97 Lord, Speak to me, That I May Speak.

F. R. Havergal. (HOLLEY.) G. Hews.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;
2. O lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wand'ring and the wav-'ring feet;
3. O strengthen me, that while I stand Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy err-ing child-ren lost and lone.
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed Thy hung'ring ones with manna sweet.
I may stretch out a lov - ing hand To wrestlers with the troubled sea. Amen.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

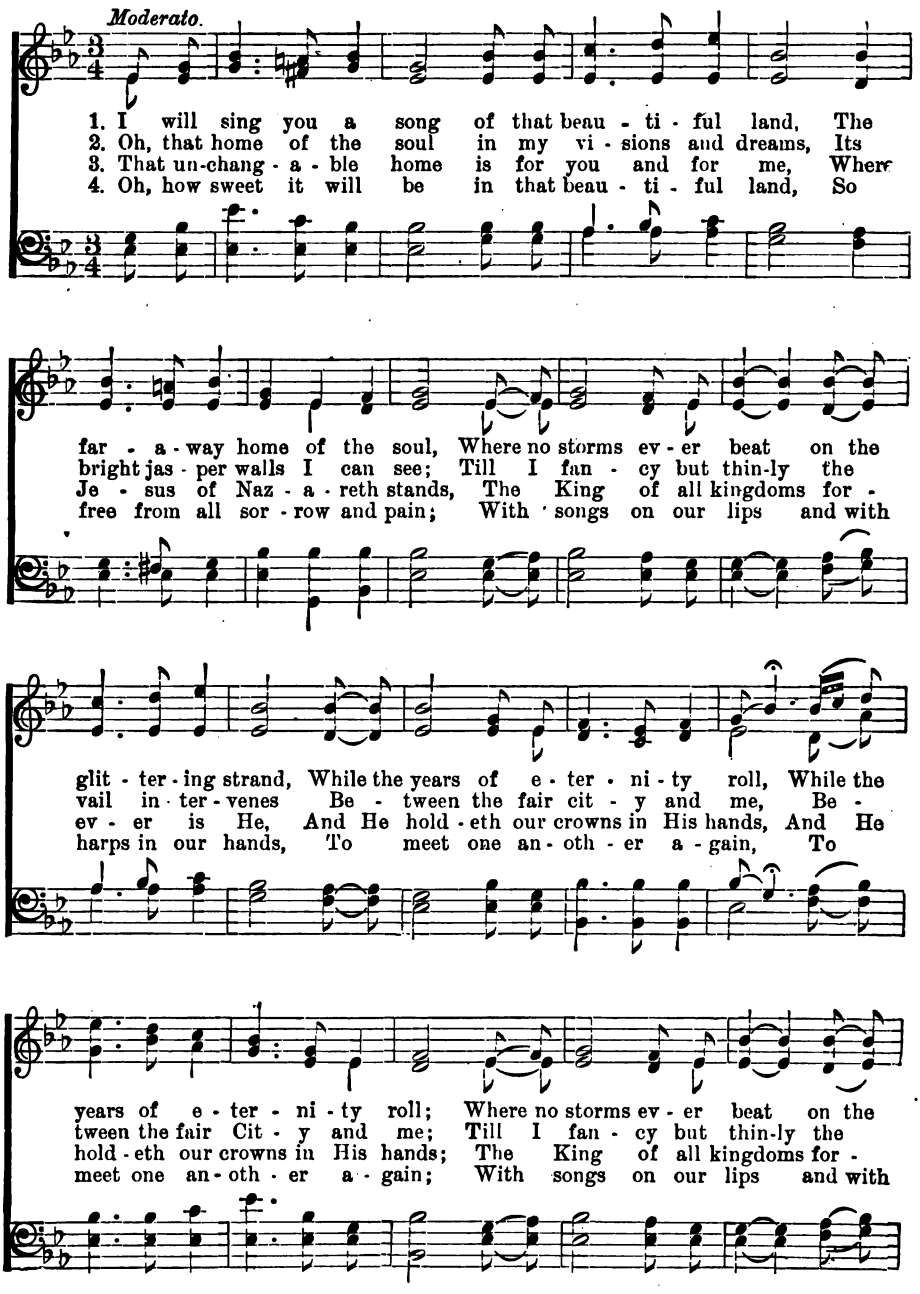
5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where:
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

98 I Will Sing You a Song.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. (HOME OF THE SOUL.) Philip Phillips, arr. by H. P. M.

Moderato.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vi - sions and dreams, Its
3. That un-chang - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So
far - a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the
bright jas - per walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but thin-ly the
Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands, The King of all kingdoms for -
free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our lips and with
glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the
vail in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me, Be -
ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands, And He
harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain, To
years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms ev - er beat on the
tween the fair Cit - y and me; Till I fan - cy but thin-ly the
hold - eth our crowns in His hands; The King of all kingdoms for -
meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With songs on our lips and with

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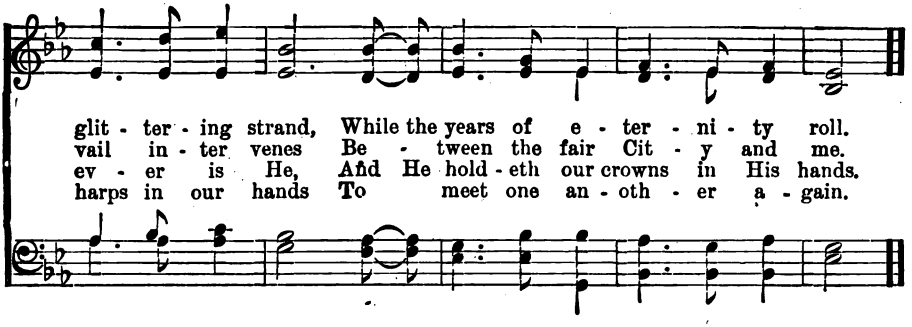
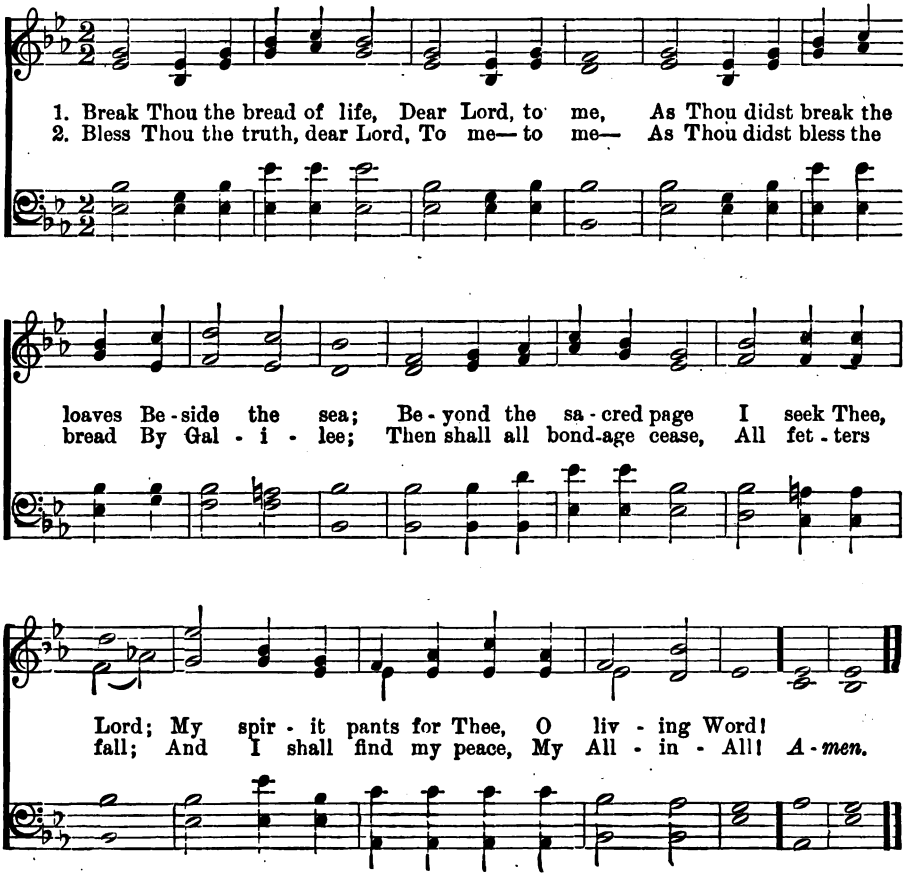
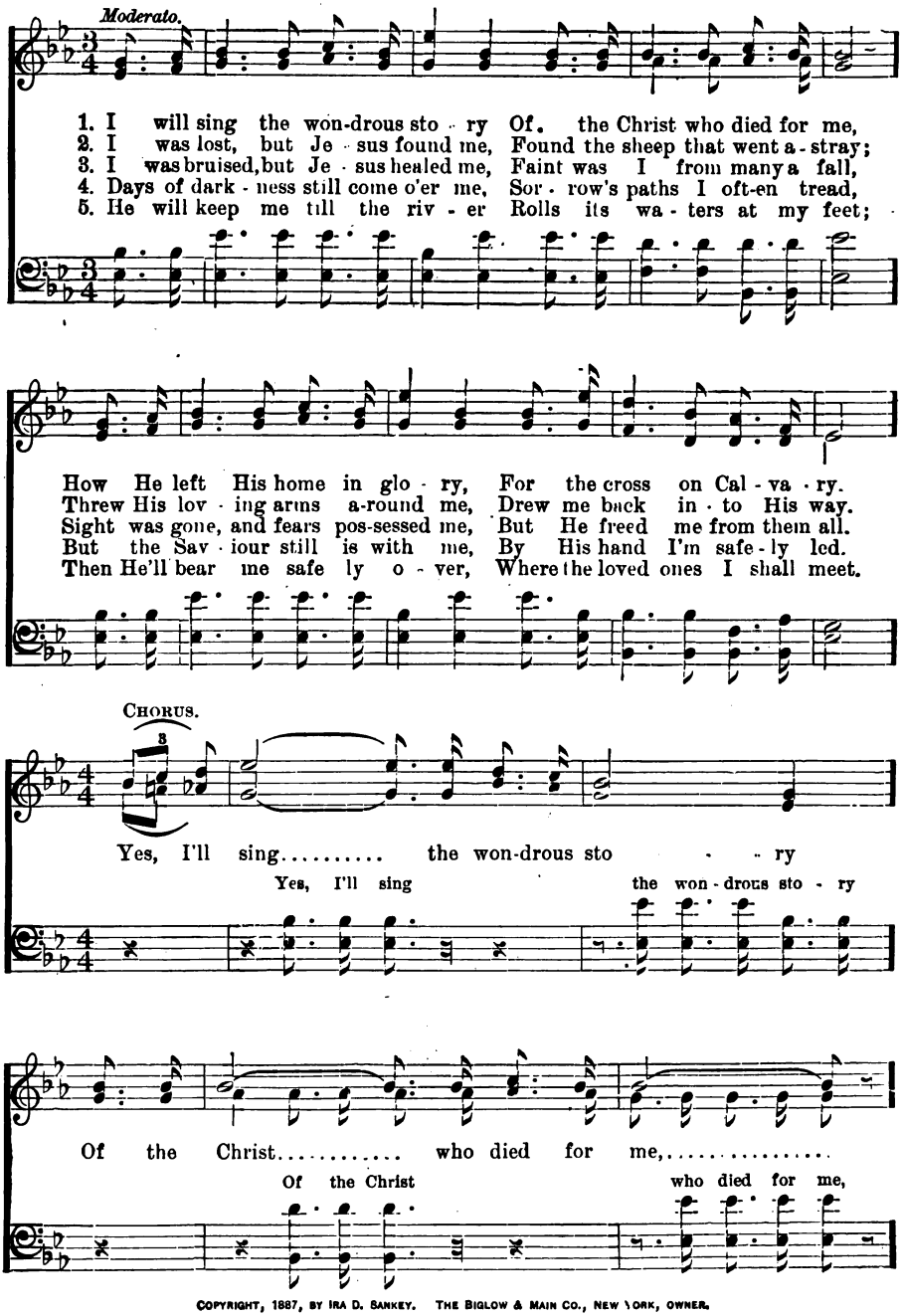
I Will Sing You a Song.—Concluded.


glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
vail in - ter venes Be - tween the fair Cit - y and me.
ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands.
harps in our hands To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

99 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary A. Lathbury. (LATHBURY.) William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me— to me— As Thou didst bless the
loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee,
bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease, All fet - ters
Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
fall; And I shall find my peace, My All - in - All! A - men.

100 I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

Francis H. Rowley. (ROWLEY.) Peter P. Bilhorn.

Moderato.
1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray;
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft-en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;
How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears pos-sessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.
CHORUS.
Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - ry
Yes, I'll sing
the won - drous sto - ry
Of the Christ..... who died for me,.....
Of the Christ
who died for me,

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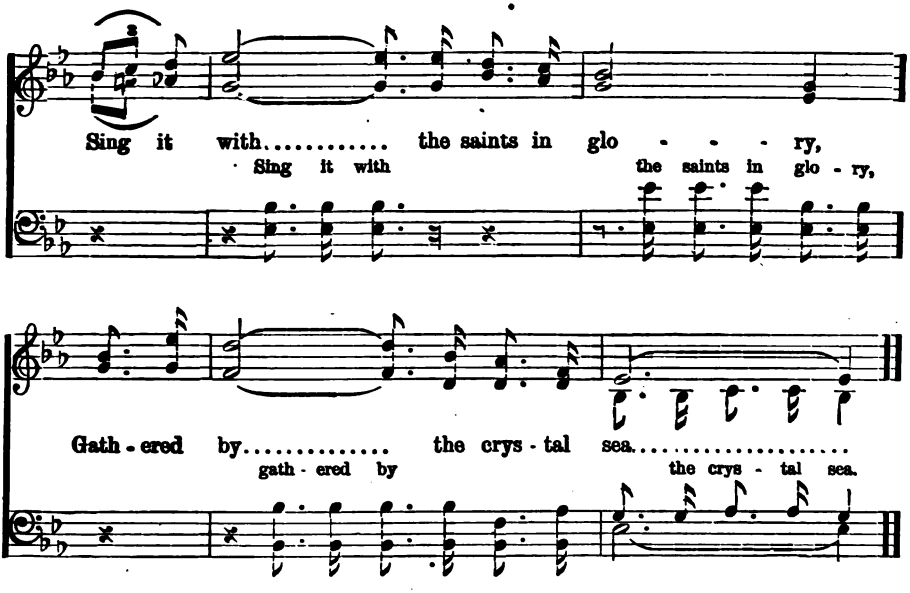
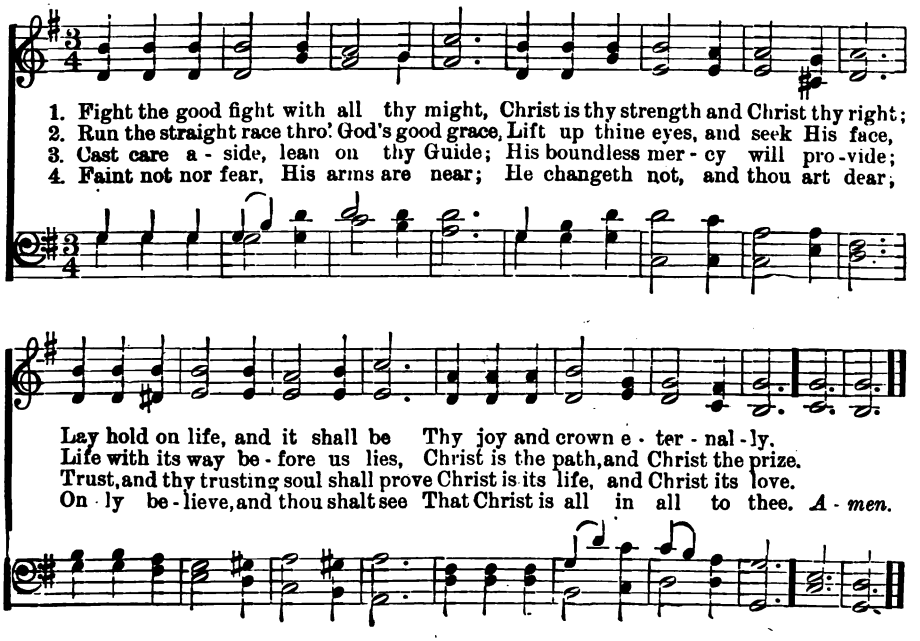
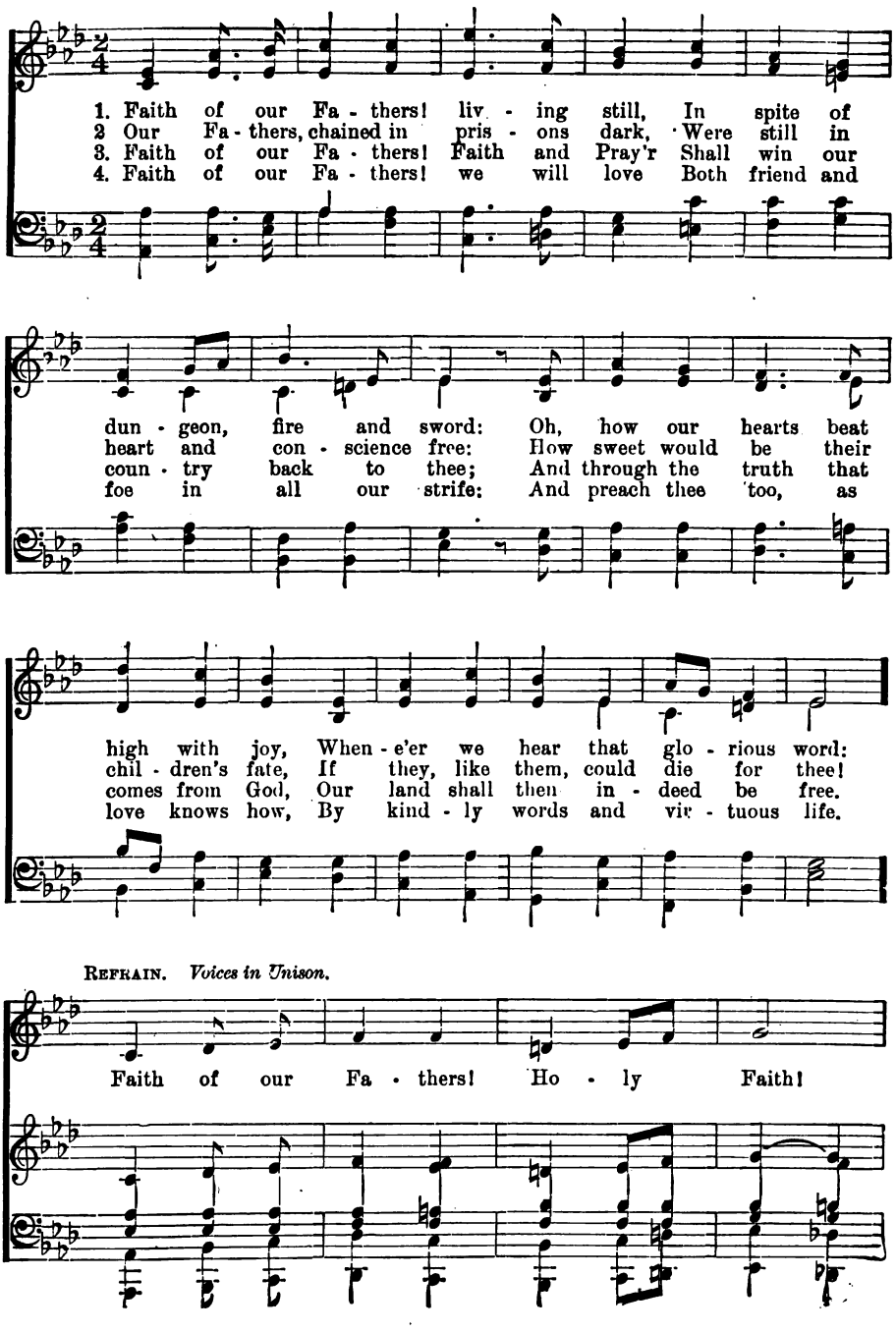
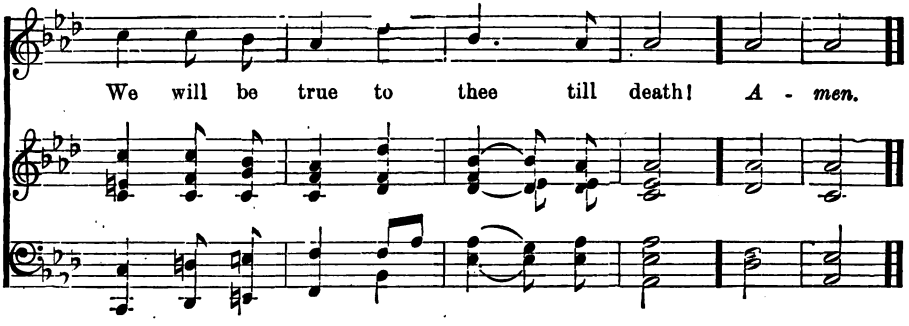
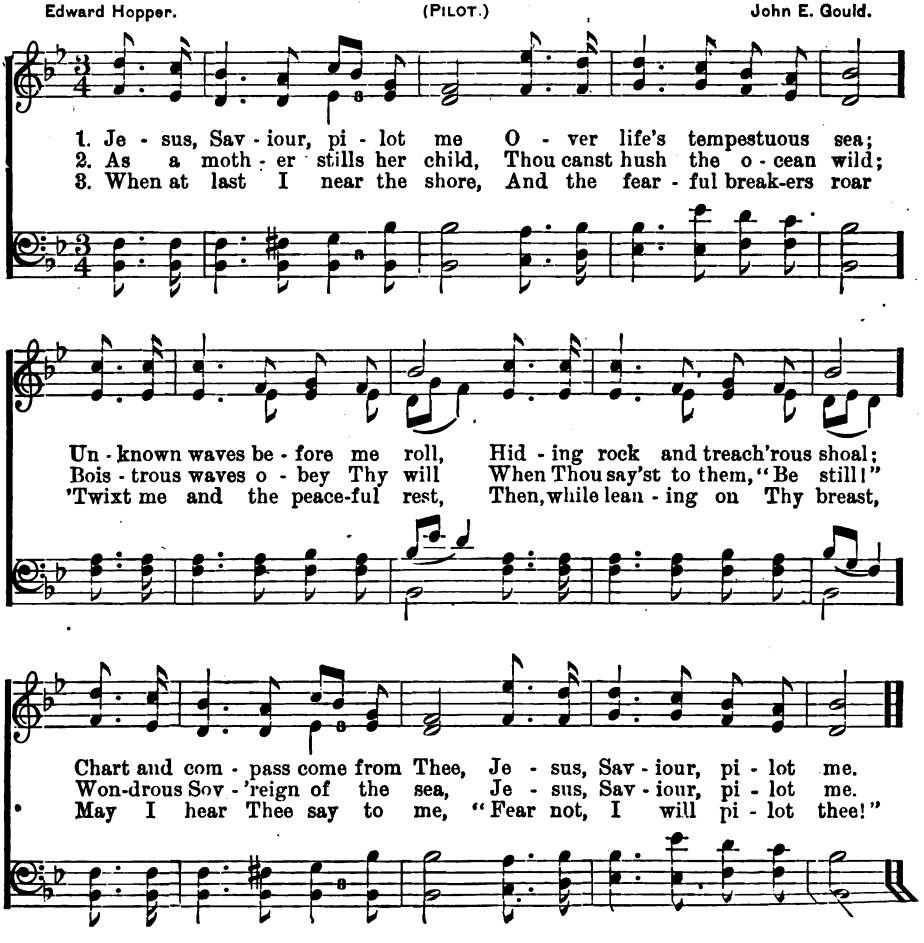
I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.—Concluded.

101 Fight the Good Fight with all Thy Might.

J. S. B. Monsell. (PENTECOST.) W. Boyd.


1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength and Christ thy right;
2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face,
3. Cast care a - side, lean on thy Guide; His boundless mer - cy will pro - vide;
4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near; He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
Life with its way be - fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
On - ly be - lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee. A - men.

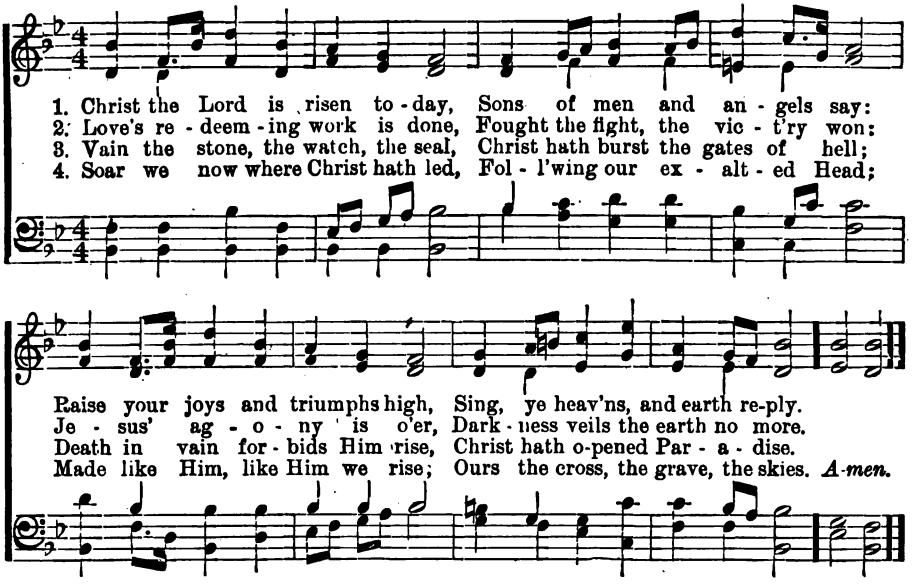
102 Faith of Our Fathers!

F. W. Faber. (WHITEHEAD.) J. B. Whitehead.

1. Faith of our Fa - thers! liv - ing still, In spite of
2 Our Fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in
3. Faith of our Fa - thers! Faith and Pray'r Shall win our
4. Faith of our Fa - thers! we will love Both friend and
dun - geon, fire and sword: Oh, how our hearts beat
heart and con - science free: How sweet would be their
coun - try back to thee; And through the truth that
foe in all our strife: And preach thee too, as
high with joy, When - e'er we hear that glo - rious word:
chil - dren's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
comes from God, Our land shall then in - deed be free.
love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.
REFRAIN. Voices in Unison.
Faith of our Fa - thers! Ho - ly Faith!

103 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

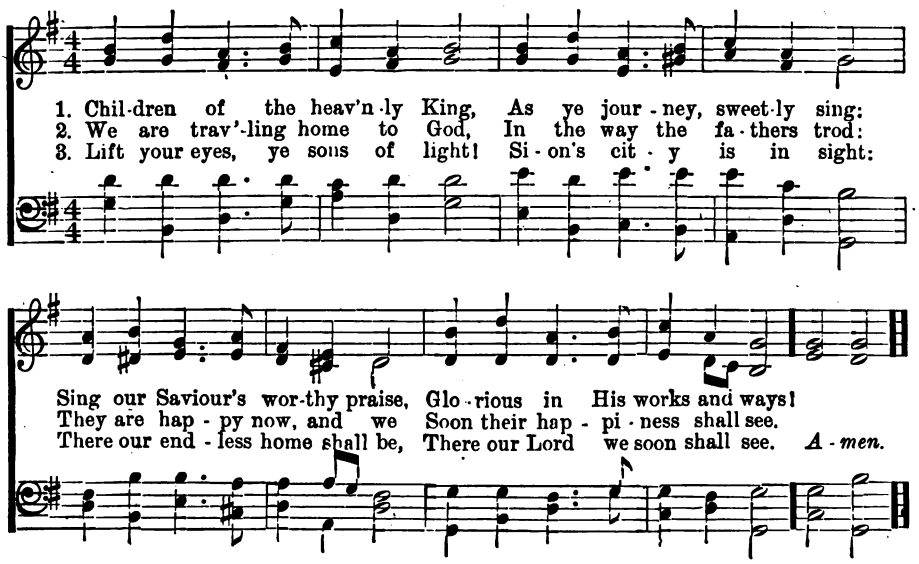
Edward Hopper. (PILOT.) John E. Gould.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Bois - trous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Won-drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

104 Christ the Lord is Risen To-day.

C. Wesley. (CLARION.) E. F. Rimbault.


1. Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Sons of men and an-gels say:
2. Love's re-deem-ing work is done, Fought the fight, the vic-t'ry won:
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
4. Soar we now where Christ hath led, Fol-l'wing our ex-alt-ed Head;
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re-ply.
Je-sus' ag-o-ny is o'er, Dark-ness veils the earth no more.
Death in vain for-bids Him rise, Christ hath o-pened Par-a-dise.
Made like Him, like Him we rise; Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. A-men.

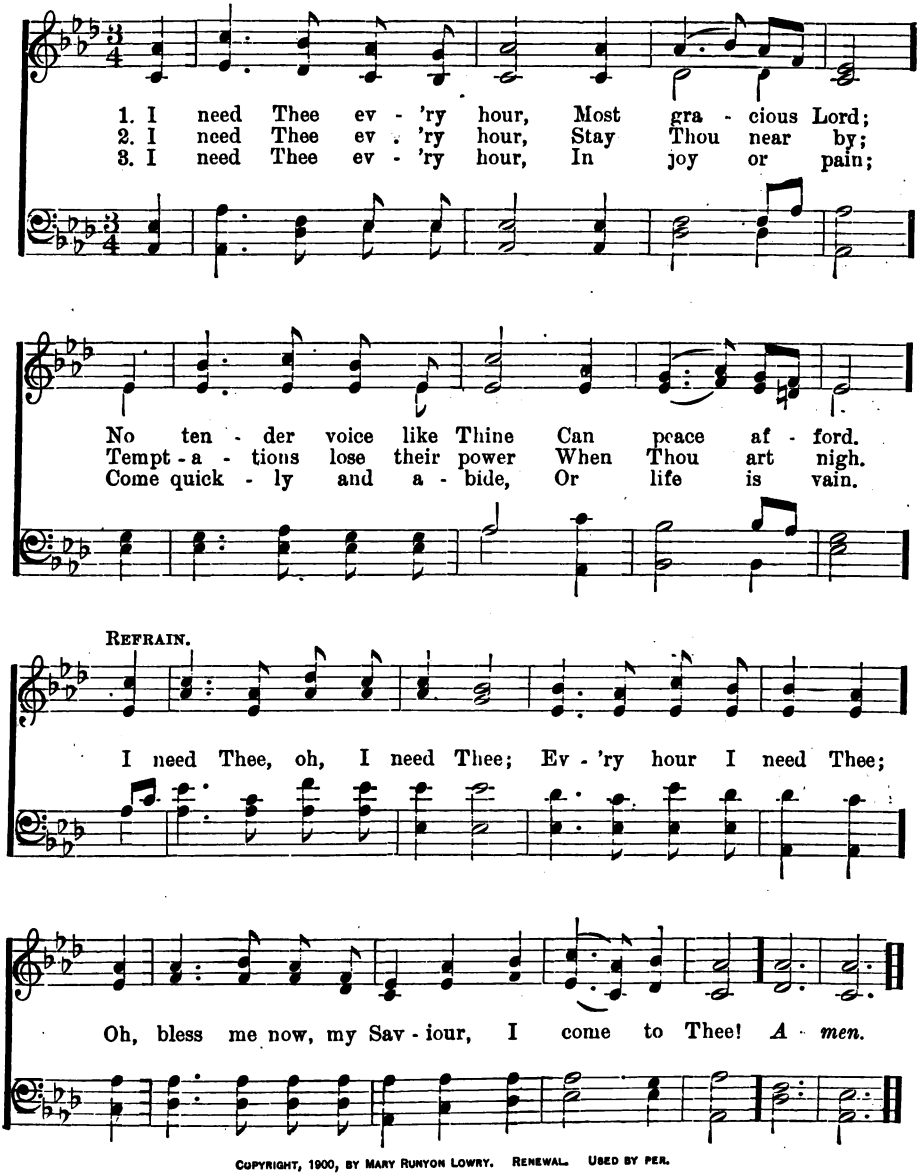
105 Children of the Heavenly King.

J. Cennick. (PLEYEL'S HYMN.) I. Pleyel.

1. Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing:
2. We are trav'-ling home to God, In the way the fa-thers trod:
3. Lift your eyes, ye sons of light! Si-on's cit-y is in sight:
Sing our Saviour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways!
They are hap-py now, and we Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.
There our end-less home shall be, There our Lord we soon shall see. A-men.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

106 I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. (NEED.) Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by;
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain;
No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
Tempt - a - tions lose their power When Thou art nigh.
Come quick - ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
REFRAIN.
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee! A - men.

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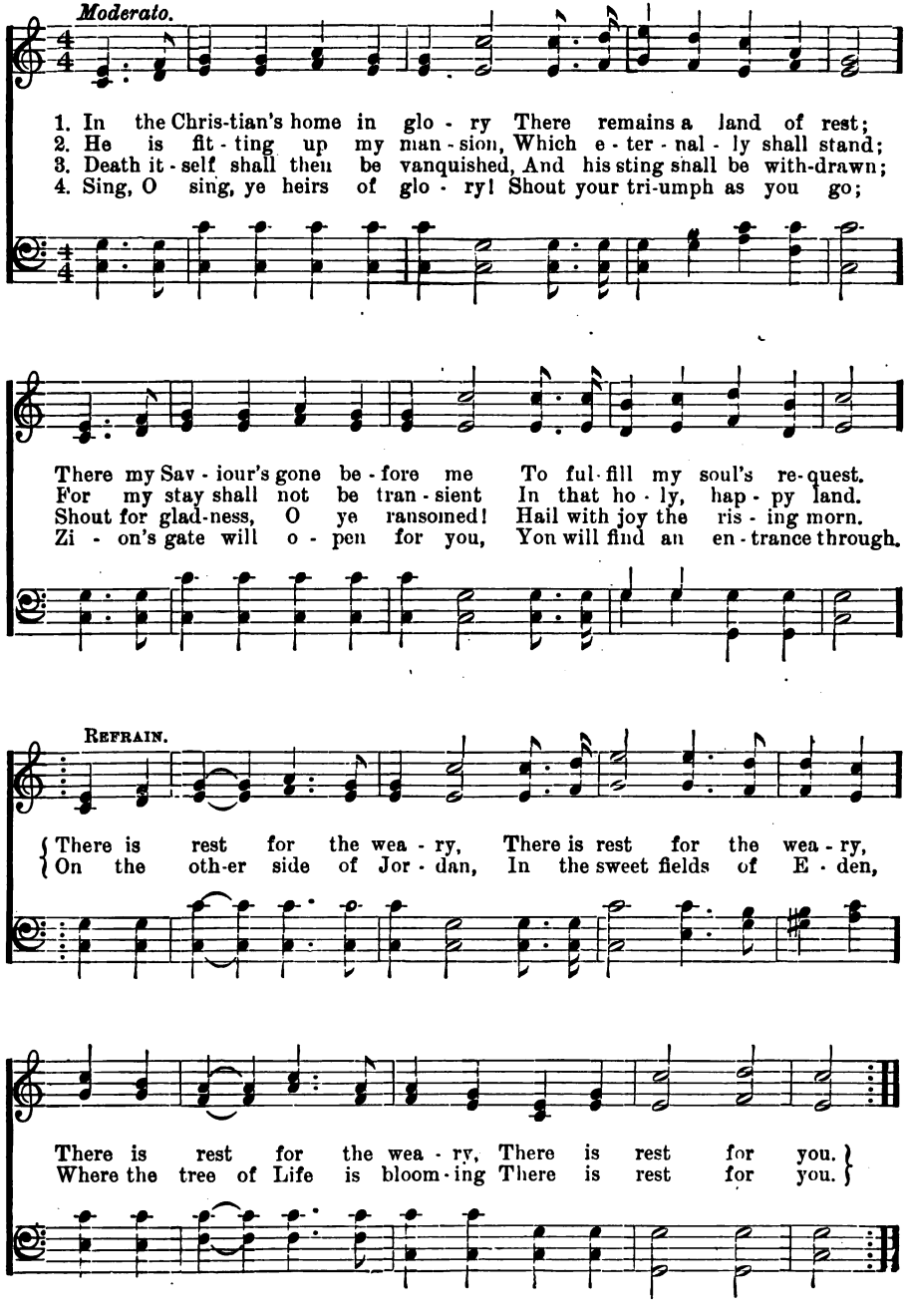
4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

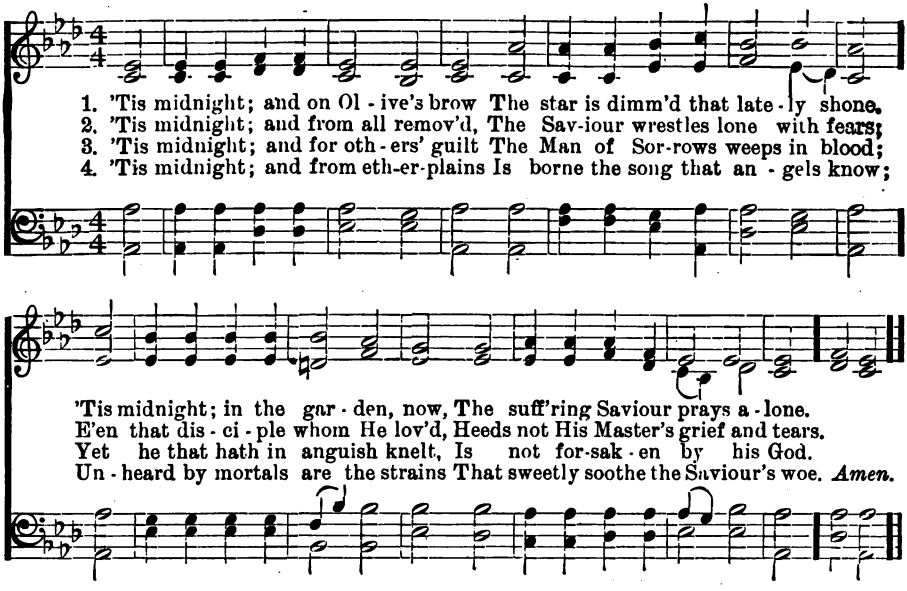
5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

107 In the Christian's Home in Glory.

S. Y. Harmer. (REST FOR THE WEARY.) W. McDonald.

Moderato.
1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand;
3. Death it - self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be with-drawn;
4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry! Shout your tri-umph as you go;
There my Sav - iour's gone be - fore me To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.
For my stay shall not be tran - sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
Shout for glad-ness, O ye ransomed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, Yon will find an en - trance through.
REFRAIN.
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,
On the oth-er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
Where the tree of Life is bloom - ing There is rest for you.

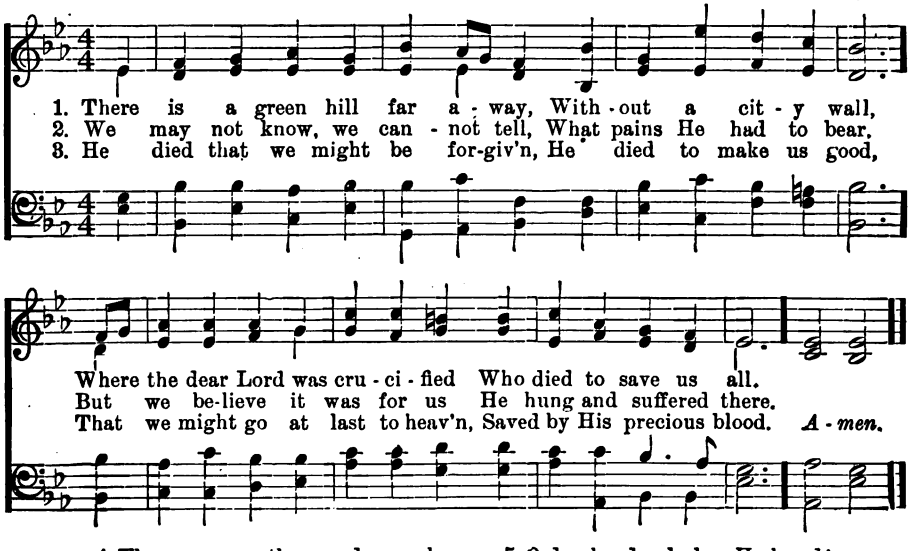
108 'Tis Midnight; and on Olive's Brow.

W. B. Tappan. (OLIVE'S BROW.) W. B. Bradbury.


1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone.
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all remov'd, The Sav-iour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of Sor-rows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight; and from eth-er-plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;
'Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now, The suff'ring Saviour prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He lov'd, Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt, Is not for-sak - en by his God.
Un - heard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe. Amen.

109 There is a Green Hill Far Away.

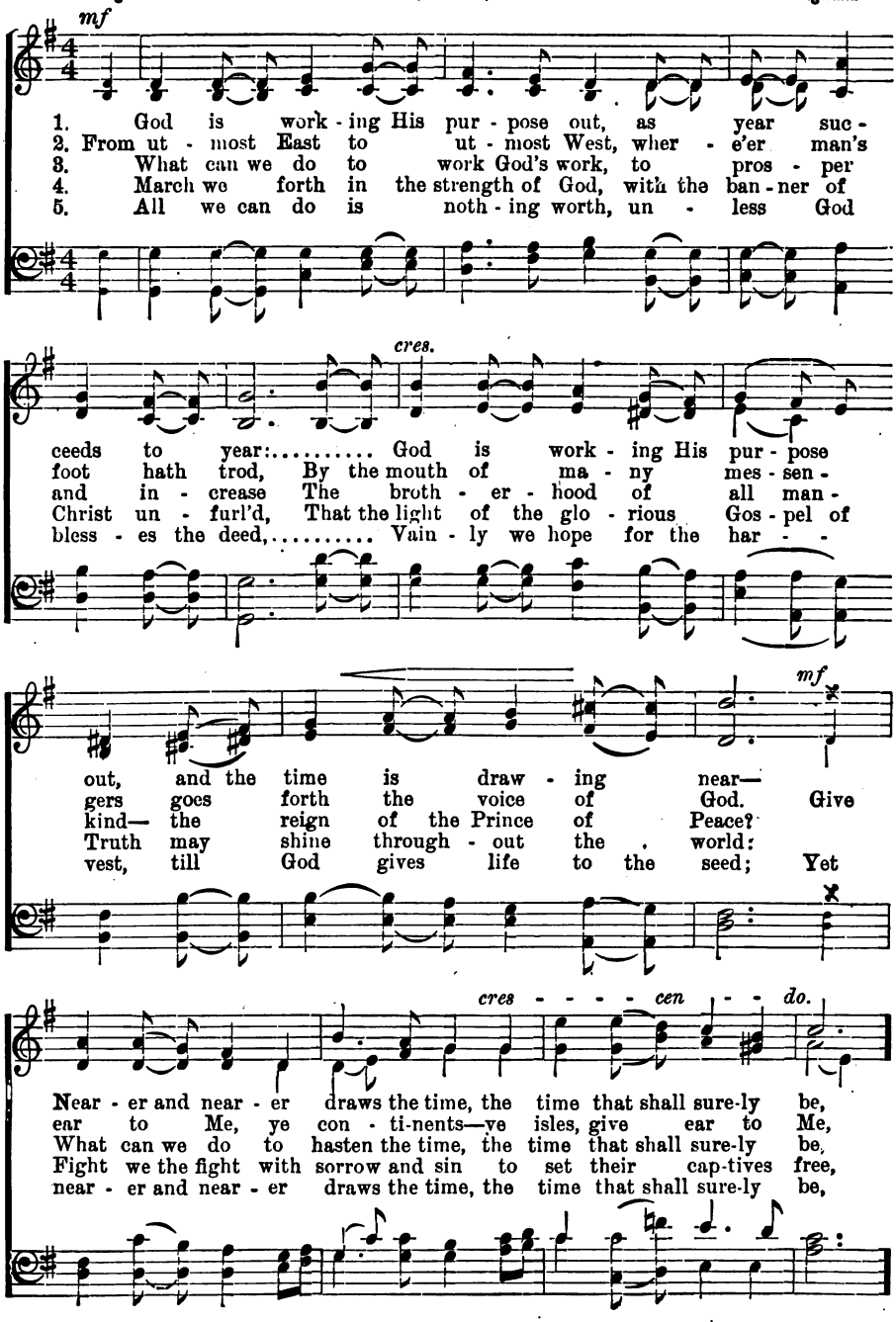
C. F. Alexander. (HORSLEY.) W. Horsley.


1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear.
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied Who died to save us all.
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His precious blood. A - men.

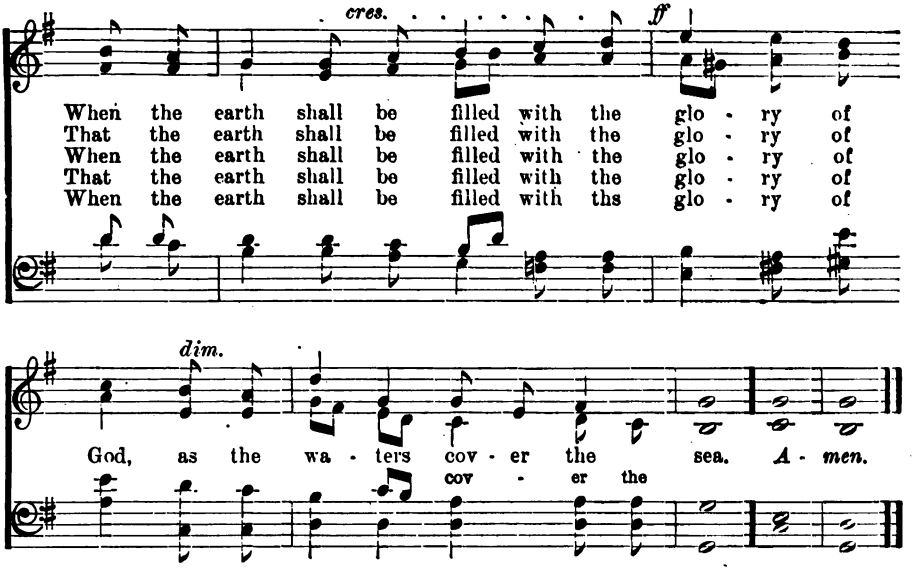
4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

110 God is Working His Purpose Out.

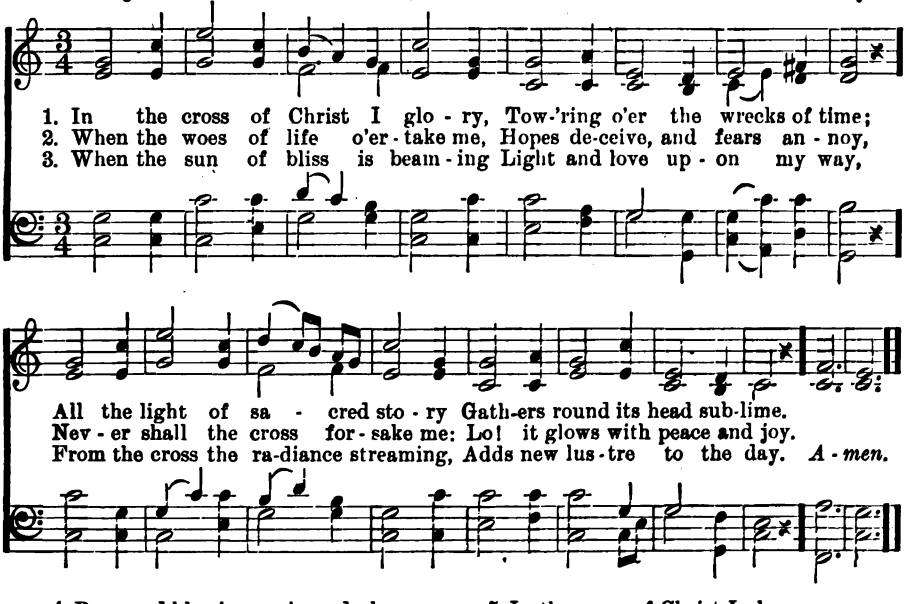
A. C. Ainger. (AINGER.) M. D. Kingham.

mf
1. God is work - ing His pur - pose out, as year suc -
2. From ut - most East to ut - most West, wher - e'er man's
3. What can we do to work God's work, to pros - per
4. March we forth in the strength of God, with the ban - ner of
5. All we can do is noth - ing worth, un - less God
cres.
ceeds to year:..... God is work - ing His pur - pose
foot hath trod, By the mouth of ma - ny mes - sen -
and in - crease The broth - er - hood of all man -
Christ un - furl'd, That the light of the glo - rious Gos - pel of
bless - es the deed,..... Vain - ly we hope for the har - -
mf
out, and the time is draw - ing near—
gers goes forth the voice of God. Give
kind— the reign of the Prince of Peace?
Truth may shine through - out the world:
vest, till God gives life to the seed; Yet
cres - - - - cen - - do.
Near - er and near - er draws the time, the time that shall sure-ly be,
ear to Me, ye con - ti-nents—ye isles, give ear to Me,
What can we do to hasten the time, the time that shall sure-ly be,
Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin to set their cap-tives free,
near - er and near - er draws the time, the time that shall sure-ly be,

God is Working His Purpose Out.—Concluded.


cres.
ff
When the earth shall be filled with the glo - ry of
That the earth shall be filled with the glo - ry of
When the earth shall be filled with the glo - ry of
That the earth shall be filled with the glo - ry of
When the earth shall be filled with ths glo - ry of
dim.
God, as the wa - ters cov - er the sea. A - men.
cov - er the

111 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

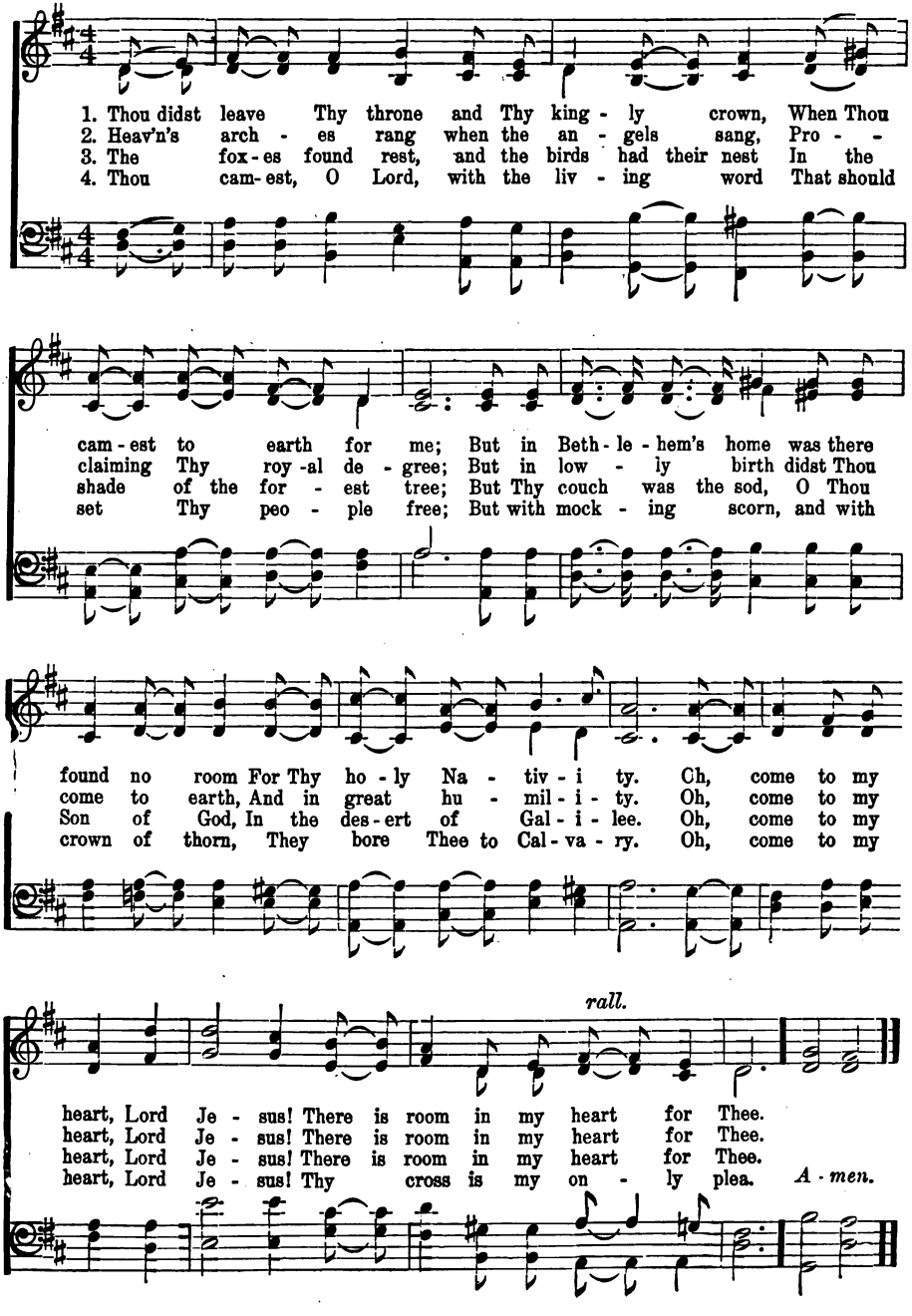
J. Bowring. (RATHBUN.) I. Conkey.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and love up - on my way,
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance streaming, Adds new lus - tre to the day. A - men.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

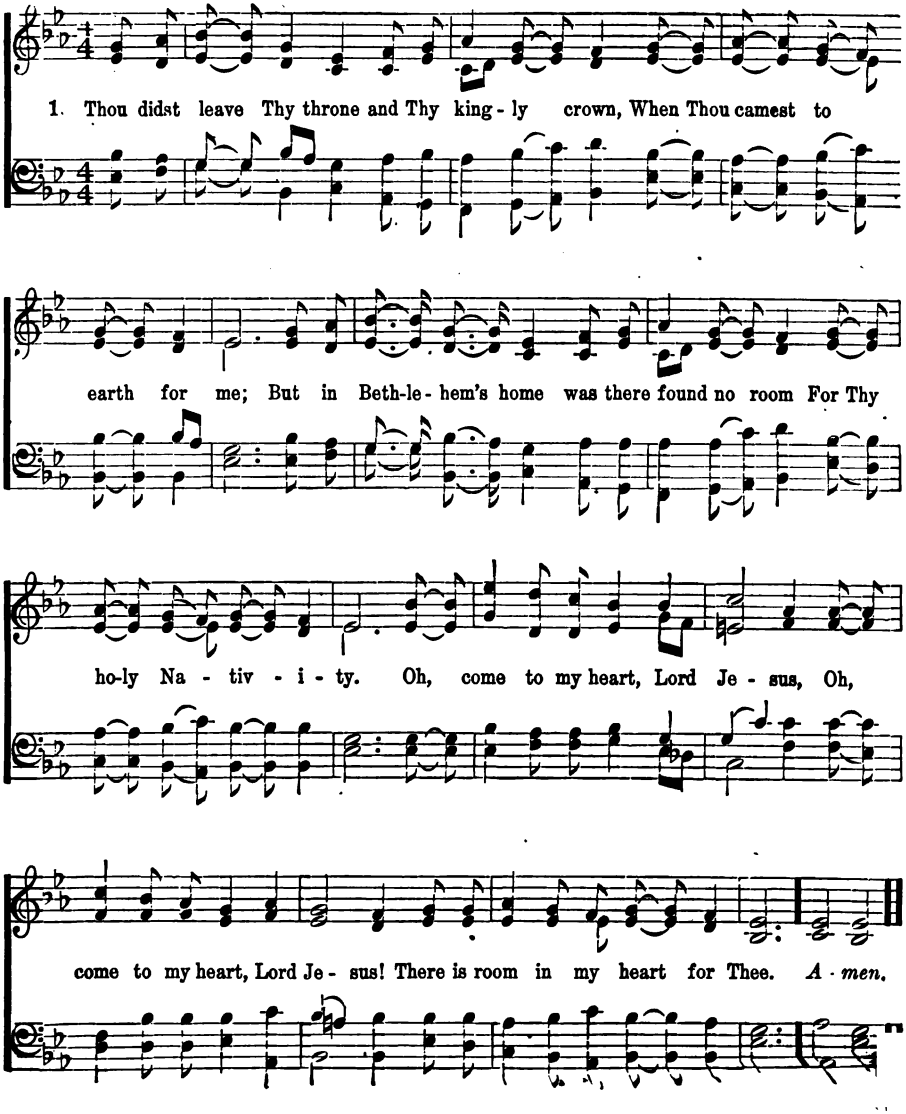
5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

112 Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne.

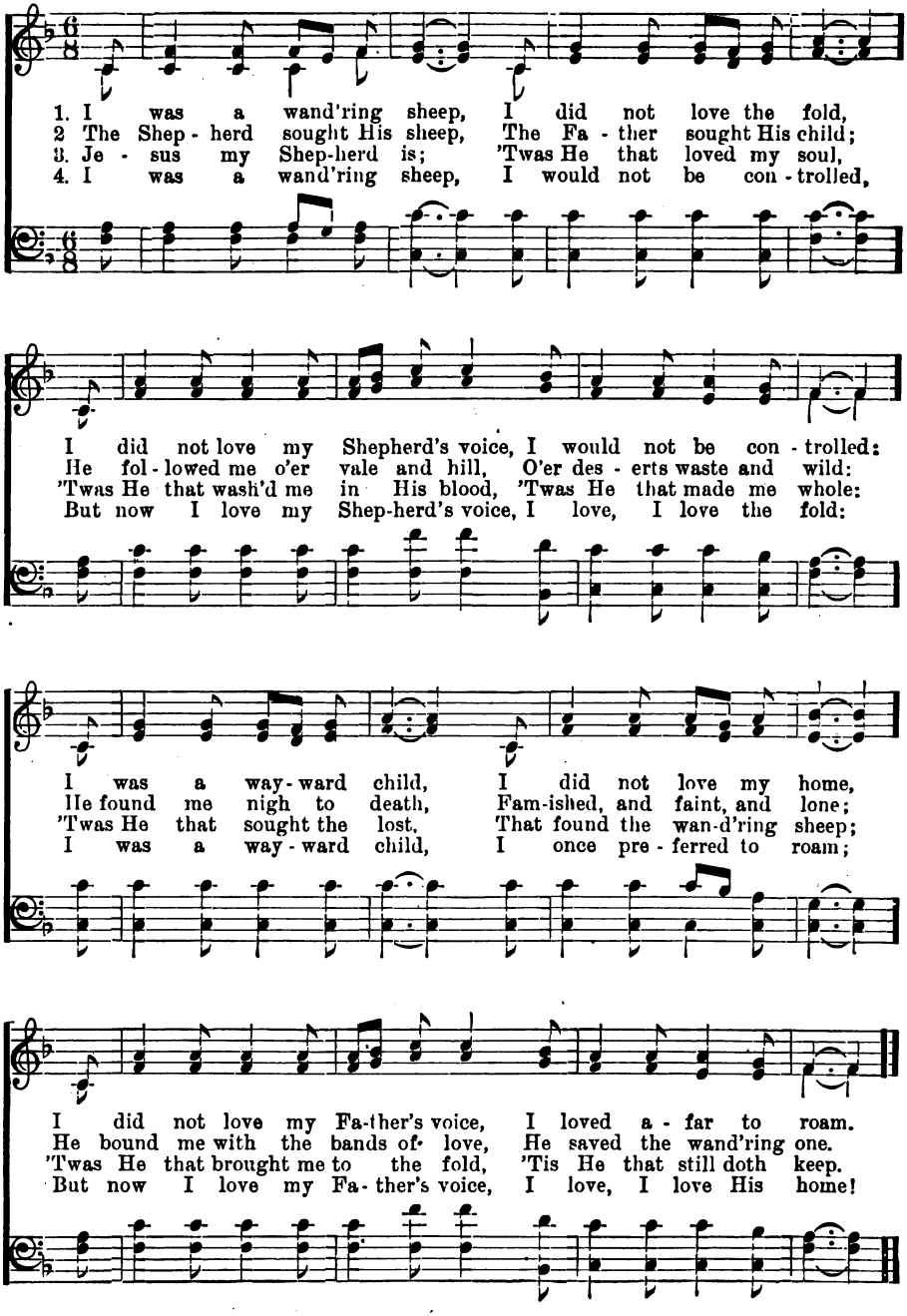
E. E. S. Elliott. (MARGARET.) T. R. Matthews.

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou
2. Heav'n's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro - -
3. The fox - es found rest, and the birds had their nest In the
4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word That should
cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le - hem's home was there
claiming Thy roy - al de - gree; But in low - ly birth didst Thou
shade of the for - est tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
set Thy peo - ple free; But with mock - ing scorn, and with
found no room For Thy ho - ly Na - tiv - i ty. Oh, come to my
come to earth, And in great hu - mil - i - ty. Oh, come to my
Son of God, In the des - ert of Gal - i - lee. Oh, come to my
crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry. Oh, come to my
rall.
heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.
heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.
heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.
heart, Lord Je - sus! Thy cross is my on - ly plea. A - men.

Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne.—Concluded.

5 When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for Thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

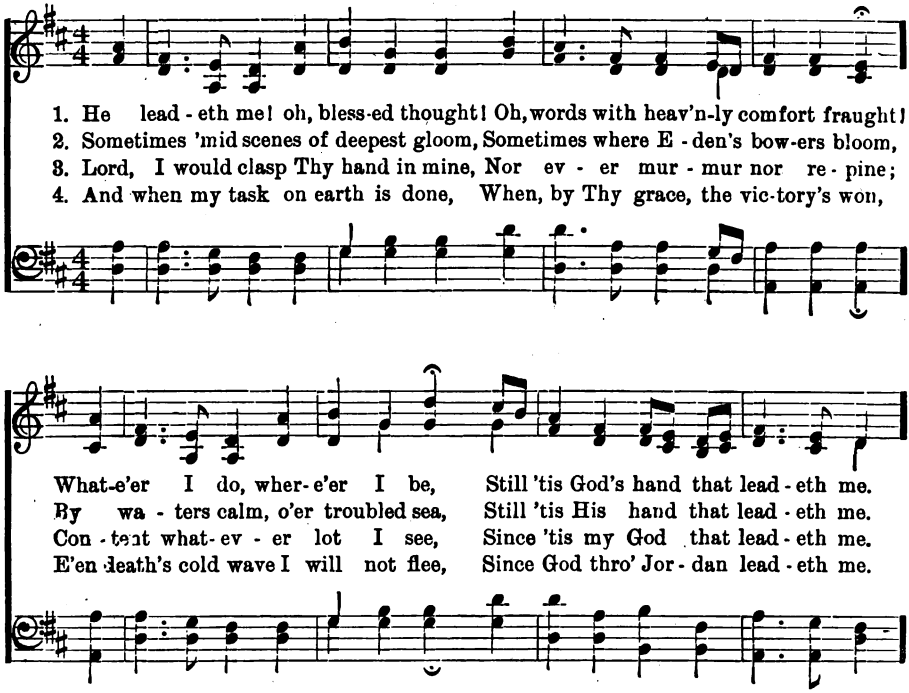
112 **Second Tune.** (VENI.) Anon.

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou camest to
earth for me; But in Beth-le - hem's home was there found no room For Thy
ho-ly Na - tiv - i - ty. Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Oh,
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee. A - men.

113 I Was a Wandering Sheep.

Horatiue Bonar. (LEBANON.) John Zundel.

1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold,
2 The Shep - herd sought His sheep, The Fa - ther sought His child;
3. Je - sus my Shep-herd is; 'Twas He that loved my soul,
4. I was a wand'ring sheep, I would not be con - trolled,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled:
He fol - lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild:
'Twas He that wash'd me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole:
But now I love my Shep-herd's voice, I love, I love the fold:
I was a way - ward child, I did not love my home,
He found me nigh to death, Fam-ished, and faint, and lone;
'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wan-d'ring sheep;
I was a way - ward child, I once pre - ferred to roam;
I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wand'ring one.
'Twas He that brought me to the fold, 'Tis He that still doth keep.
But now I love my Fa - ther's voice, I love, I love His home!

114 He Leadeth Me, oh, Blessed Thought!

J. H. Gilmore. (AUGHTON.) W. B. Bradbury.


1. He lead - eth me! oh, bless-ed thought! Oh, words with heav'n-ly com-fort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E - den's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-tory's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters calm, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.
REFRAIN.
He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me!
His faithful foll'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me. A-men.

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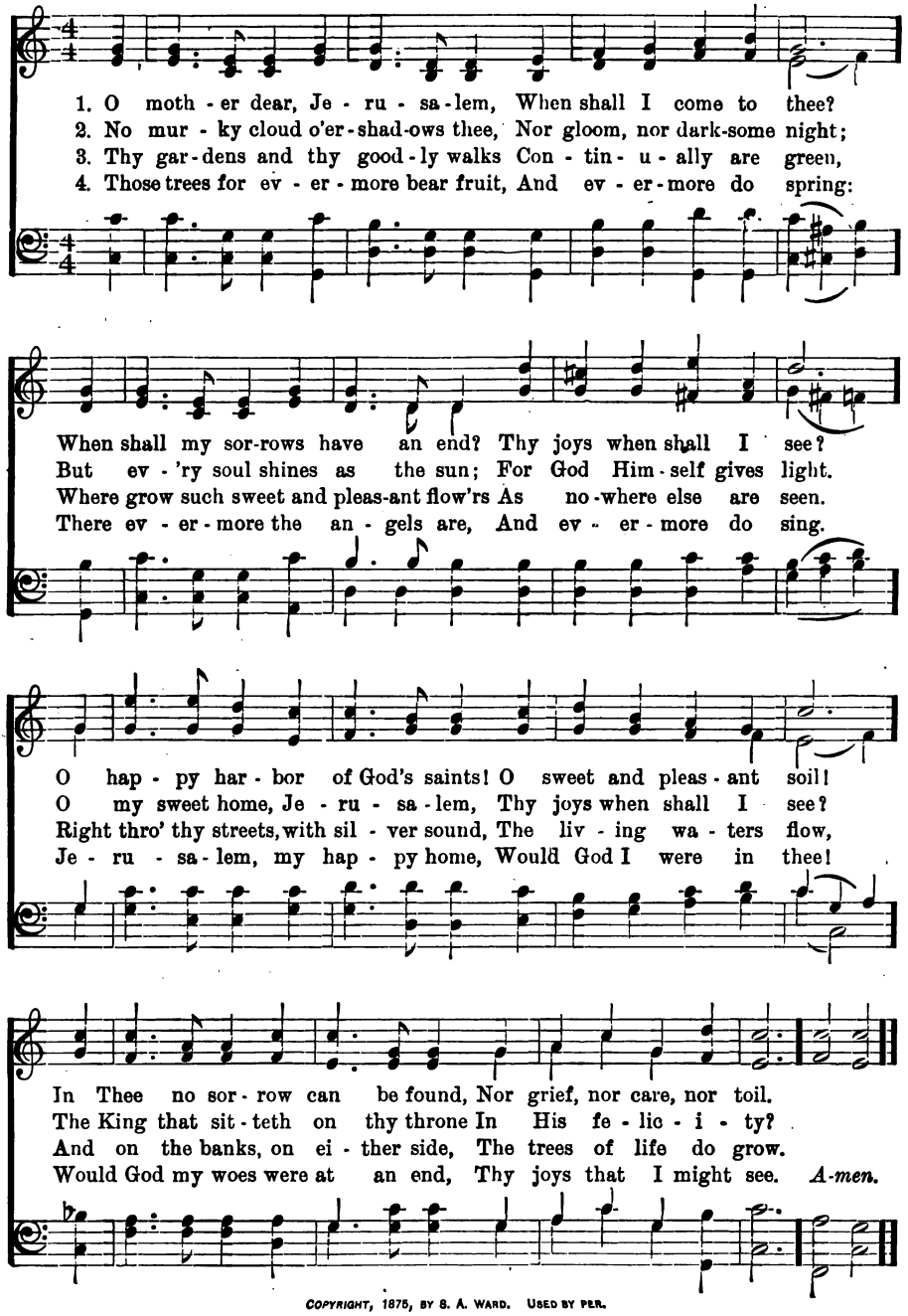
115 O Mother Dear, Jerusalem.

D. Dickson. (MATERNA.) S. A. Ward.


1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?
2. No mur - ky cloud o'er - shad - ows thee, Nor gloom, nor dark - some night;
3. Thy gar - dens and thy good - ly walks Con - tin - u - ally are green,
4. Those trees for ev - er - more bear fruit, And ev - er - more do spring:
When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
But ev - 'ry soul shines as the sun; For God Him - self gives light.
Where grow such sweet and pleas - ant flow'rs As no - where else are seen.
There ev - er - more the an - gels are, And ev - er - more do sing.
O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!
O my sweet home, Je - ru - sa - lem, Thy joys when shall I see?
Right thro' thy streets, with sil - ver sound, The liv - ing wa - ters flow,
Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Would God I were in thee!
In Thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
The King that sit - teth on thy throne In His fe - lic - i - ty?
And on the banks, on ei - ther side, The trees of life do grow.
Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see. A-men.

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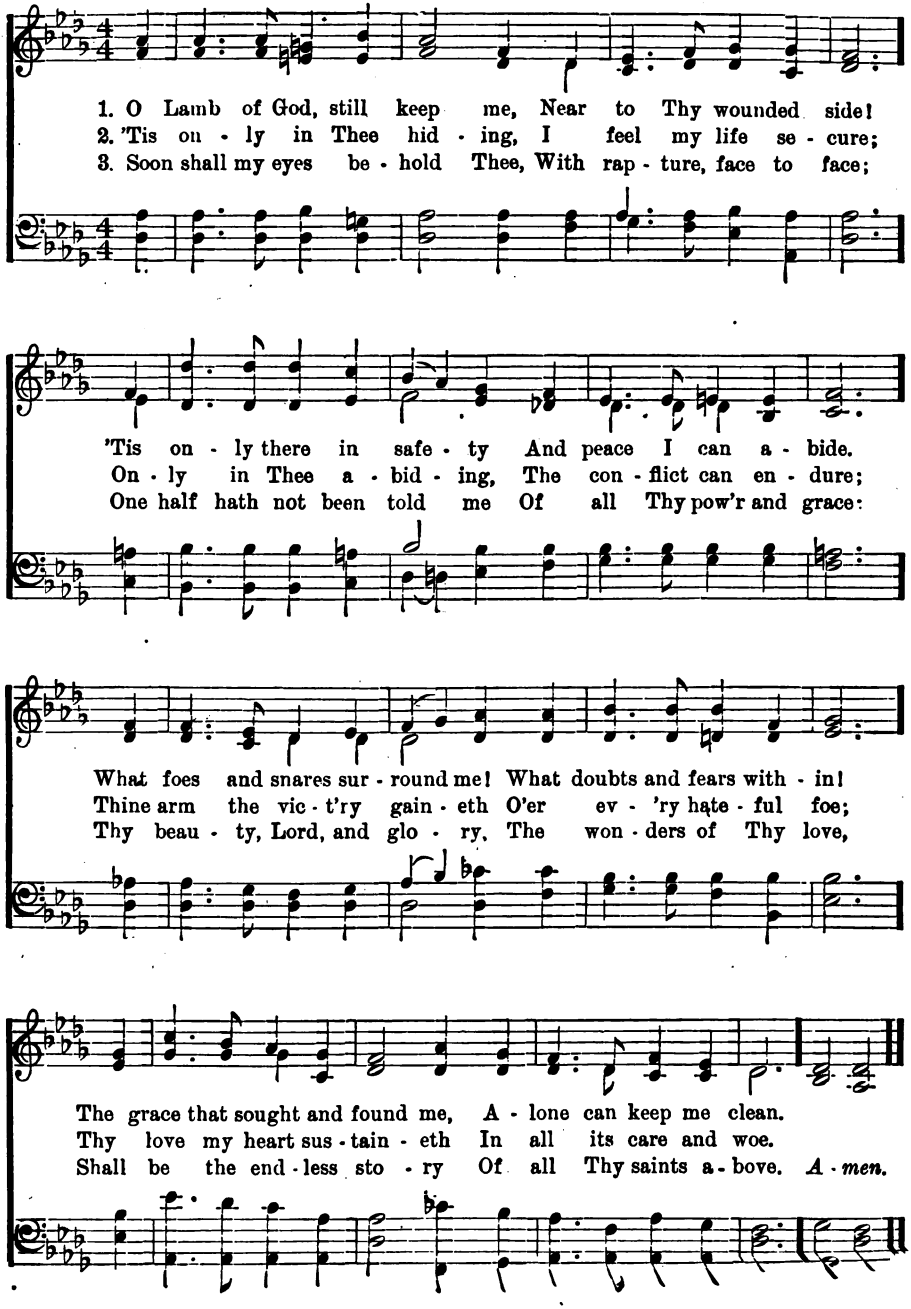
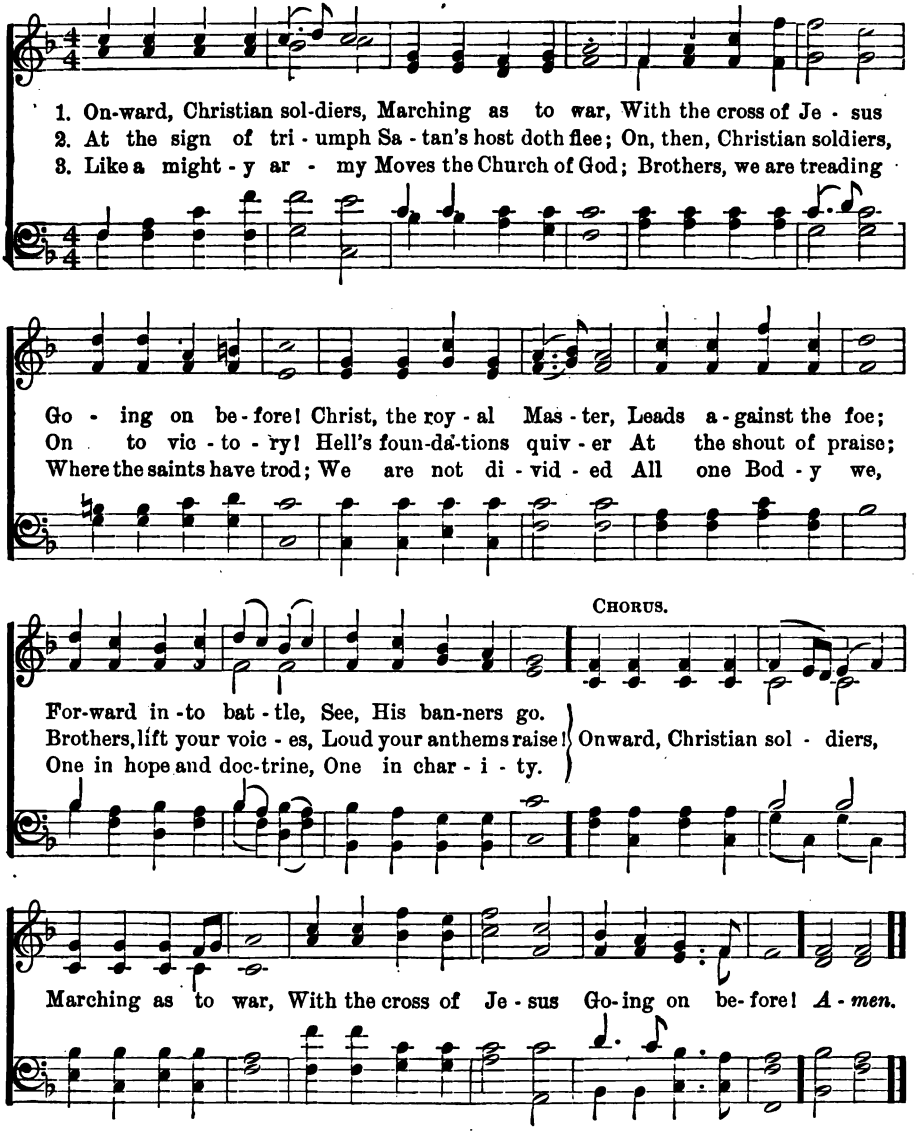
116 O Lamb of God, Still Keep Me.

J. G. Deck. (ST. CHRISTOPHER.) F. C. Maker.

1. O Lamb of God, still keep me, Near to Thy wounded side!
2. 'Tis on - ly in Thee hid - ing, I feel my life se - cure;
3. Soon shall my eyes be - hold Thee, With rap - ture, face to face;
'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.
On - ly in Thee a - bid - ing, The con - flict can en - dure;
One half hath not been told me Of all Thy pow'r and grace:
What foes and snares sur - round me! What doubts and fears with - in!
Thine arm the vic - t'ry gain - eth O'er ev - 'ry hate - ful foe;
Thy beau - ty, Lord, and glo - ry, The won - ders of Thy love,
The grace that sought and found me, A - lone can keep me clean.
Thy love my heart sus - tain - eth In all its care and woe.
Shall be the end - less sto - ry Of all Thy saints a - bove. A - men.

117 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

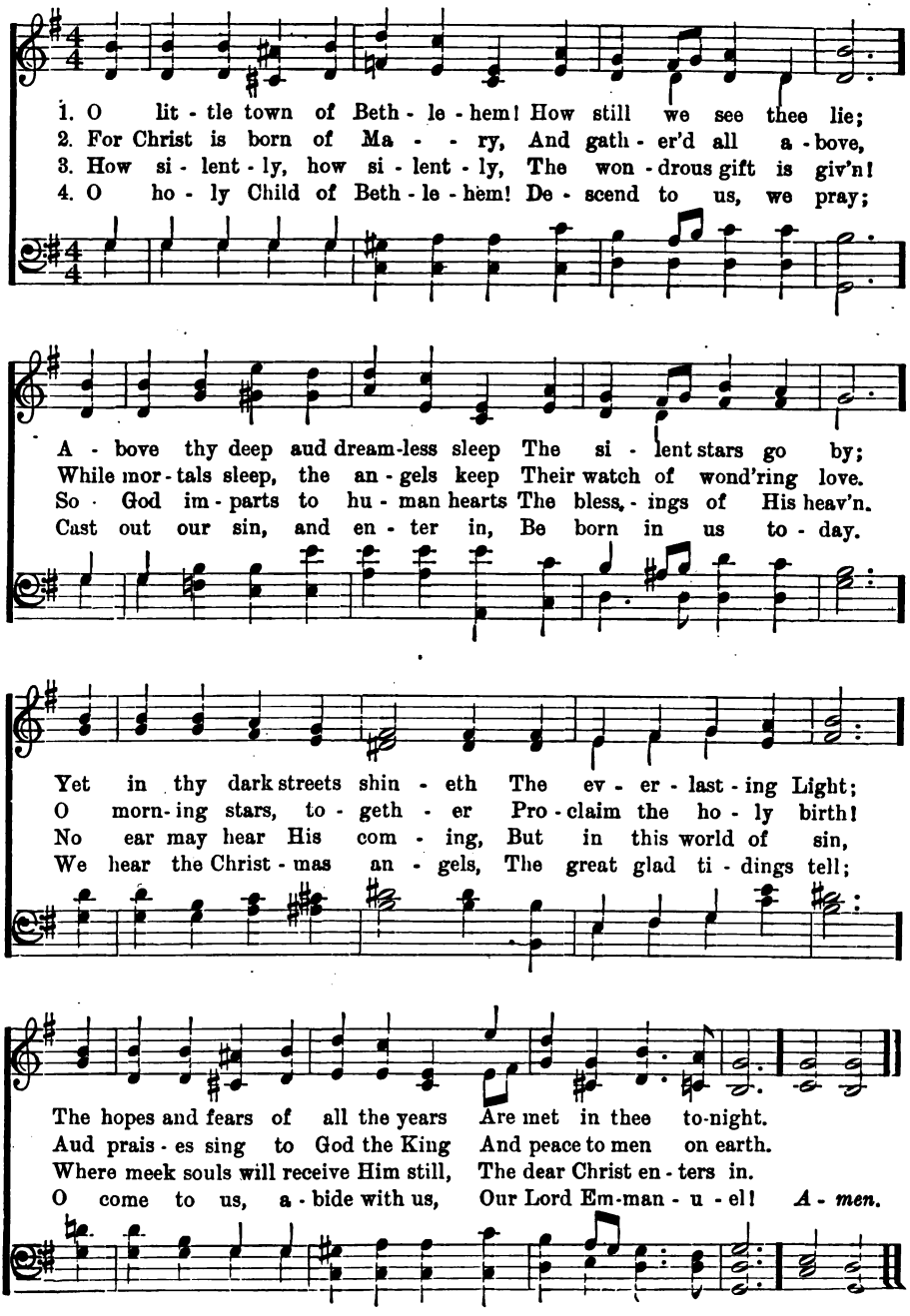
S. Baring-Gould. (ST. GERTRUDE.) A. S. Sullivan.


1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed All one Bod - y we,
CHORUS.
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.
Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian sol - diers,
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore! A - men.

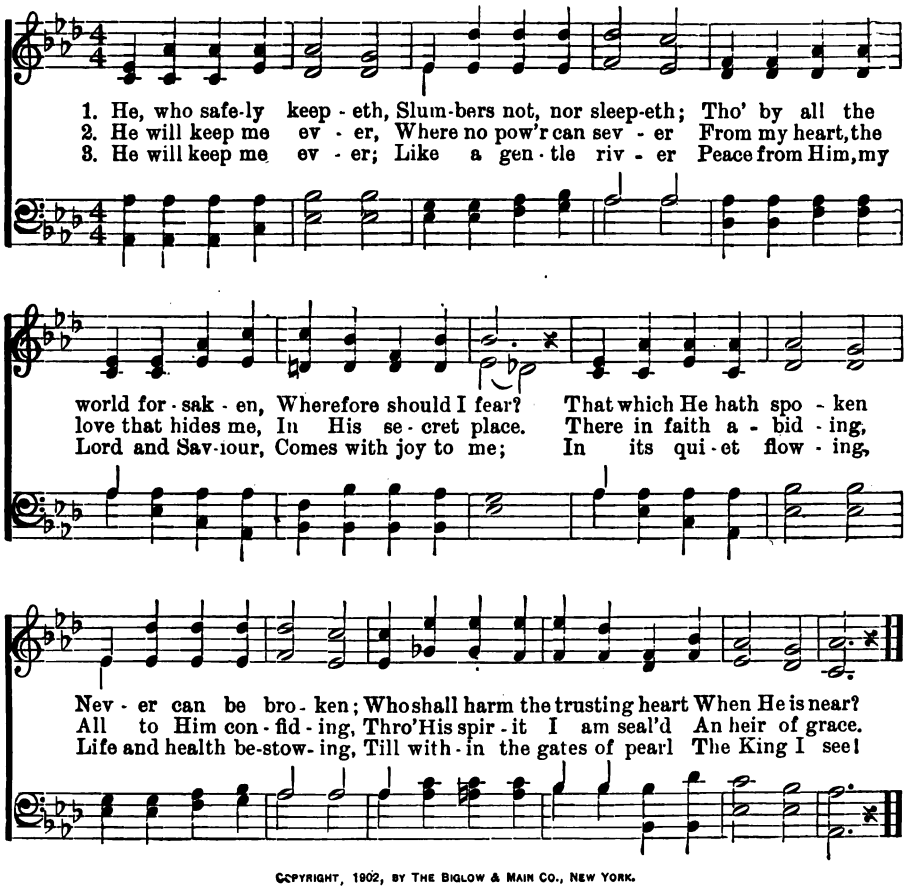
4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

118 O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillips Brooks. (ST. LOUIS.) L. H. Redner.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;
2. For Christ is born of Ma - - ry, And gath - er'd all a - bove,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is giv'n!
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless, - ings of His heav'n.
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!
No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels, The great glad ti - dings tell;
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
And prais - es sing to God the King And peace to men on earth.
Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em-man - u - el! A - men.

119 He, Who Safely Keepeth.

Lyman G. Cuyler. (PROTECTION.) Ira D. Sankey.

1. He, who safe-ly keep - eth, Slum-bers not, nor sleep-eth; Tho' by all the
2. He will keep me ev - er, Where no pow'r can sev - er From my heart, the
3. He will keep me ev - er; Like a gen - tle riv - er Peace from Him, my
world for - sak - en, Wherefore should I fear? That which He hath spo - ken
love that hides me, In His se - cret place. There in faith a - bid - ing,
Lord and Sav-iour, Comes with joy to me; In its qui - et flow - ing,
Nev - er can be bro - ken; Who shall harm the trusting heart When He is near?
All to Him con - fid - ing, Thro' His spir - it I am seal'd An heir of grace.
Life and health be-stow- ing, Till with - in the gates of pearl The King I see!

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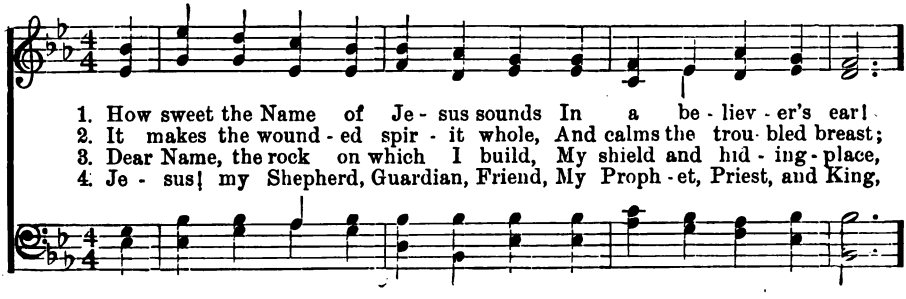
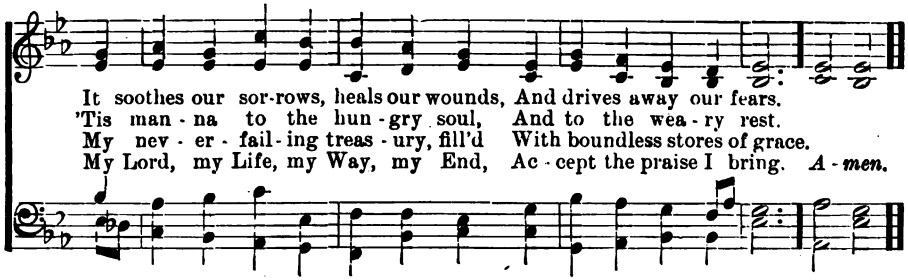
120 How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

J. Newton. (ST. PETER.) A. R. Reinagle.


1. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou - bled breast;
3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing - place,
4. Je - sus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend, My Proph - et, Priest, and King,

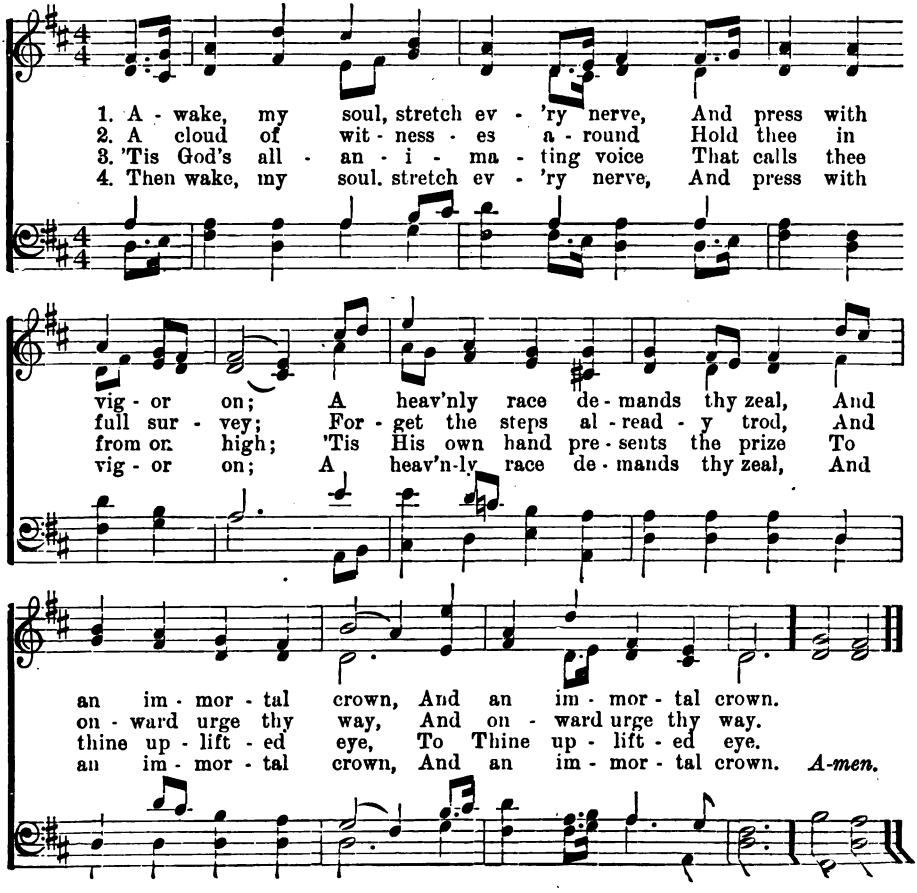
How Sweet the Name.—Concluded.


It soothes our sor-rows, heals our wounds, And drives away our fears.
'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry rest.
My nev-er-fail-ing treas-ury, fill'd With boundless stores of grace.
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac-cept the praise I bring. A-men.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

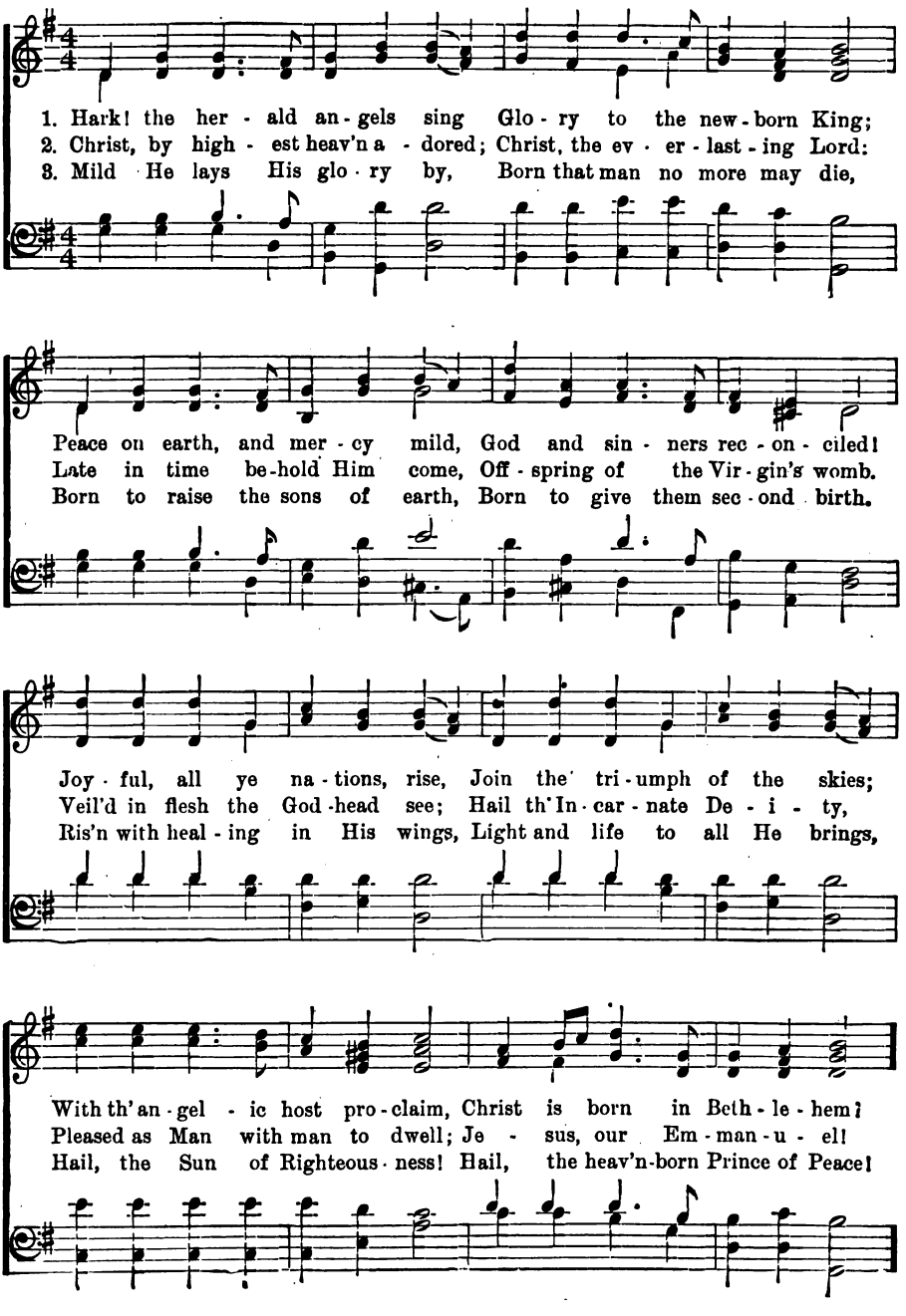
6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

121 Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve.

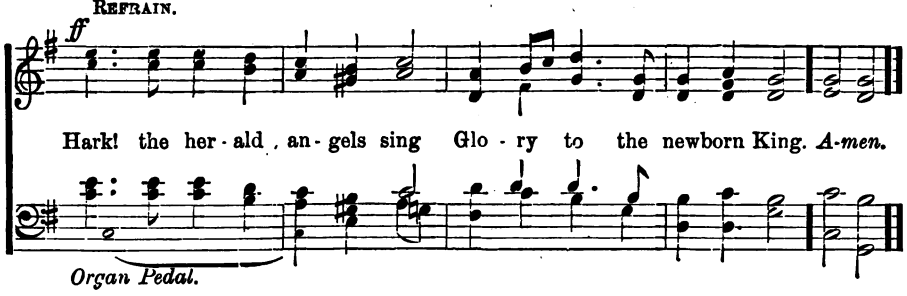
P. Doddridge. (CHRISTMAS.) G. F. Handel.

1. A-wake, my soul, stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with
2. A cloud of wit-ness-es a-round Hold thee in
3. 'Tis God's all-an-i-ma-ting voice That calls thee
4. Then wake, my soul. stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with
vig-or on; A heav'nly race de-mands thy zeal, And
full sur-vey; For-get the steps al-read-y trod, And
from on high; 'Tis His own hand pre-sents the prize To
vig-or on; A heav'n-ly race de-mands thy zeal, And
an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.
on-ward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.
thine up-lift-ed eye, To Thine up-lift-ed eye.
an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown. A-men.

122 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

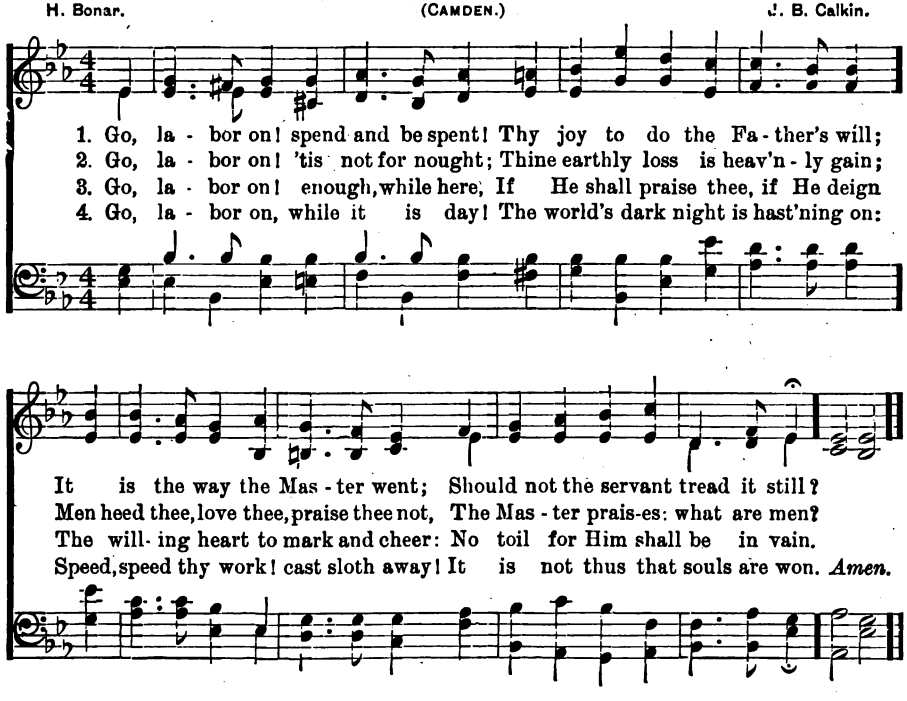
C. Wesley. (MENDELSSOHN.) F. Mendelssohn.


1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new - born King;
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:
3. Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!
Late in time be-hold Him come, Off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb.
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
Veil'd in flesh the God-head see; Hail th' In - car - nate De - i - ty,
Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings, Light and life to all He brings,
With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell; Je - sus, our Em - man - u - el!
Hail, the Sun of Righteous - ness! Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!

Hark! the Herald Angels.—Concluded.



123 Go, Labor On! Spend and be Spent!

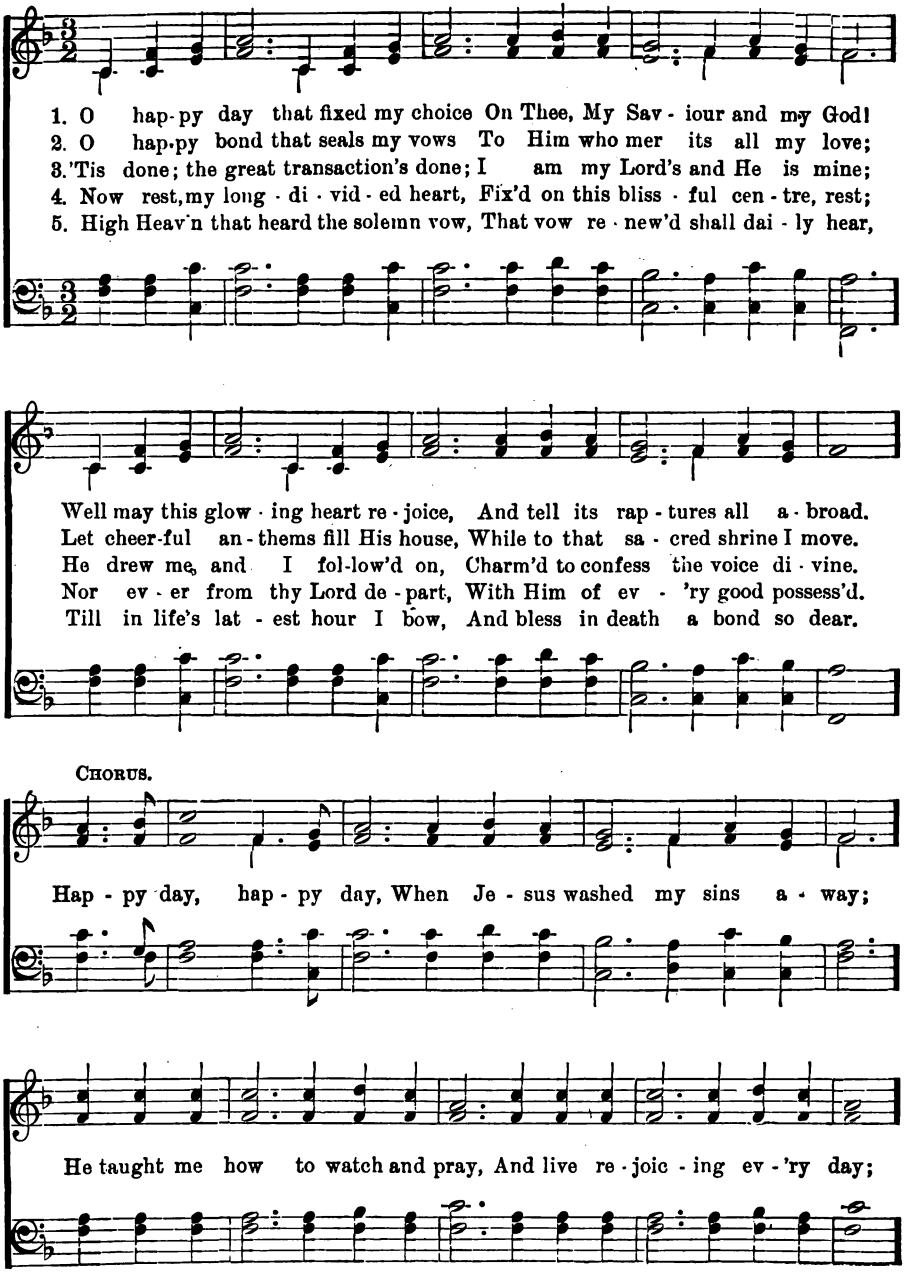

H. Bonar.
(Camden.)
J. B. Calkin.
1. Go, la - bor on! spend and be spent! Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will;
2. Go, la - bor on! 'tis not for nought; Thine earthly loss is heav'n - ly gain;
3. Go, la - bor on! enough, while here, If He shall praise thee, if He deign
4. Go, la - bor on, while it is day! The world's dark night is hast'ning on:
It is the way the Mas - ter went; Should not the servant tread it still?
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not, The Mas - ter prais-es: what are men?
The will - ing heart to mark and cheer: No toil for Him shall be in vain.
Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away! It is not thus that souls are won. Amen.

5 Toil on! faint not! keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win!
Go forth, into the world's highway!
Compel the wanderer to come in!

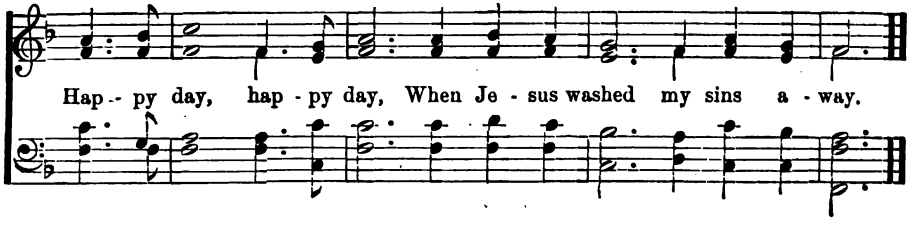
6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!
For toil comes rest, for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
'Tis midnight peal, "Behold I come!"

124 O Happy Day that Fixed My Choice.

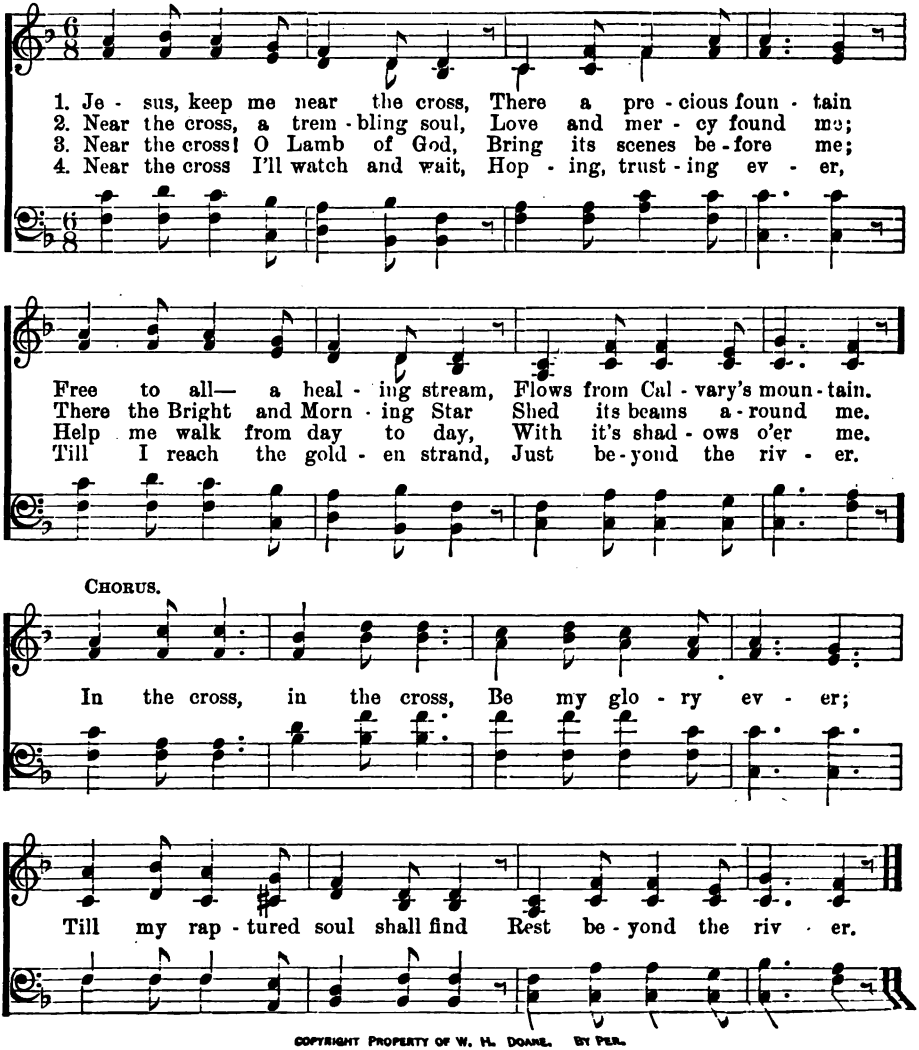
P. Doddridge. (RIMBAULT.) From E. F. Rimbault.


1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
2. O hap-py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer its all my love;
3. 'Tis done; the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine;
4. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart, Fix'd on this bliss - ful cen - tre, rest;
5. High Heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow re - new'd shall dai - ly hear,
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
Let cheer-ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I fol-low'd on, Charm'd to confess the voice di - vine.
Nor ev - er from thy Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possess'd.
Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.
CHORUS.
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

O Happy Day.—Concluded.



125 Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. (NEAR THE CROSS.) W.H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain
2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,
Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - vary's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Shed its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With it's shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.
CHORUS.
In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

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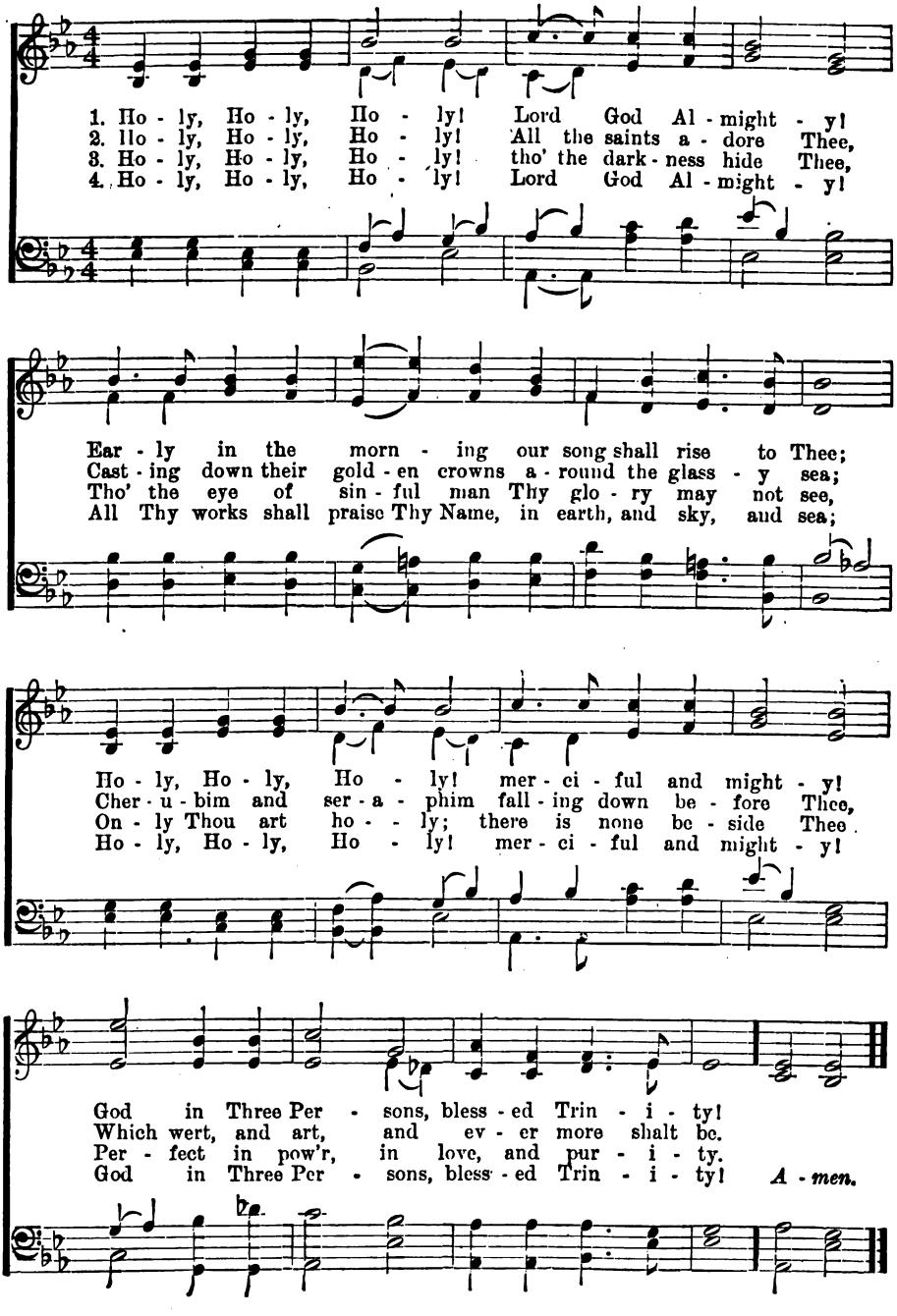
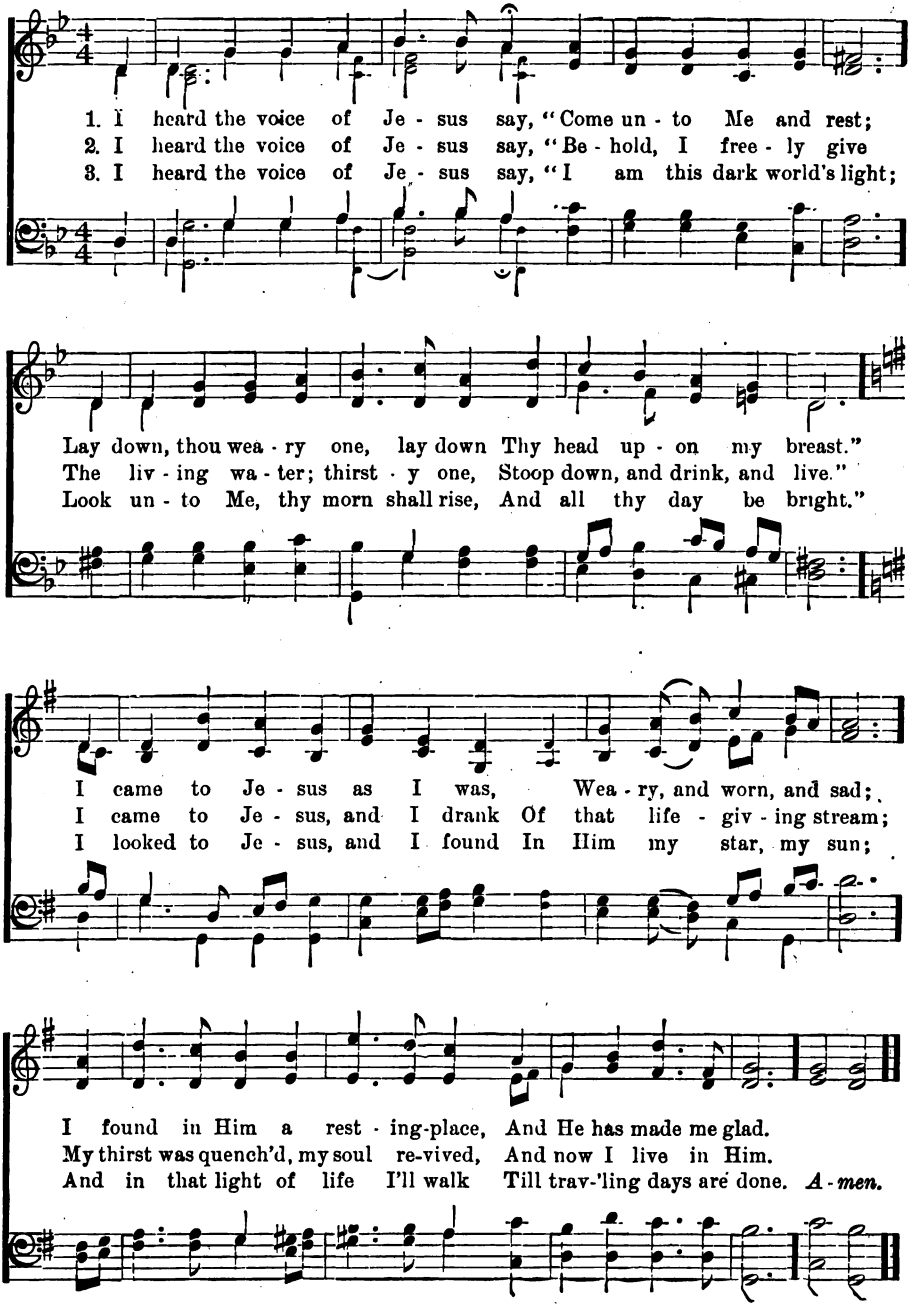
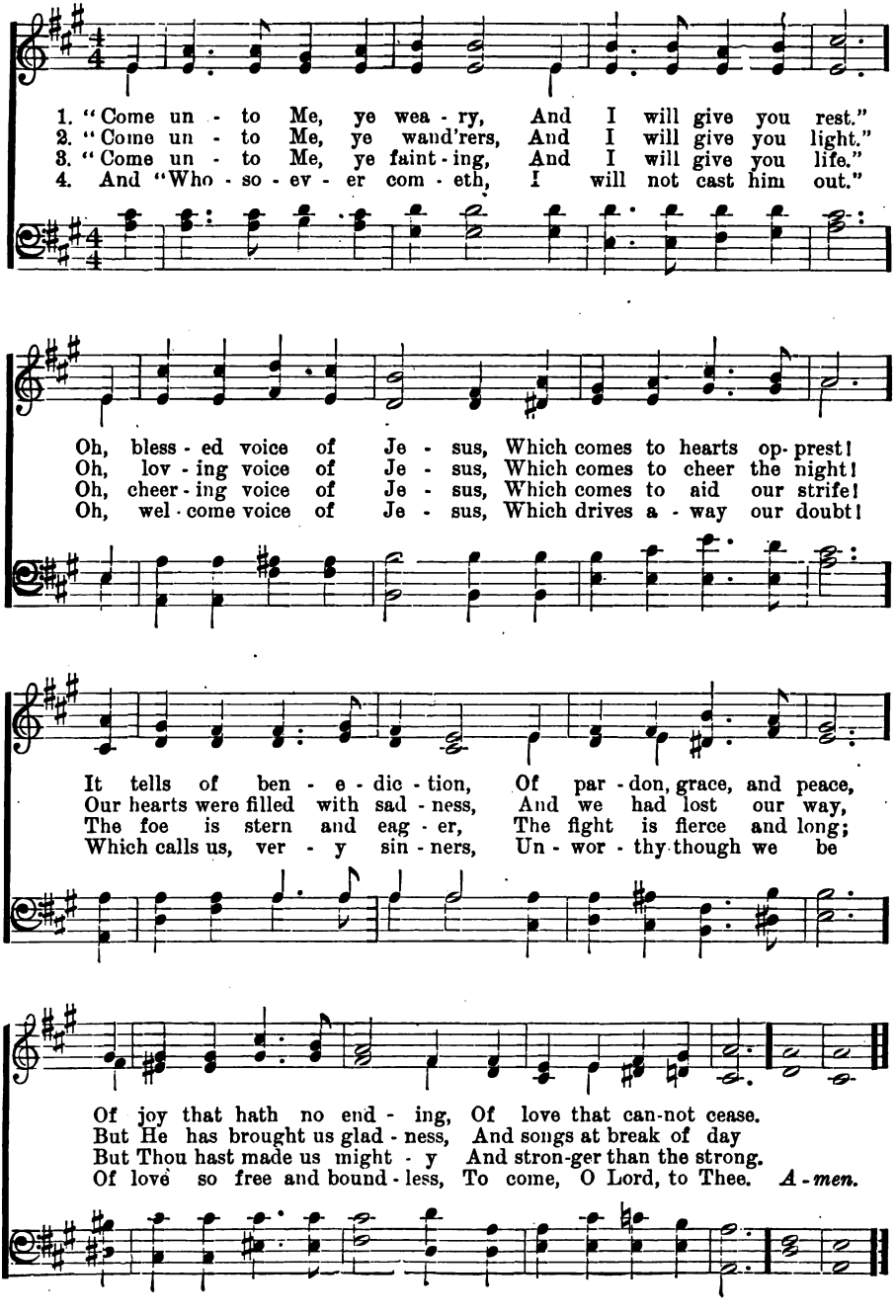
126 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty.

R. Heber. (NICAEA.) J. B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!
Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art ho - - ly; there is none be - side Thee.
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!
God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert, and art, and ev - er more shalt be.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.
God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

127 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatius Bonar. (Vox Dilecti.) J. B. Dykes

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my star, my sun;
I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till trav-'ling days are done. A-men.

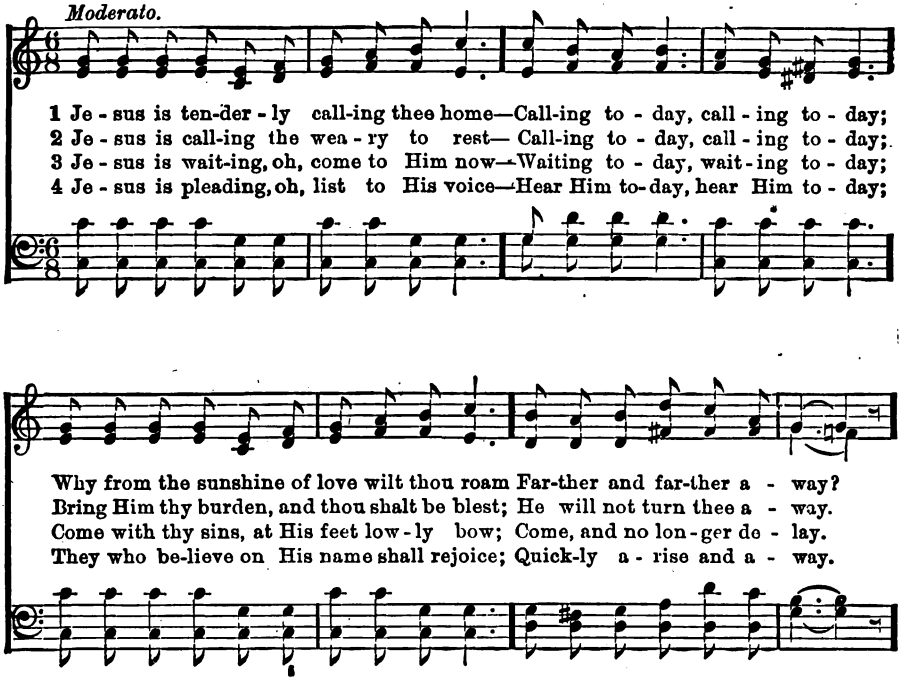
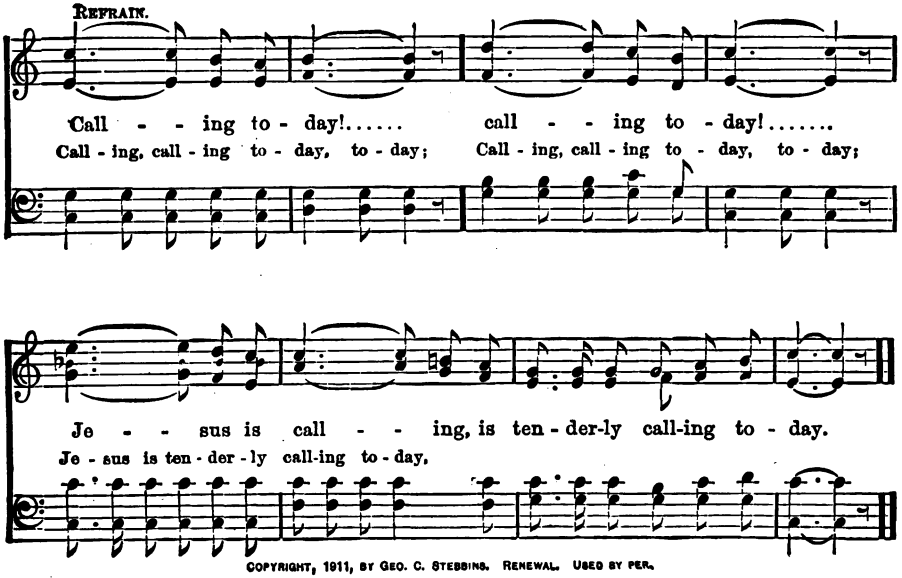
128 Come Unto Me, Ye Weary.

Wm. C Dix. (PARAOLETE.) Anon.

1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
2. "Come un - to Me, ye wand'rers, And I will give you light."
3. "Come un - to Me, ye faint - ing, And I will give you life."
4. And "Who - so - ev - er com - eth, I will not cast him out."
Oh, bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!
Oh, lov - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night!
Oh, cheer - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to aid our strife!
Oh, wel - come voice of Je - sus, Which drives a - way our doubt!
It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,
Our hearts were filled with sad - ness, And we had lost our way,
The foe is stern and eag - er, The fight is fierce and long;
Which calls us, ver - y sin - ners, Un - wor - thy though we be
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can-not cease.
But He has brought us glad - ness, And songs at break of day
But Thou hast made us might - y And stron-ger than the strong.
Of love so free and bound - less, To come, O Lord, to Thee. A - men.

129 Jesus is Tenderly Calling Thee Home.

Fanny J. Crosby. (JESUS IS CALLING.) George C. Stebbins.

Moderato.


1 Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing thee home—Call-ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
2 Je - sus is call-ing the wea - ry to rest— Call-ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
3 Je - sus is wait-ing, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to - day, wait - ing to - day;
4 Je - sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to - day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.

REFRAIN.
Call - - ing to - day!..... call - - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;
Je - - sus is call - - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day.

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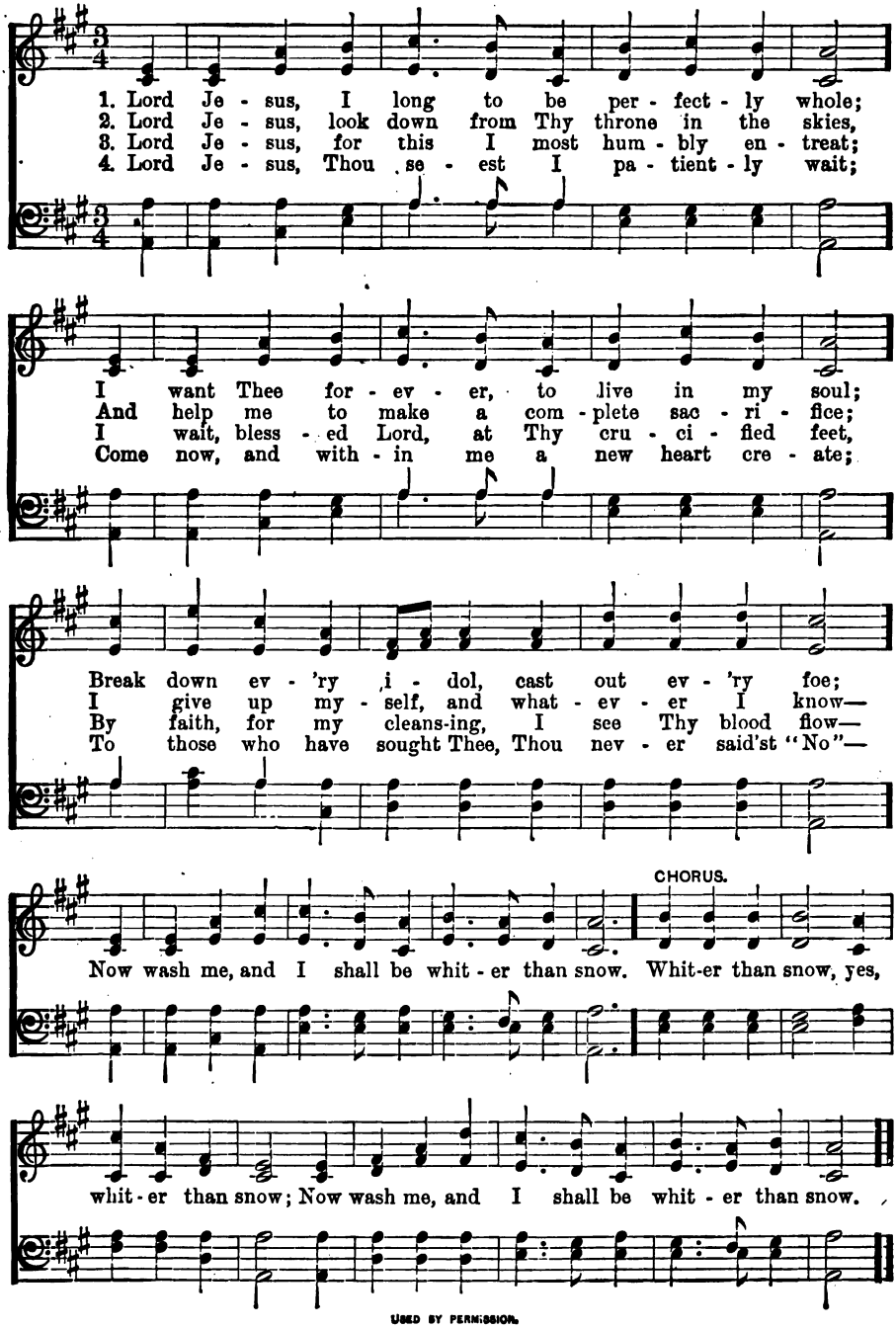
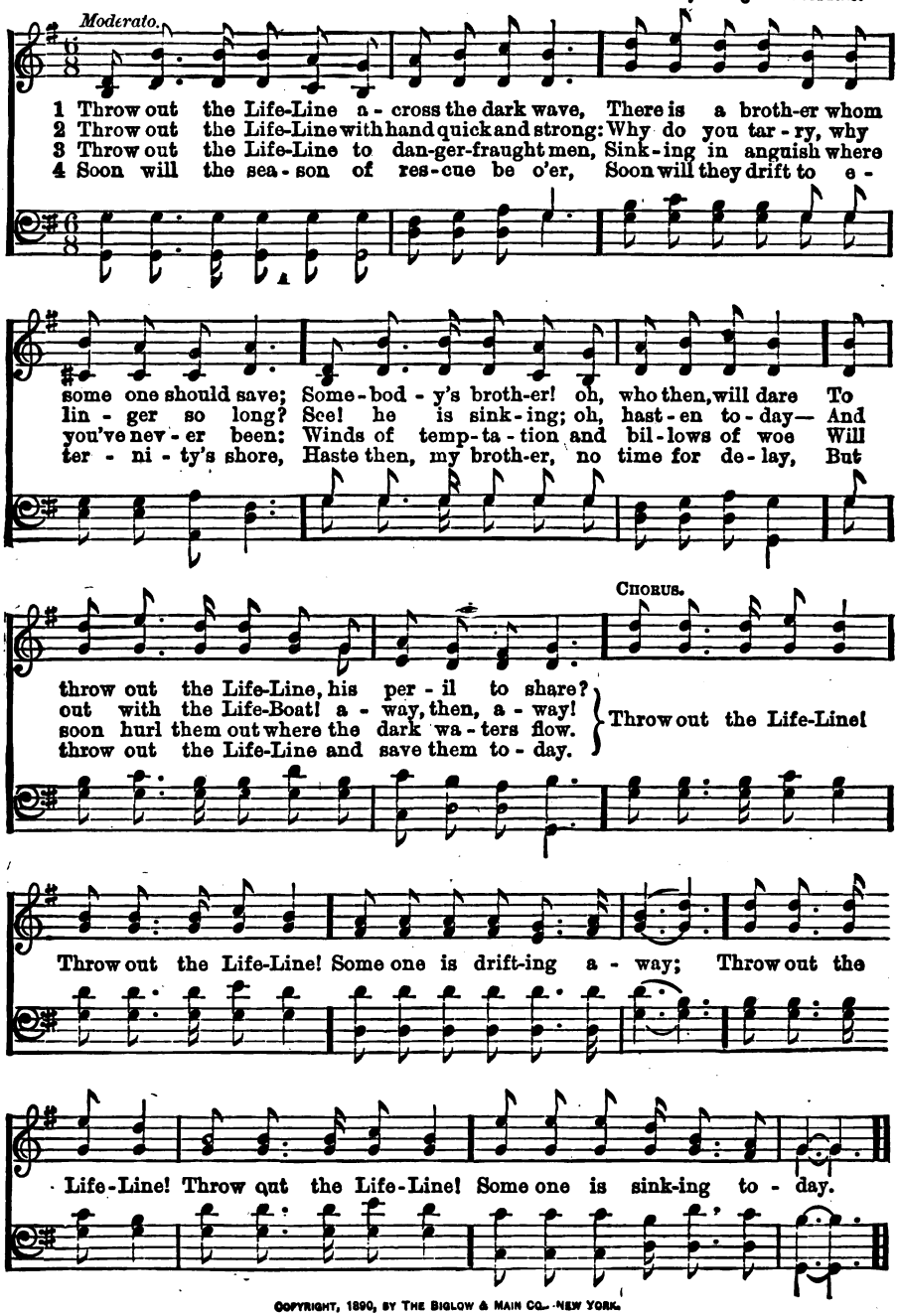
130 Lord Jesus, I Long to be Perfectly Whole.

James Nicholson. (WHITER THAN SNOW.) William G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole;
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat;
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait;
I want Thee for - ev - er, to live in my soul;
And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice;
I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet,
Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate;
Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know—
By faith, for my cleans-ing, I see Thy blood flow—
To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev - er said'st "No"—
CHORUS.
Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes,
whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

USED BY PERMISSION.

131 Throw Out the Life-Line.

(MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO AND CHORUS.)

Edward S. Ufford. (THE LIFE-LINE.) E. S. Ufford. Arr. by George C. Stebbins.

Moderato.
1 Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2 Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
3 Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where
4 Soon will the sea - son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e -
some one should save; Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast-en to-day— And
you've nev - er been: Winds of temp-ta - tion and bil-lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de-lay, But
CHORUS.
throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.
Throw out the Life-Line!
Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the
Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

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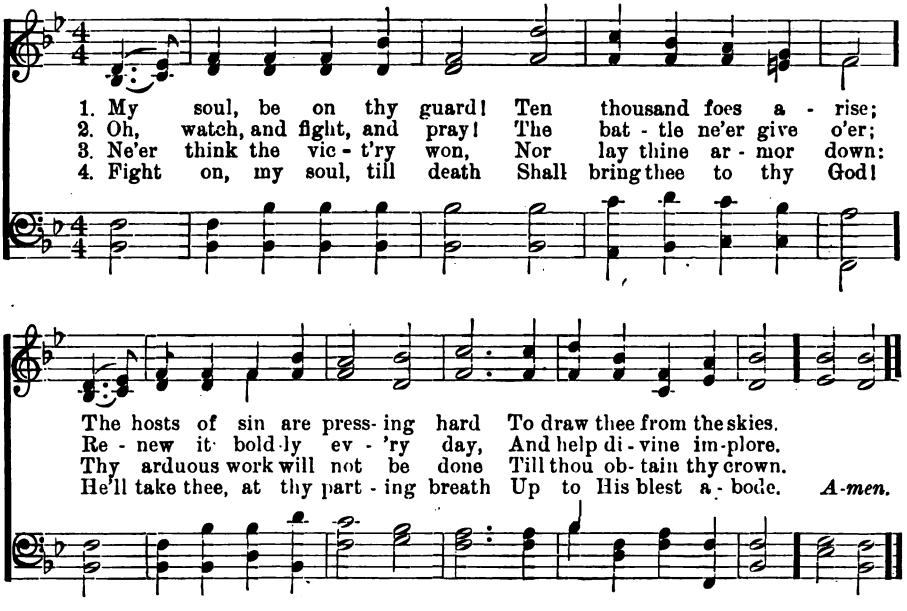
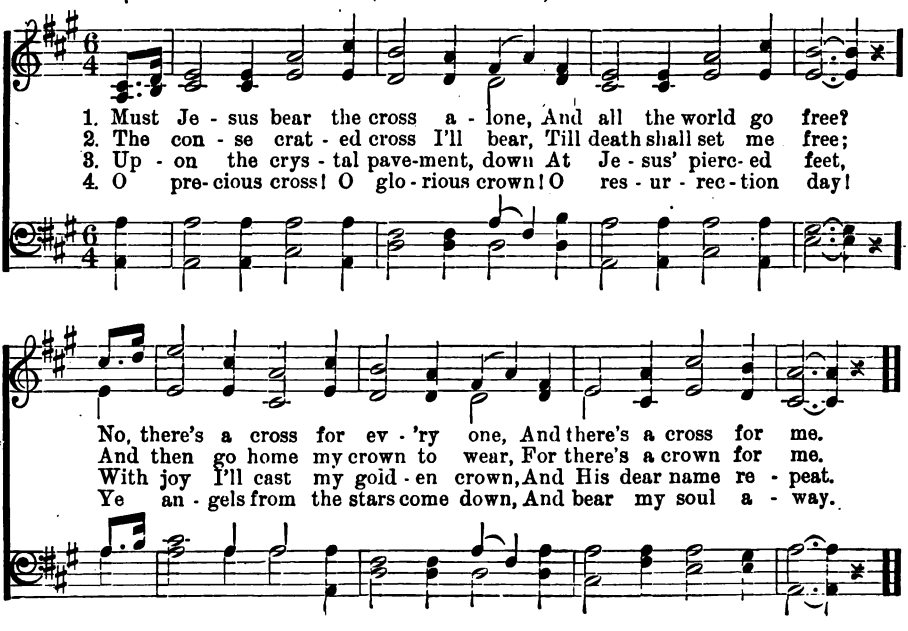
132 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

G. Heath. (LABAN.) L. Mason.


1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes a - rise;
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray! The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down:
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God!
The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
Thy arduous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath Up to His blest a - bode. A-men.

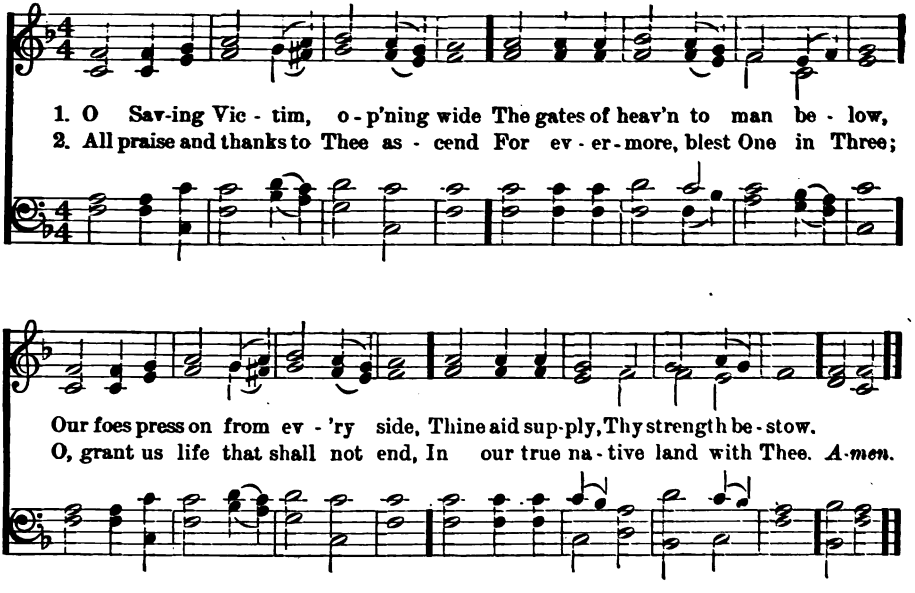
133 Must Jesus Bear The Cross Alone.

Thos. Shepherd. (CROSS AND CROWN.) G. N. Allen.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave-ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
4. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

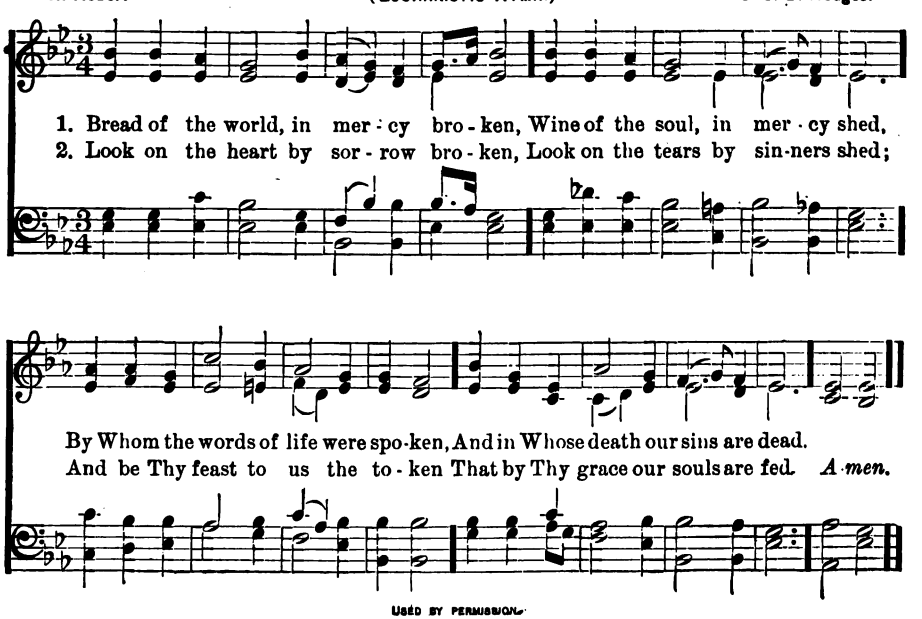
134 O Saving Victim, Opening Wide.

T. Aquinas: Tr. E. Caswall. (HAMBURG.) Arr. by L. Mason.


1. O Sav-ing Vic - tim, o - p'ning wide The gates of heav'n to man be - low,
2. All praise and thanks to Thee as - cend For ev - er - more, blest One in Three;
Our foes press on from ev - 'ry side, Thine aid sup-ply, Thy strength be - stow.
O, grant us life that shall not end, In our true na - tive land with Thee. A-men.

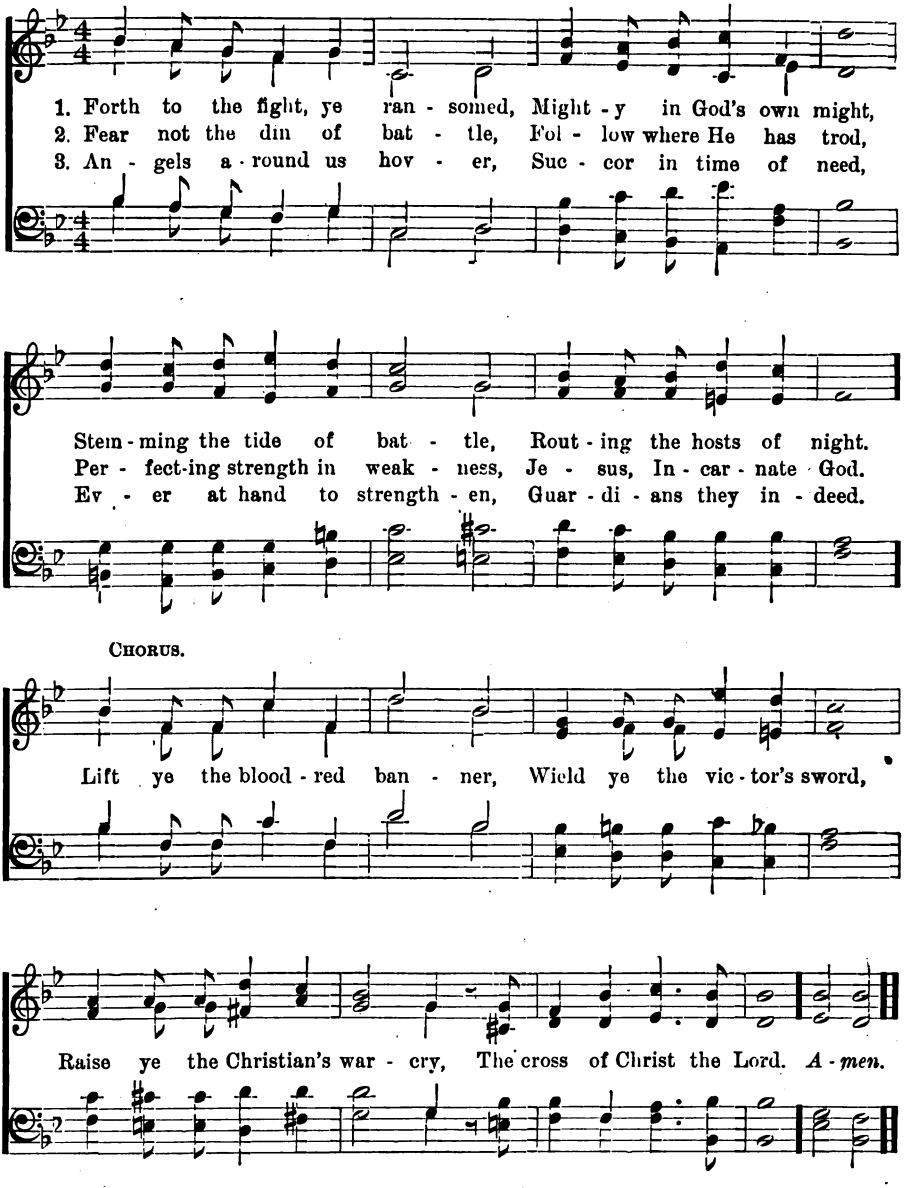
135 Bread of the World, in Mercy Broken.

R. Heber. (EUCHARISTIC HYMN.) J. S. B. Hodges.


1. Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,
2. Look on the heart by sor - row bro - ken, Look on the tears by sin-ners shed;
By Whom the words of life were spo-ken, And in Whose death our sins are dead.
And be Thy feast to us the to - ken That by Thy grace our souls are fed. A-men.

USED BY PERMISSION.

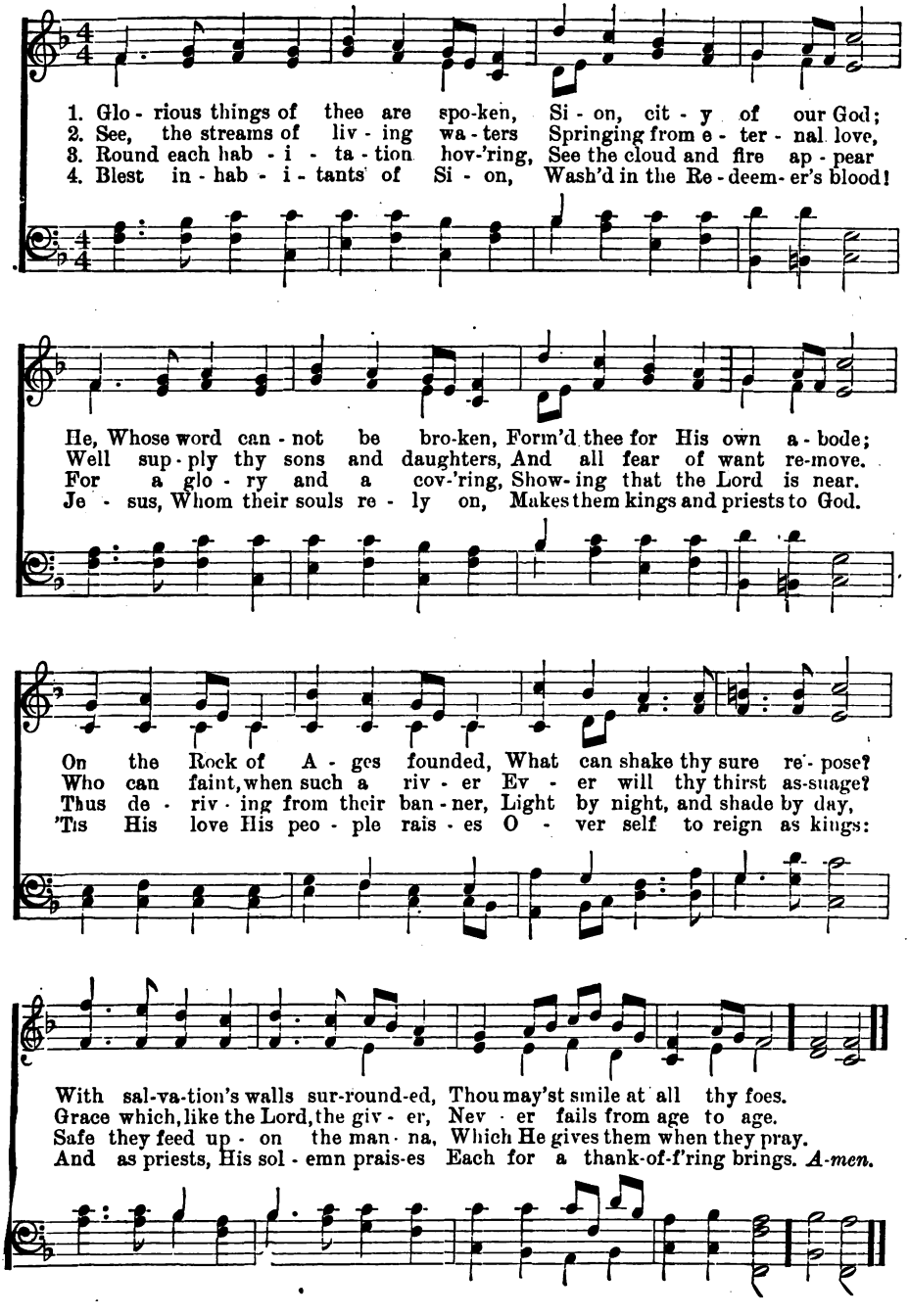
136 Forth to the Fight, ye Ransomed.

W. H. Kirby. (FESTIVAL.) John Heywood

1. Forth to the fight, ye ran - somed, Might - y in God's own might,
2. Fear not the din of bat - tle, Fol - low where He has trod,
3. An - gels a - round us hov - er, Suc - cor in time of need,
Stem - ming the tide of bat - tle, Rout - ing the hosts of night.
Per - fect - ing strength in weak - ness, Je - sus, In - car - nate God.
Ev - er at hand to strength - en, Guar - di - ans they in - deed.
CHORUS.
Lift ye the blood - red ban - ner, Wield ye the vic - tor's sword,
Raise ye the Christian's war - cry, The cross of Christ the Lord. A - men.

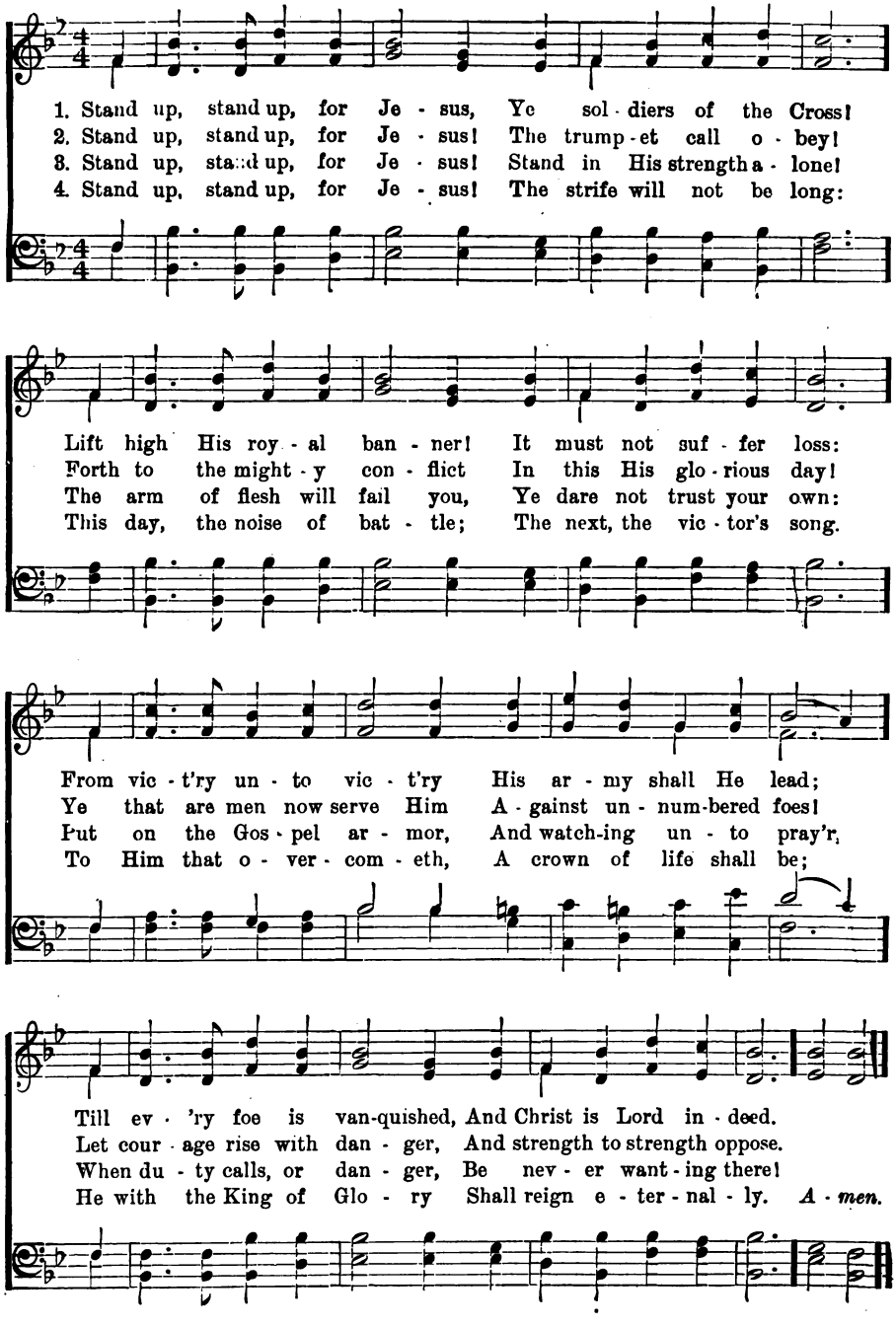
4 Arm ye against the battle,
Watch ye, and fast and pray;
Peace shall succeed the warfare,
Night shall be changed to day.—*Cho.*

5 Fight for the Lord is o'er you,
Fight for He bids you fight,
There where the fray is thickest
Close with the hosts of night.—*Cho.*

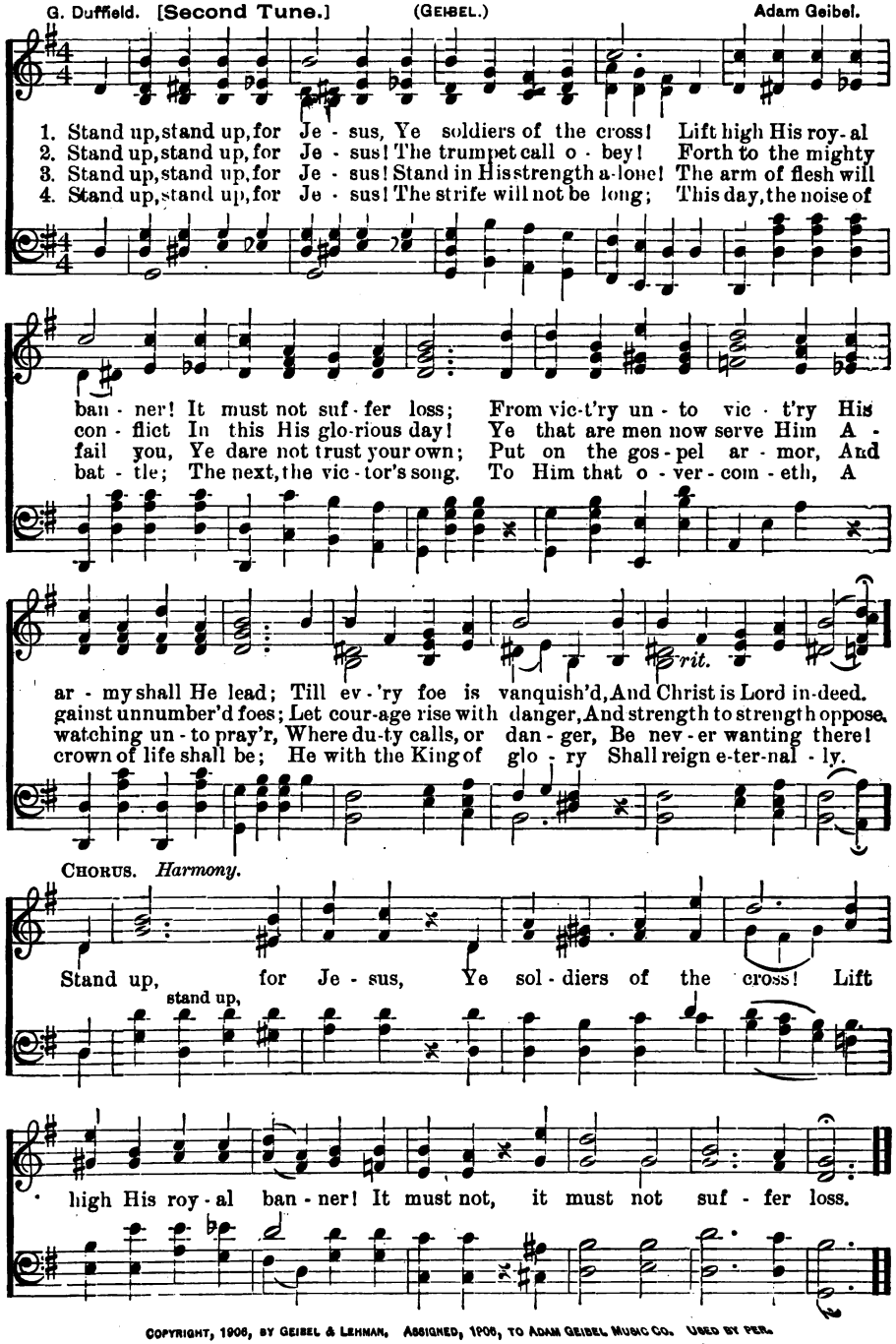
137 Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

J. Newton. (AUSTRIA.) F. J. Haydn.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo-ken, Si - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters Springing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear
4. Blest in - hab - i - tants of Si - on, Wash'd in the Re - deem - er's blood!
He, Whose word can - not be bro-ken, Form'd thee for His own a - bode;
Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move.
For a glo - ry and a cov-'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near.
Je - sus, Whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God.
On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint, when such a riv - er Ev - er will thy thirst as-suage?
Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner, Light by night, and shade by day,
'Tis His love His peo - ple rais - es O - ver self to reign as kings:
With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
Safe they feed up - on the man - na, Which He gives them when they pray.
And as priests, His sol - emn prais-es Each for a thank-of-f'ring brings. A-men.

138 Stand up, Stand up, for Jesus.

G. Duffield. (WEBB.) G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the Cross!
2. Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus! The trump - et call o - bey!
3. Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone!
4. Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus! The strife will not be long:
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner! It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might - y con - flict In this His glo - rious day!
The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
This day, the noise of bat - tle; The next, the vic - tor's song.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead;
Ye that are men now serve Him A - gainst un - num-bered foes!
Put on the Gos - pel ar - mor, And watch-ing un - to pray'r,
To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;
Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
When du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there!
He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

138 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

G. Duffield. [Second Tune.] (GEIBEL.) Adam Geibel.

1. Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross! Lift high His roy - al
2. Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus! The trumpet call o - bey! Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone! The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus! The strife will not be long; This day, the noise of
ban - ner! It must not suf - fer loss; From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
con - flict In this His glo-rious day! Ye that are men now serve Him A -
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And
bat - tle; The next, the vic - tor's song. To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A
ar - my shall He lead; Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in-deed.
gainst unnumber'd foes; Let cour-age rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
watching un - to pray'r, Where du-ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er wanting there!
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-ter-nal - ly.
rit.
CHORUS. Harmony.
Stand up, for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross! Lift
stand up,
high His roy - al ban - ner! It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

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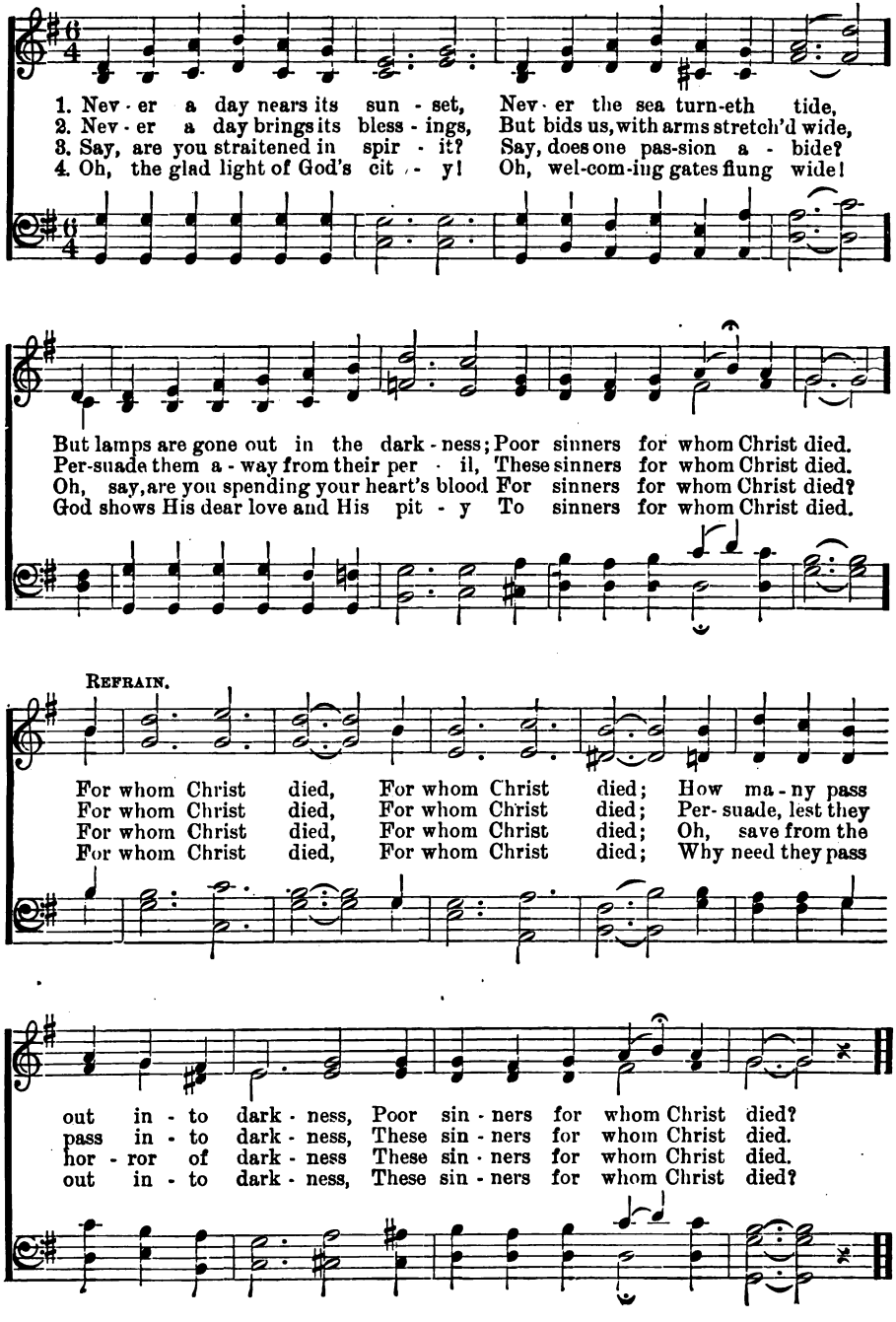
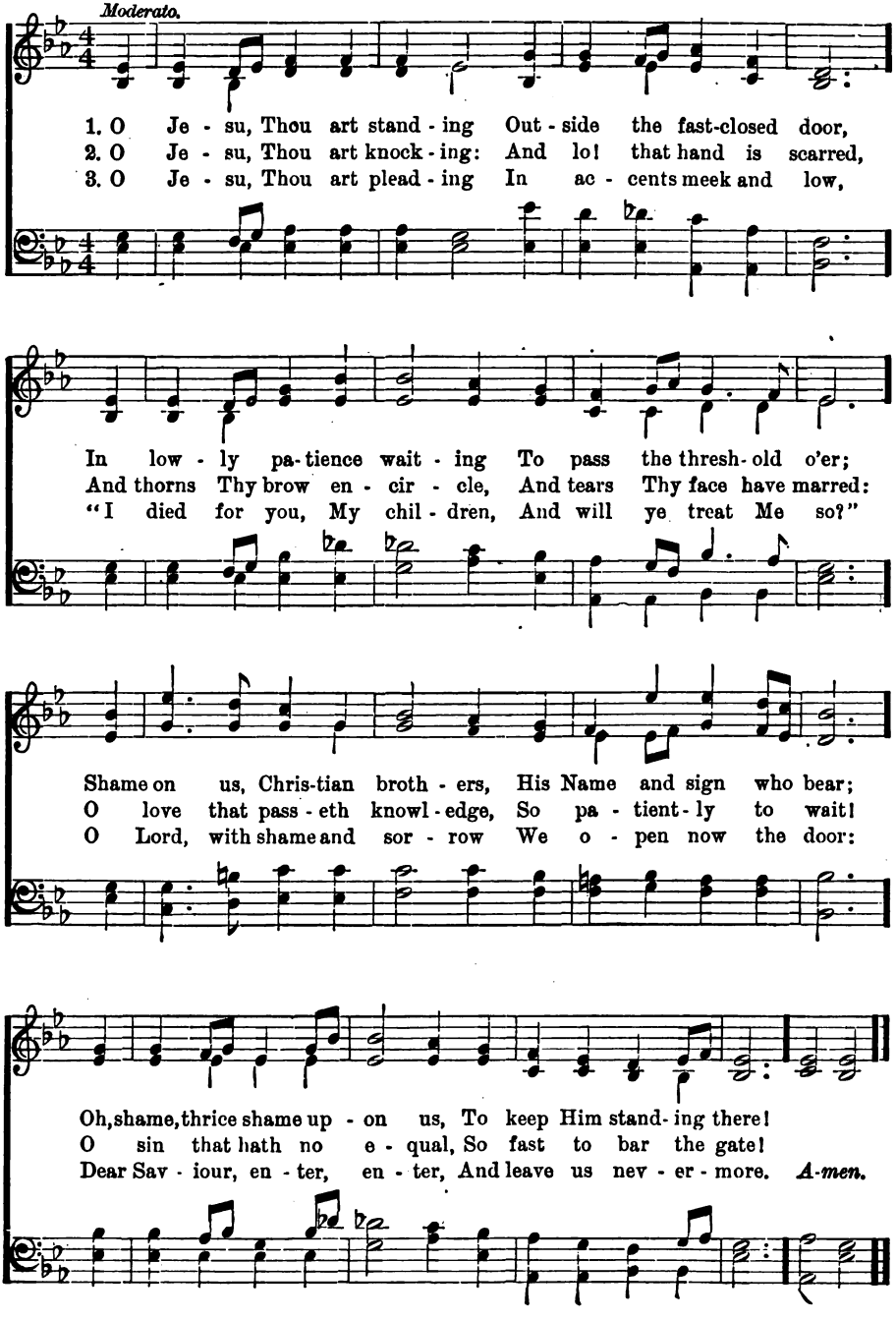
139 Never a Day Nears its Sunset.

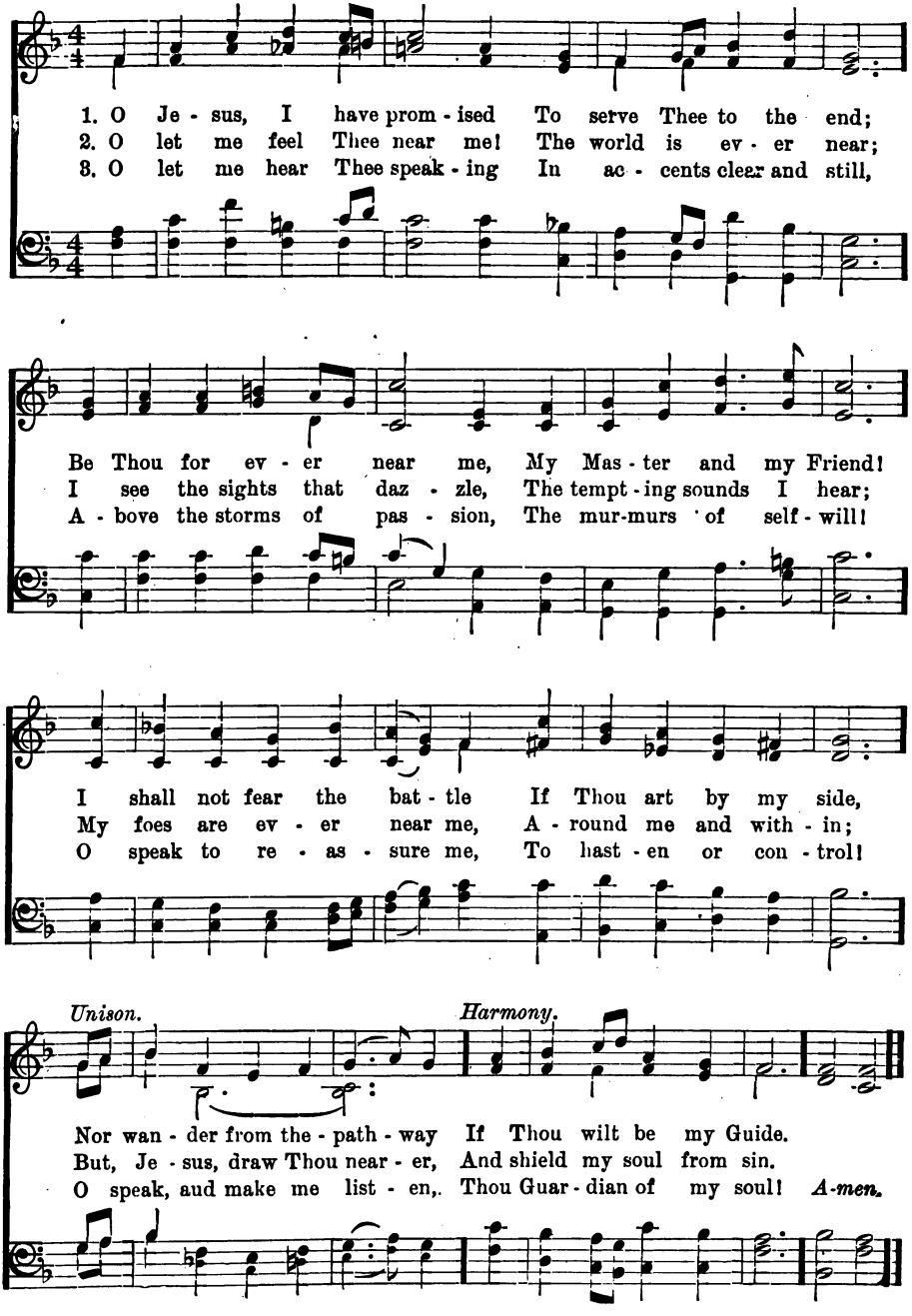
Miss Winifred Iverson. (MINSHALL.) E. Minshall.

1. Nev - er a day nears its sun - set, Nev - er the sea turn-eth tide,
2. Nev - er a day brings its bless - ings, But bids us, with arms stretch'd wide,
3. Say, are you straitened in spir - it? Say, does one pas-sion a - bide?
4. Oh, the glad light of God's cit - y! Oh, wel-com-ing gates flung wide!
But lamps are gone out in the dark - ness; Poor sinners for whom Christ died.
Per-suade them a - way from their per - il, These sinners for whom Christ died.
Oh, say, are you spending your heart's blood For sinners for whom Christ died?
God shows His dear love and His pit - y To sinners for whom Christ died.
REFRAIN.
For whom Christ died, For whom Christ died; How ma - ny pass
For whom Christ died, For whom Christ died; Per- suade, lest they
For whom Christ died, For whom Christ died; Oh, save from the
For whom Christ died, For whom Christ died; Why need they pass
out in - to dark - ness, Poor sin - ners for whom Christ died?
pass in - to dark - ness, These sin - ners for whom Christ died.
hor - ror of dark - ness These sin - ners for whom Christ died.
out in - to dark - ness, These sin - ners for whom Christ died?

140 O Jesu, Thou art Standing.

W. W. How. (ST. HILDA.) J. H Knecht, et al.

Moderato.

1. O Je - su, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
2. O Je - su, Thou art knock - ing: And lo! that hand is scarred,
3. O Je - su, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low,
In low - ly pa-tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er;
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
"I died for you, My chil - dren, And will ye treat Me so?"
Shame on us, Chris-tian broth - ers, His Name and sign who bear;
O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient-ly to wait!
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door:
Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there!
O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more. A-men.

141 O Jesus, I Have Promised.

J. E. Bode. (DAY OF REST.) J. W. Elliott.

1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
2. O let me feel Thee near me! The world is ev - er near;
3. O let me hear Thee speak - ing In ac - cents clear and still,
Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!
I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear;
A - bove the storms of pas - sion, The mur-murs of self - will!
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
O speak to re - as - sure me, To hast - en or con - trol!
Unison.
Harmony.
Nor wan - der from the - path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide.
But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
O speak, and make me list - en, Thou Guar - dian of my soul! A-men.

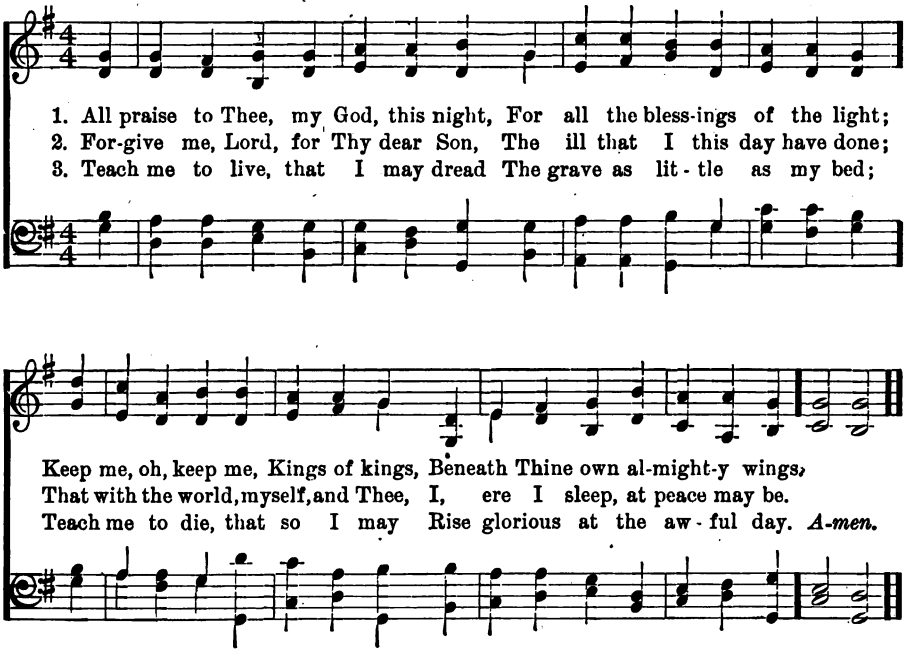
O Jesus, I Have Promised.—Concluded.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

5 Oh, let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant my own!
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me
Uphold me to the end!
At last in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

142 All Praise to Thee, my God, This Night.

T. Ken. (TALLIS'S HYMN.) T. Tallis.


1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light;
2. For-give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done;
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit-tle as my bed;
Keep me, oh, keep me, Kings of kings, Beneath Thine own al-might-y wings,
That with the world, myself, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glorious at the aw-ful day. A-men.

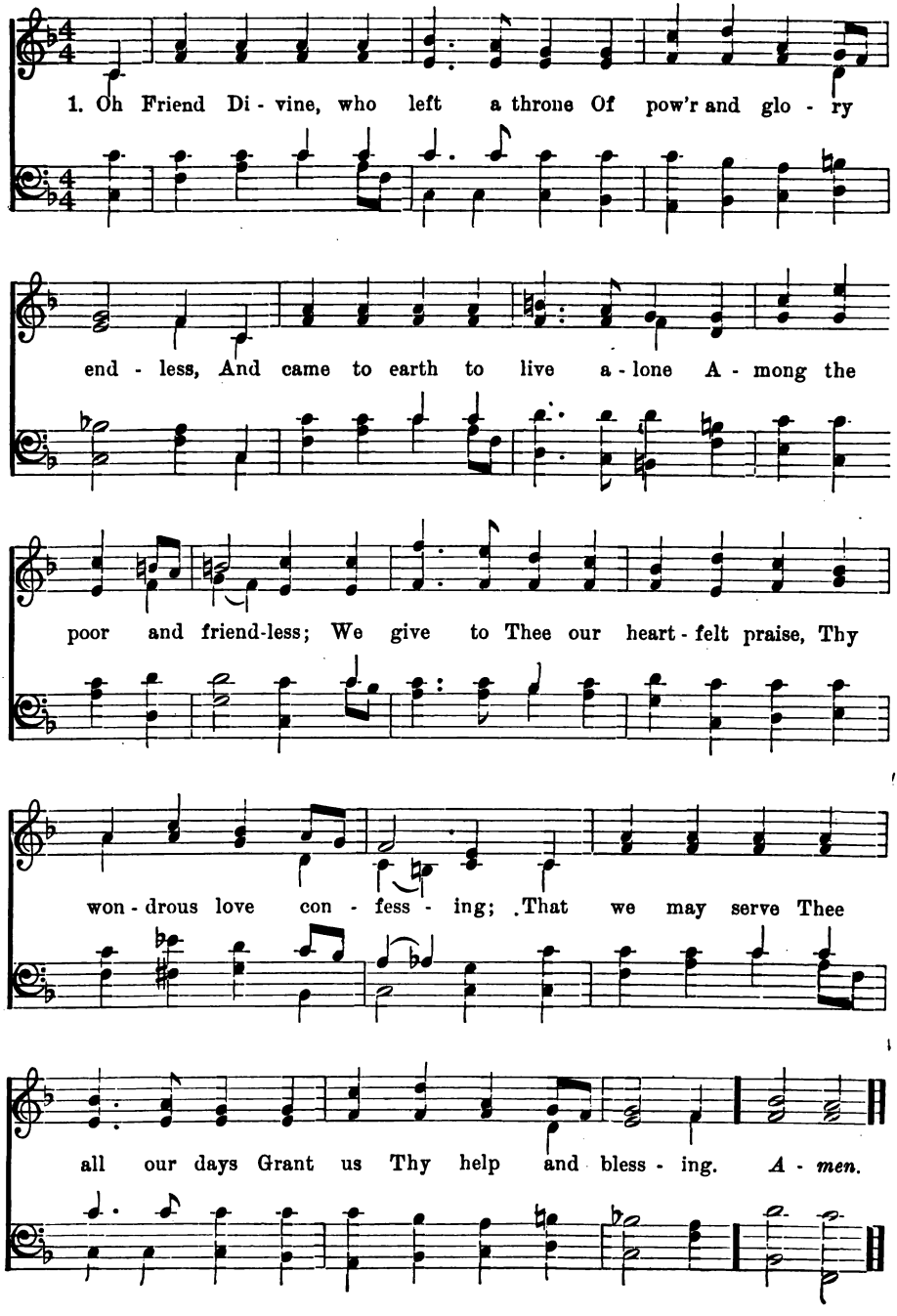
4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
All praise to Thee, eternal King?

7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

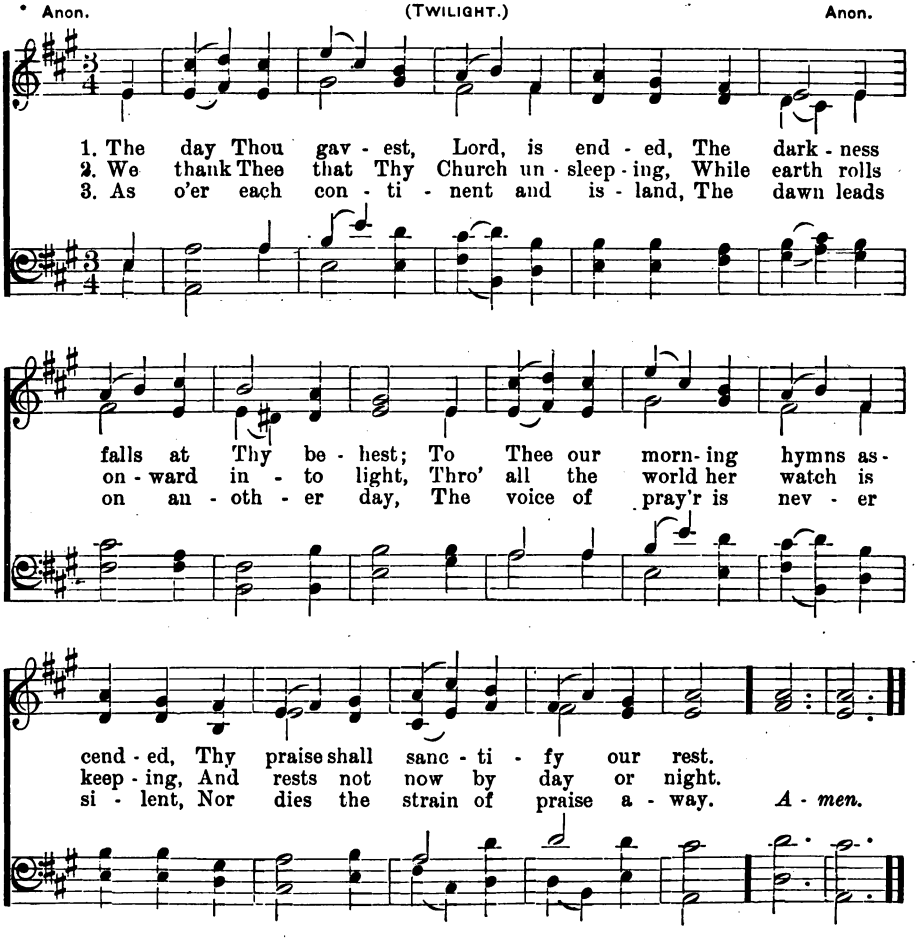
143 Oh Friend Divine, Who Left a Throne.

The Rt. Rev. F. S. Spalding, D.D. (A GIRLS' FRIENDLY HYMN.) A. S. Sullivan.

1. Oh Friend Di - vine, who left a throne Of pow'r and glo - ry
end - less, And came to earth to live a - lone A - mong the
poor and friend-less; We give to Thee our heart - felt praise, Thy
won - drous love con - fess - ing; That we may serve Thee
all our days Grant us Thy help and bless - ing. A - men.

Oh Friend Divine, who Left a Throne.—Concluded.

2 Thou art all wise, we humbly pray
Thy wisdom to direct us,
With loving care, both night and day,
We ask Thee to protect us.
In Thee our childlike trust we place,
And on Thy strength relying,
We can do all things through the grace
Thou ever art supplying.

3 May we, dear Master, offer too
Our lives in holy living,
With faithfulness the work to do
Which Thou to each art giving.
Since Thou art with us all life's way,
Our burdens ever sharing,
We will Thy blesséd word obey,
Each other's burdens bearing.

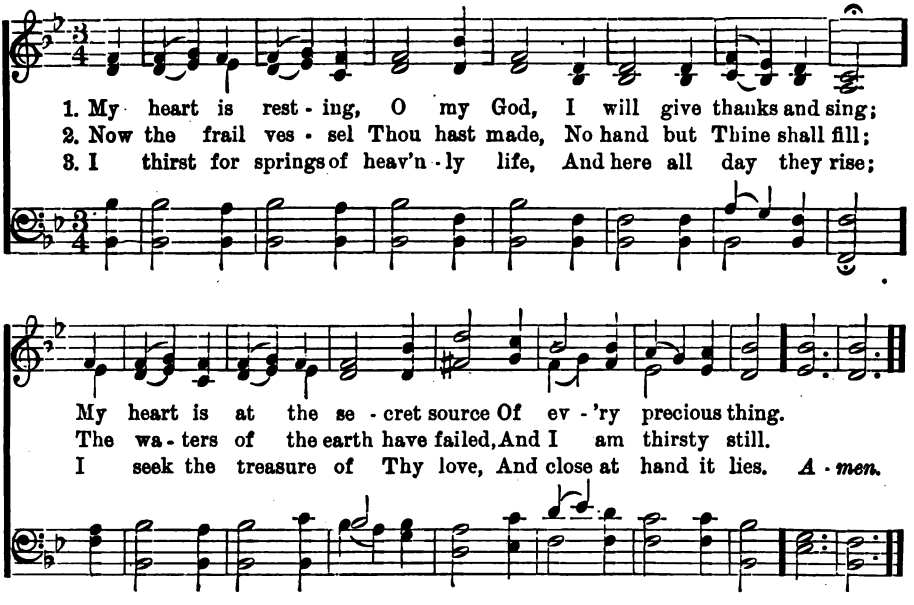
144 The Day Thou Gavest, Lord, is Ended.

Anon.
(TWILIGHT.)
Anon.
1. The day Thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The dark - ness
2. We thank Thee that Thy Church un - sleep - ing, While earth rolls
3. As o'er each con - ti - nent and is - land, The dawn leads
falls at Thy be - hest; To Thee our morn- ing hymns as-
on - ward in - to light, Thro' all the world her watch is
on an - oth - er day, The voice of pray'r is nev - er
cend - ed, Thy praise shall sanc - ti - fy our rest.
keep - ing, And rests not now by day or night.
si - lent, Nor dies the strain of praise a - way.
A - men.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the Western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy Throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

145 My Heart is Resting, O My God.

A. L. Waring. (WARING.) Swiss Melody.


1. My heart is rest - ing, O my God, I will give thanks and sing;
2. Now the frail ves - sel Thou hast made, No hand but Thine shall fill;
3. I thirst for springs of heav'n - ly life, And here all day they rise;
My heart is at the se - cret source Of ev - 'ry precious thing.
The wa - ters of the earth have failed, And I am thirsty still.
I seek the treasure of Thy love, And close at hand it lies. A - men.

4 And a "new song" is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet!

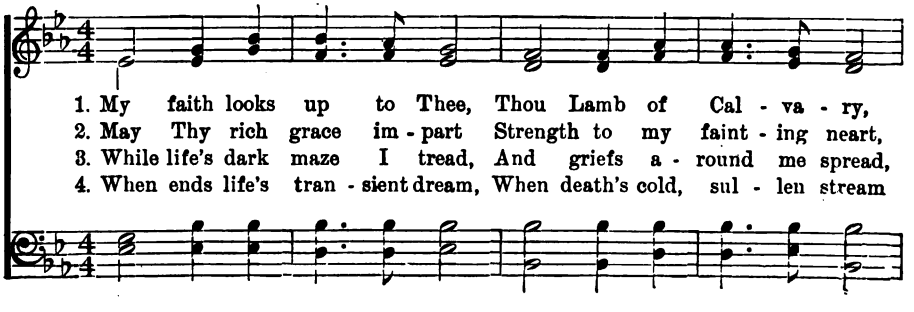
5 I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
The hand that bled to make it mine,
Is keeping it for me.

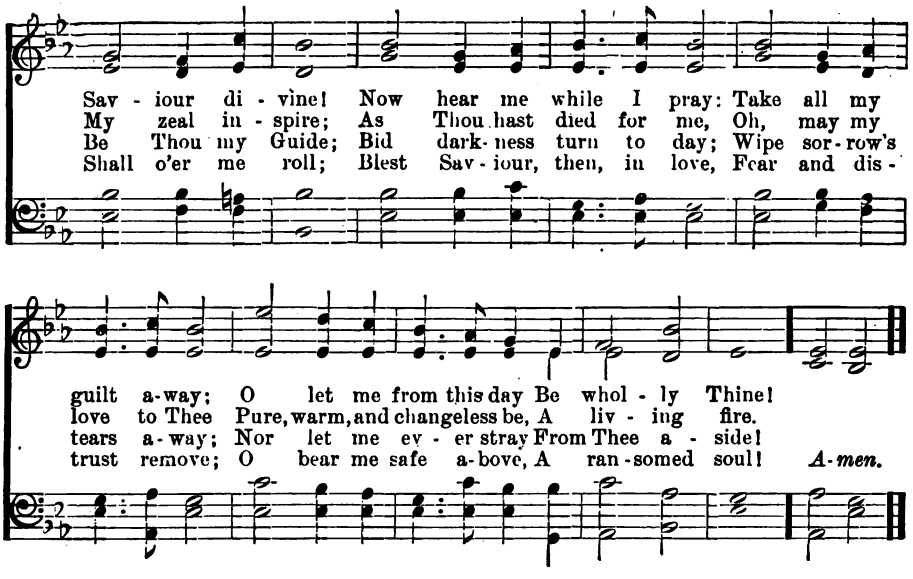
6 There is a certainty of love,
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for to-day,
That to be poor is best.

7 A prayer, reposing on His truth,
Who hath made all things mine;
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

146 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

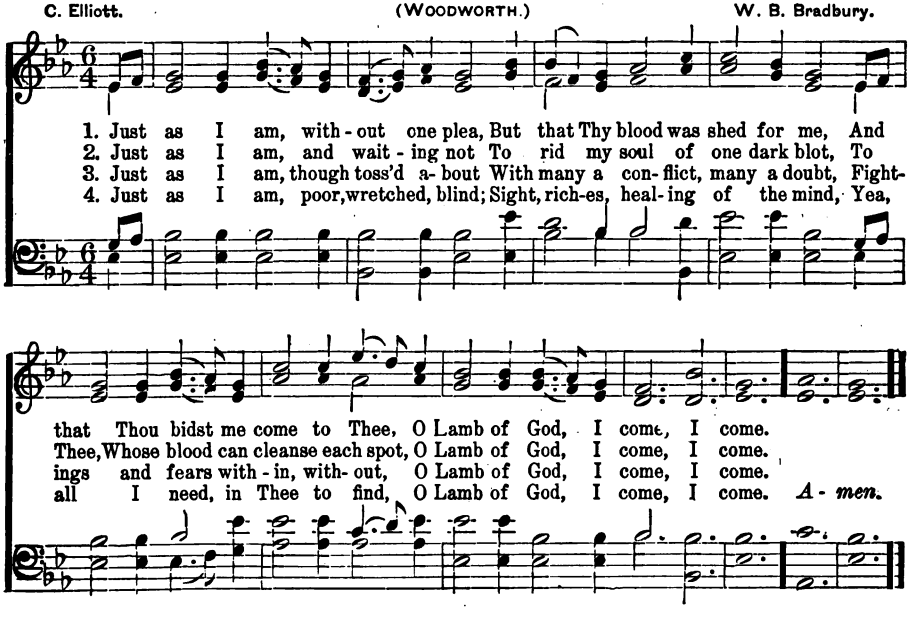
Ray Palmer. (OLIVET.) L. Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

My Faith Looks Up.—Concluded.

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray: Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day; Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -
guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way; Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side!
trust remove; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul! A - men.

147 Just as I Am, Without One Plea.

C. Elliott. (WOODWORTH.) W. B. Bradbury.


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
3. Just as I am, though toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt, Fight -
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind, Yea,
that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
ings and fears with - in, with - out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - men.

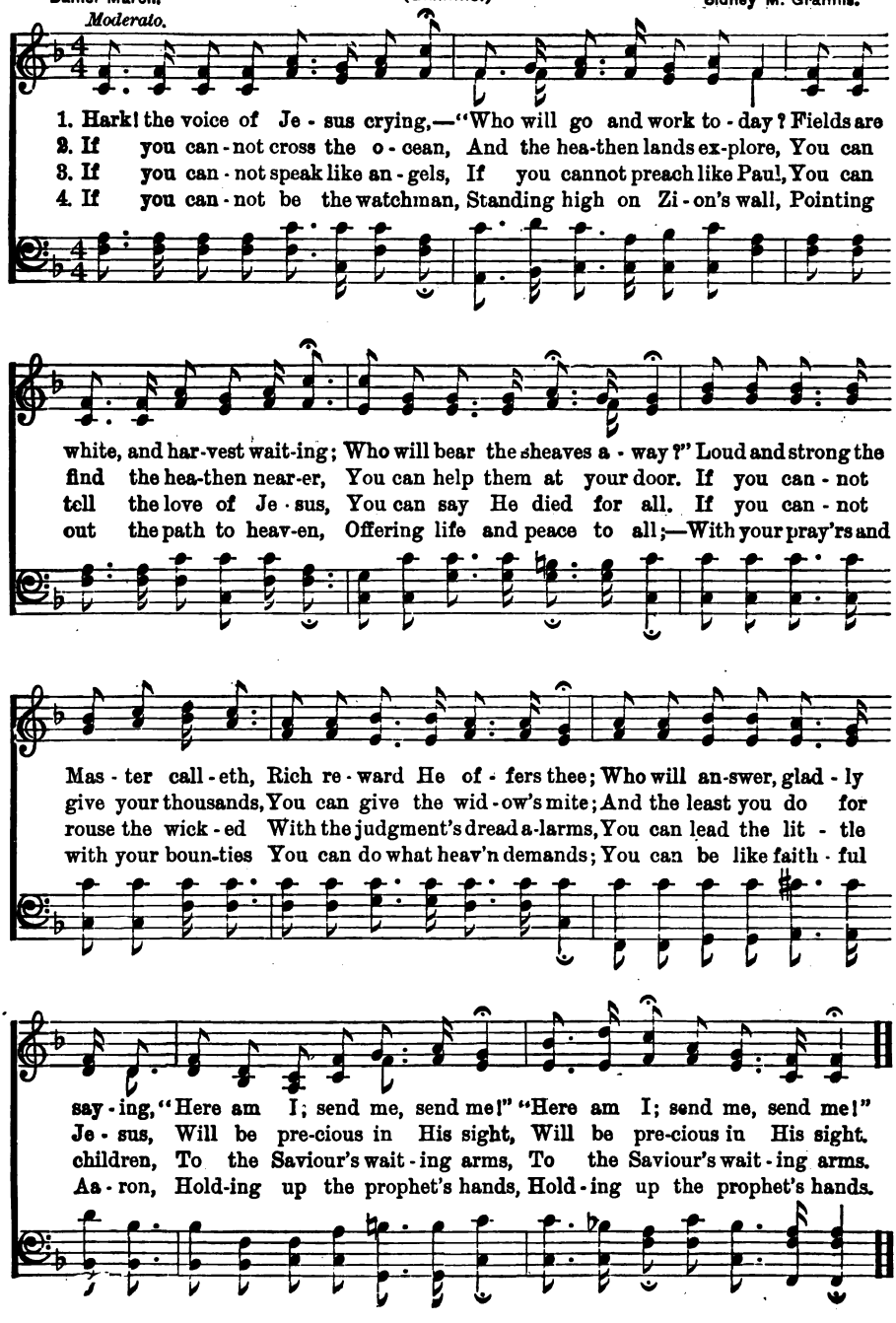
5 Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

148 Hark! the Voice of Jesus Crying.

Daniel March. (GRANNIS.) Sidney M. Grannis.

Moderato.

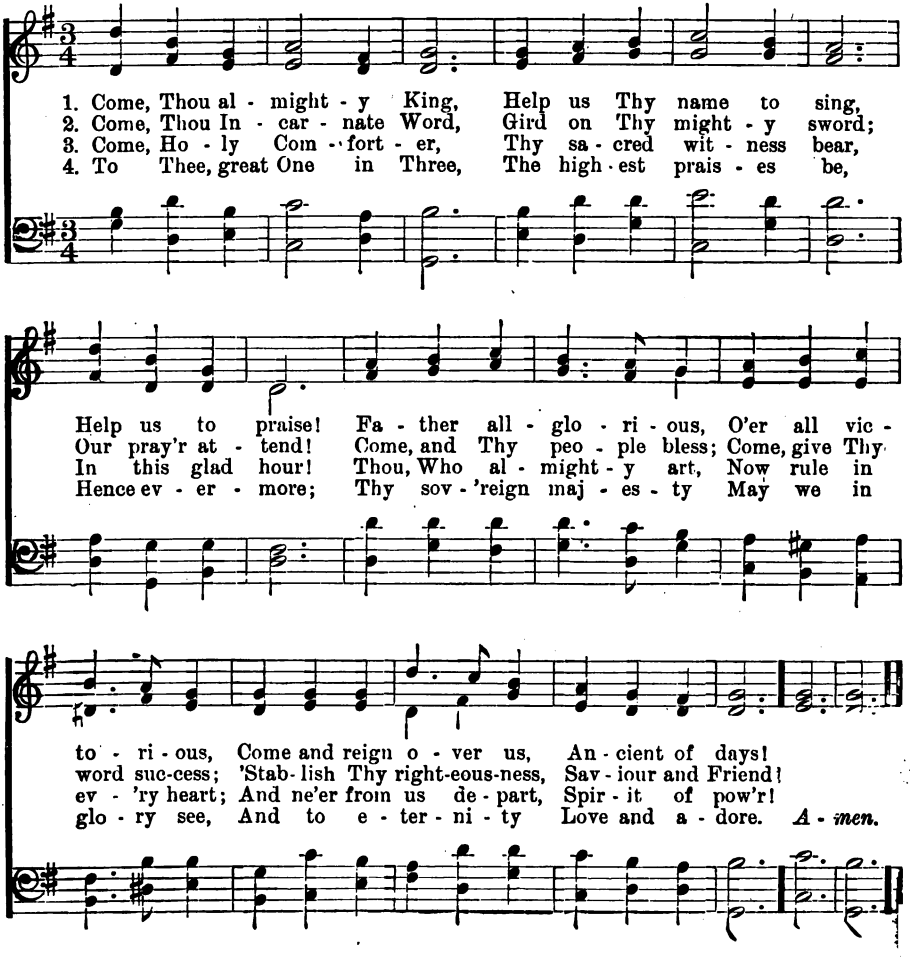

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus crying,—"Who will go and work to - day? Fields are white, and har-vest wait-ing; Who will bear the sheaves a - way?" Loud and strong the
2. If you can-not cross the o - cean, And the hea-then lands ex-plore, You can find the hea-then near-er, You can help them at your door. If you can - not
3. If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you cannot preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all. If you can - not
4. If you can - not be the watchman, Standing high on Zi - on's wall, Pointing out the path to heav-en, Offering life and peace to all;—With your pray'rs and
Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee; Who will an-swer, glad - ly
give your thousands, You can give the wid - ow's mite; And the least you do for
rouse the wick - ed With the judgment's dread a-larms, You can lead the lit - tle
with your boun-ties You can do what heav'n demands; You can be like faith - ful
say - ing, "Here am I; send me, send me!" "Here am I; send me, send me!"
Je - sus, Will be pre-cious in His sight, Will be pre-cious in His sight.
children, To the Saviour's wait - ing arms, To the Saviour's wait - ing arms.
Aa - ron, Hold-ing up the prophet's hands, Hold - ing up the prophet's hands.

Hark! the Voice.—Concluded.

5 If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shepherd,
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

6 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do."
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

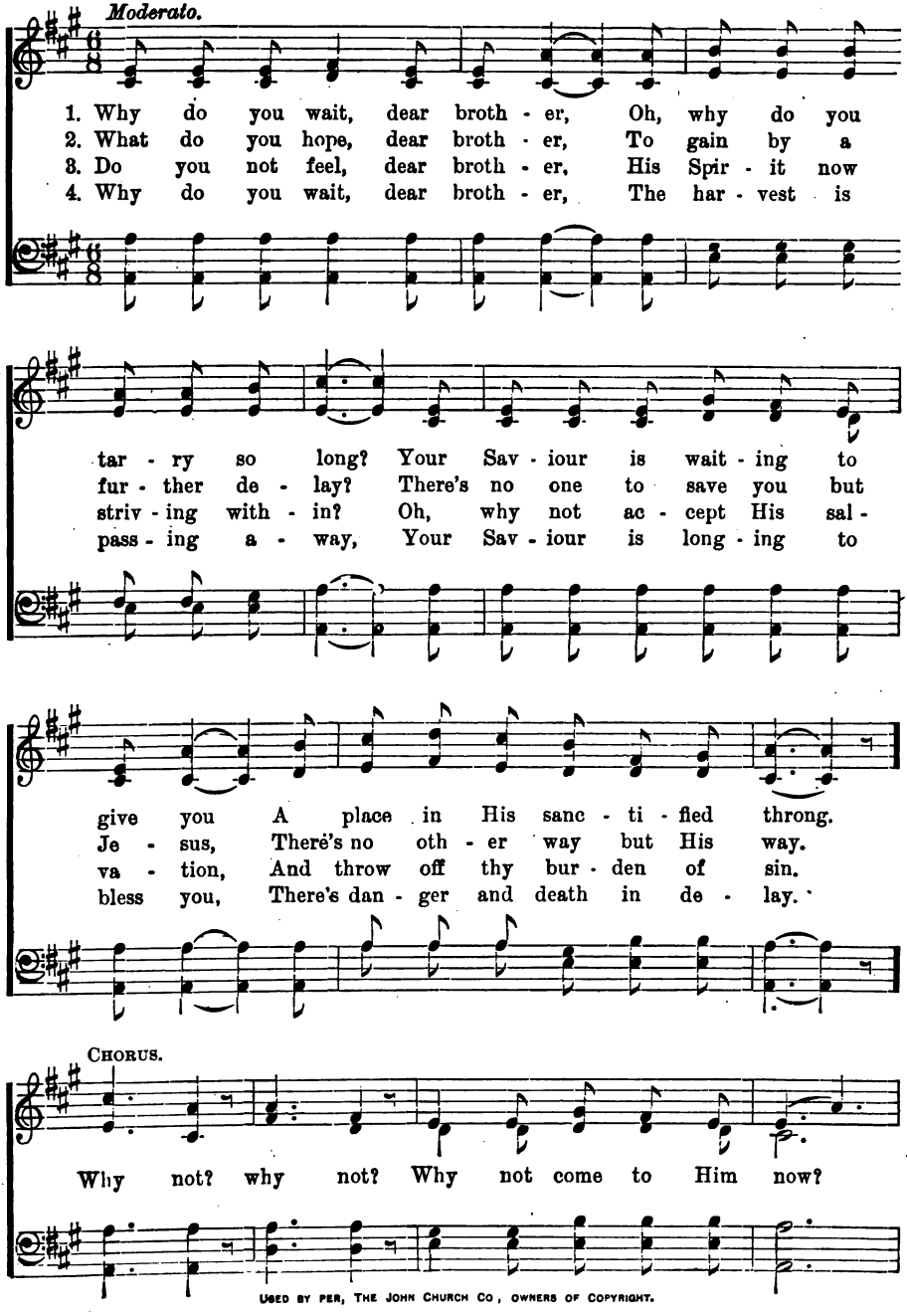
149 Come, Thou Almighty King.

C. Wesley. (MOSCOW.) F. Giardini.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword;
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
4. To Thee, great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be,
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our pray'r at - tend! Come, and Thy peo - ple bless; Come, give Thy
In this glad hour! Thou, Who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more; Thy sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
word suc-cess; 'Stab - lish Thy right-eous-ness, Sav - iour and Friend!
ev - 'ry heart; And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore. A - men.

150 Why do You Wait, Dear Brother?

G. F. R. (WHY DO YOU WAIT?) Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? Your Sav - iour is wait - ing to give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now striv - ing with - in? Oh, why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin.
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is pass - ing a - way, Your Sav - iour is long - ing to bless you, There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.
CHORUS.
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

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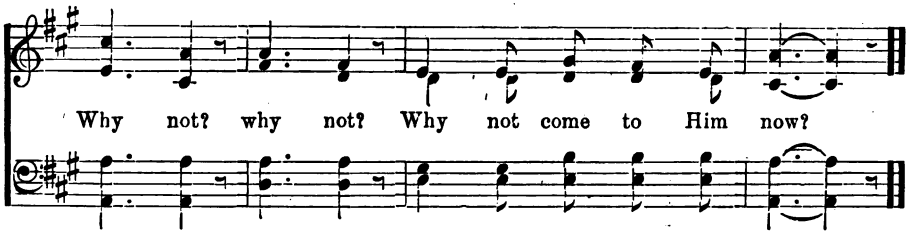
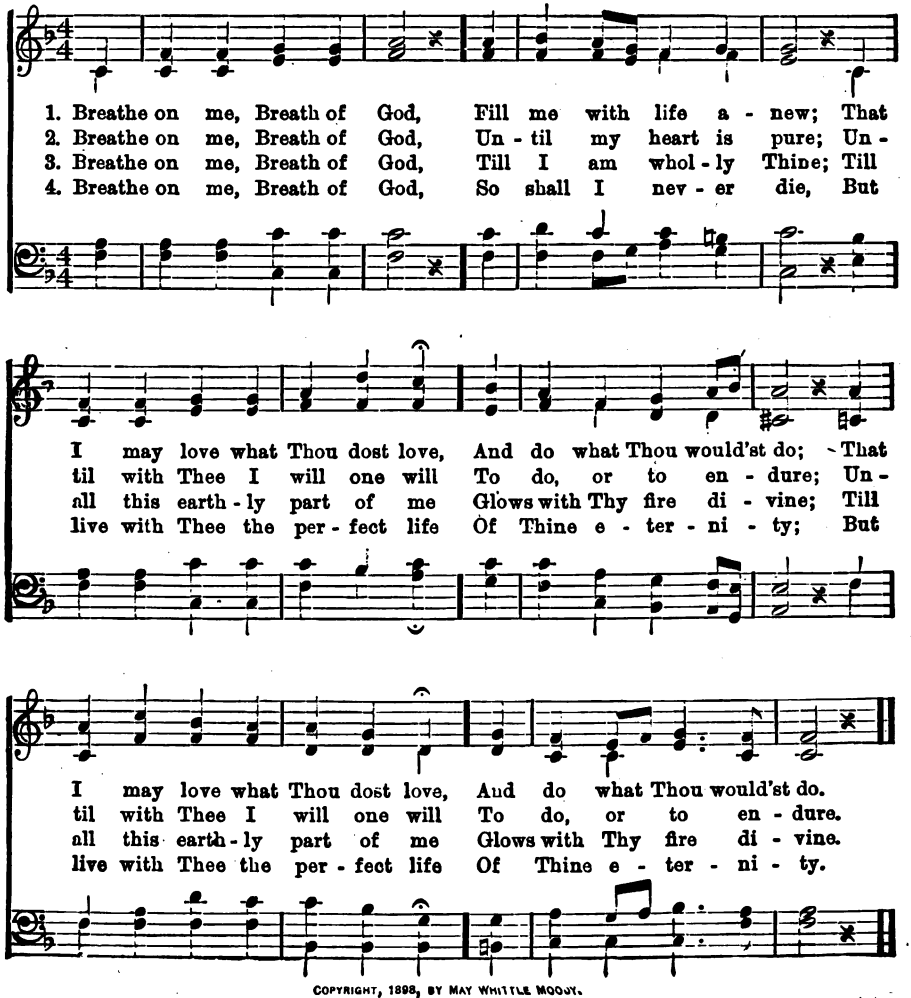
Why do You Wait, Dear Brother?—Concluded.



151 Breathe on Me, Breath of God.

Edwin Hatch. (WHITTLE.) Miss Mary Whittle.

1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new; That
2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure; Un -
3. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am whol - ly Thine; Till
4. Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I nev - er die, But
I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou would'st do; That
til with Thee I will one will To do, or to en - dure; Un -
all this earth - ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine; Till
live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty; But
I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou would'st do.
til with Thee I will one will To do, or to en - dure.
all this earth - ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine.
live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty.

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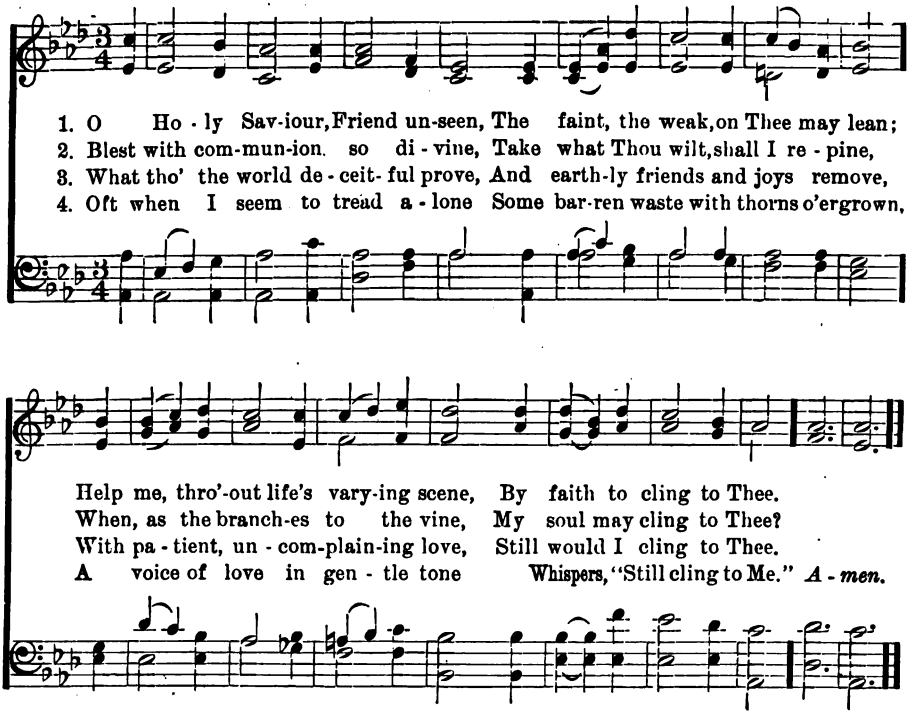
152 O Holy Saviour, Friend Unseen.

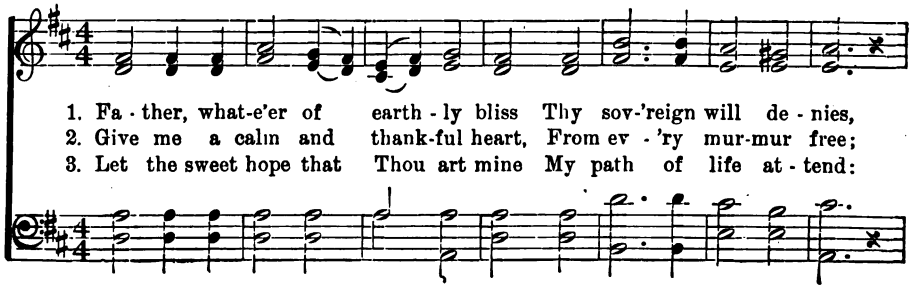
C. Elliott. (KIRKSTALL.) F. Carr.


1. O Ho - ly Sav-iour, Friend un-seen, The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean;
2. Blest with com-mun-ion so di - vine, Take what Thou wilt, shall I re - pine,
3. What tho' the world de - ceit- ful prove, And earth-ly friends and joys remove,
4. Oft when I seem to tread a - lone Some bar-ren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Help me, thro'-out life's vary-ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee.
When, as the branch-es to the vine, My soul may cling to Thee?
With pa - tient, un - com-plain-ing love, Still would I cling to Thee.
A voice of love in gen - tle tone Whispers, "Still cling to Me." A - men.

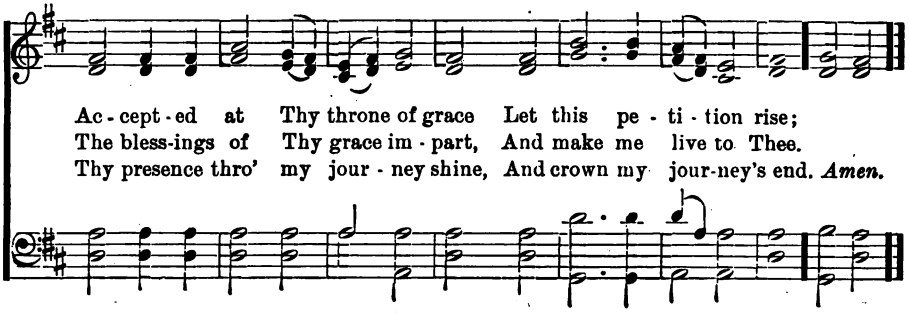
5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

6 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near and strong to save,
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

153 Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

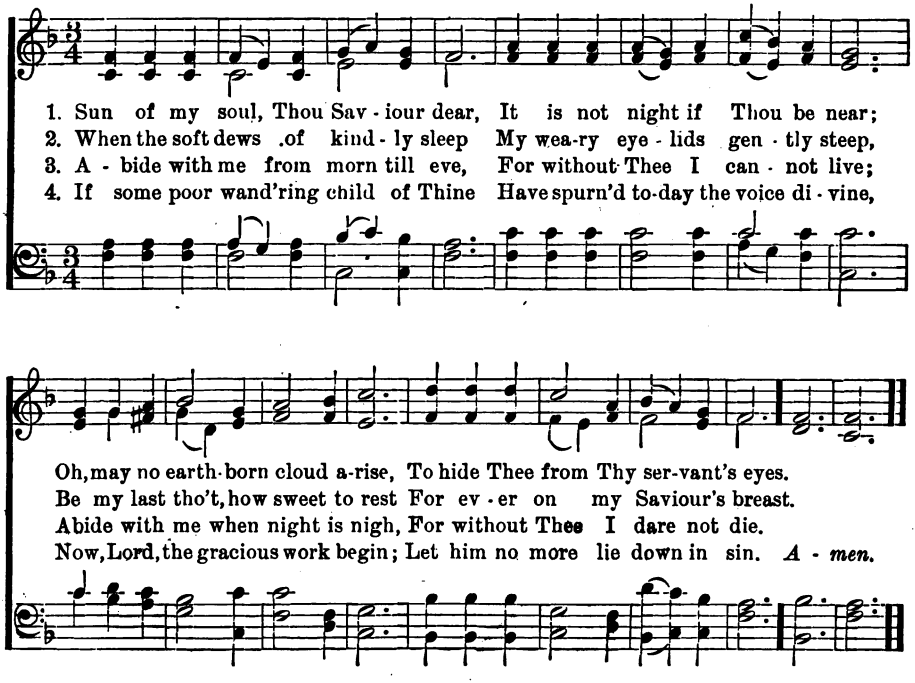
Anne Steele. (NAOMI.) L. Mason.

1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov-'reign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm and thank-ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My path of life at - tend:

Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.—Concluded.


Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise;
The bless-ings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy presence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end. *Amen.*

154 Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear.

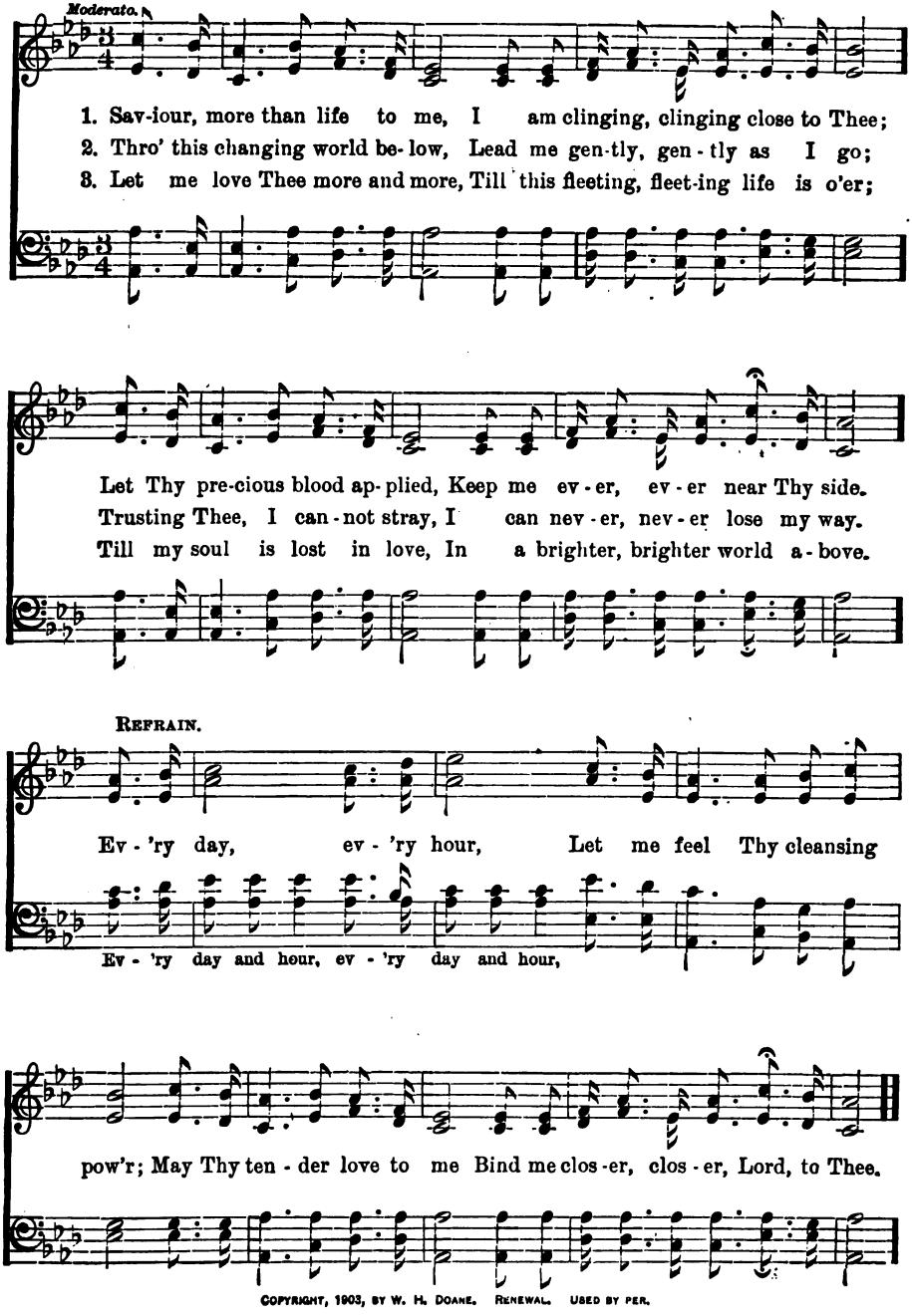
J. Keble. (HURSLEY.) Arr. by W. H. Monk.


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
4. If some poor wand'ring child of Thine Have spurn'd to-day the voice di - vine,
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin. *A - men.*

5 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

155 Saviour, More Than Life to Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. (EVERY DAY AND HOUR.) W. H. Doane.

Moderato.
1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleet-ing life is o'er;
Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.
REFRAIN.
Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,
pow'r; May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

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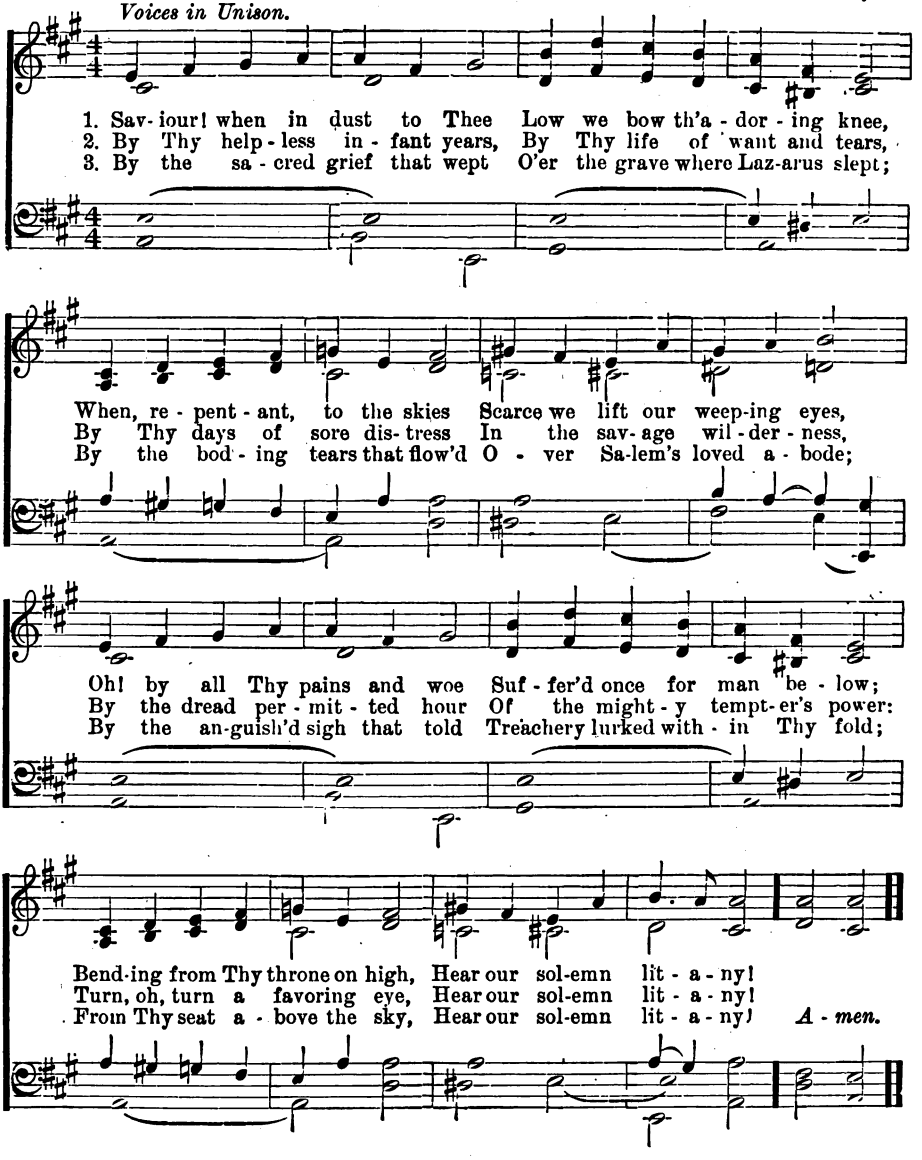
156 Saviour, When in Dust to Thee.

R. Grant. (HERVEY.) F. A. J. Hervey.

Voices in Unison.

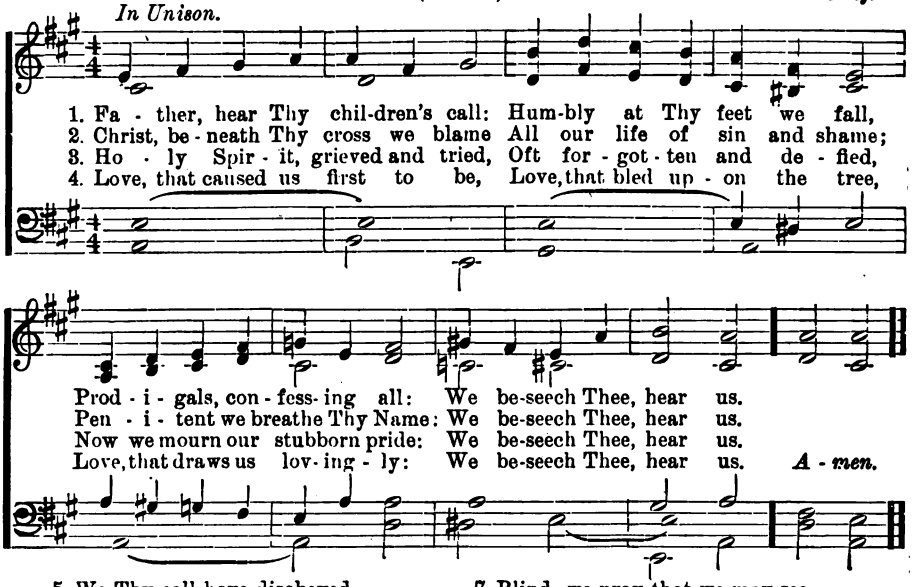

1. Sav-iour! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a-dor-ing knee,
2. By Thy help-less in-fant years, By Thy life of want and tears,
3. By the sa-cred grief that wept O'er the grave where Laz-arus slept;
When, re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes,
By Thy days of sore dis-tress In the sav-age wil-der-ness,
By the bod-ing tears that flow'd O-ver Sa-lem's loved a-bode;
Oh! by all Thy pains and woe Suf-fer'd once for man be-low;
By the dread per-mit-ted hour Of the might-y tempt-er's power:
By the an-guish'd sigh that told Treachery lurked with-in Thy fold;
Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny!
Turn, oh, turn a favoring eye, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny!
From Thy seat a-bove the sky, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny! A-men.

4 By the burthen Thou didst bear,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sealed sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

157 Father, Hear Thy Children's Call.

T. B. Pollock. (HERVEY.) Rev. F. A. J. Hervey.

In Unison.

1. Fa - ther, hear Thy chil-dren's call: Hum-bly at Thy feet we fall,
2. Christ, be - neath Thy cross we blame All our life of sin and shame;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, grieved and tried, Oft for - got - ten and de - fied,
4. Love, that caused us first to be, Love, that bled up - on the tree,
Prod - i - gals, con - fess - ing all: We be-seech Thee, hear us.
Pen - i - tent we breathe Thy Name: We be-seech Thee, hear us.
Now we mourn our stubborn pride: We be-seech Thee, hear us.
Love, that draws us lov - ing - ly: We be-seech Thee, hear us. A - men.

5 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,
And repentance have delayed:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

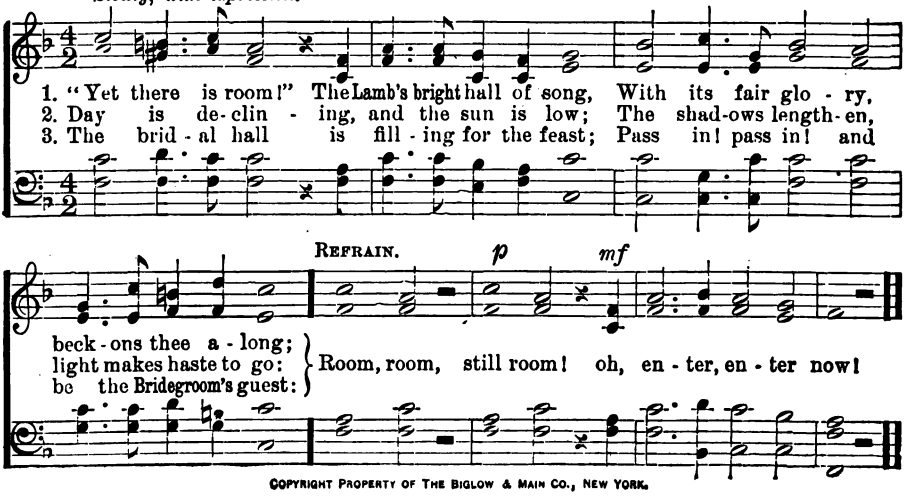
7 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Thou, Who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

158 Yet There is Room.

Horatius Bonar. (BONAR.) Ira D. Sankey.

Slowly, with expression.


1. "Yet there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry,
2. Day is de-clin - ing, and the sun is low; The shad-ows length-en,
3. The brid - al hall is fill - ing for the feast; Pass in! pass in! and
REFRAIN.
p
mf
beck - ons thee a - long;
light makes haste to go:
be the Bridegroom's guest:
Room, room, still room! oh, en - ter, en - ter now!

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Yet There is Room.—Concluded.

4 It fills, it fills that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

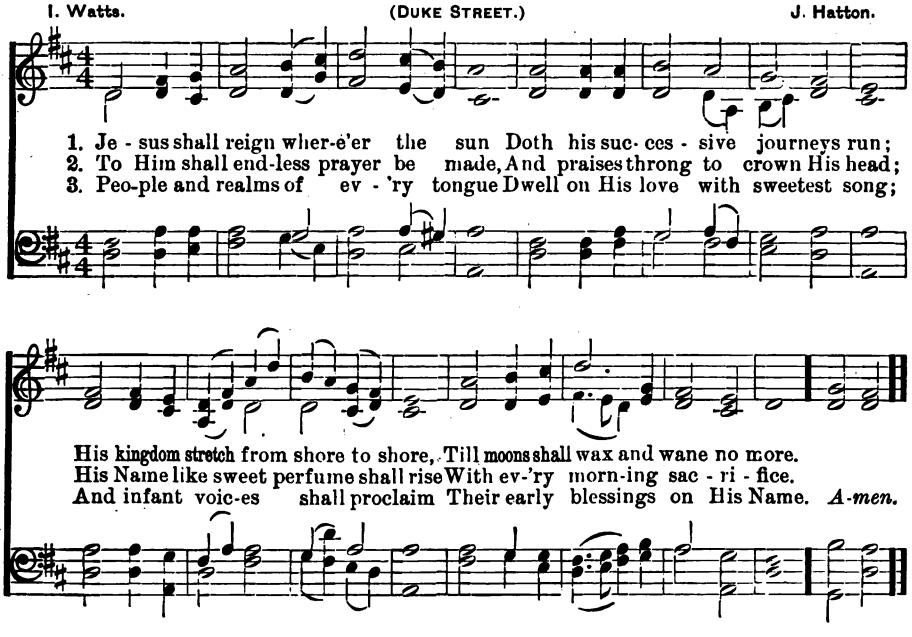
6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

8 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

159 Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

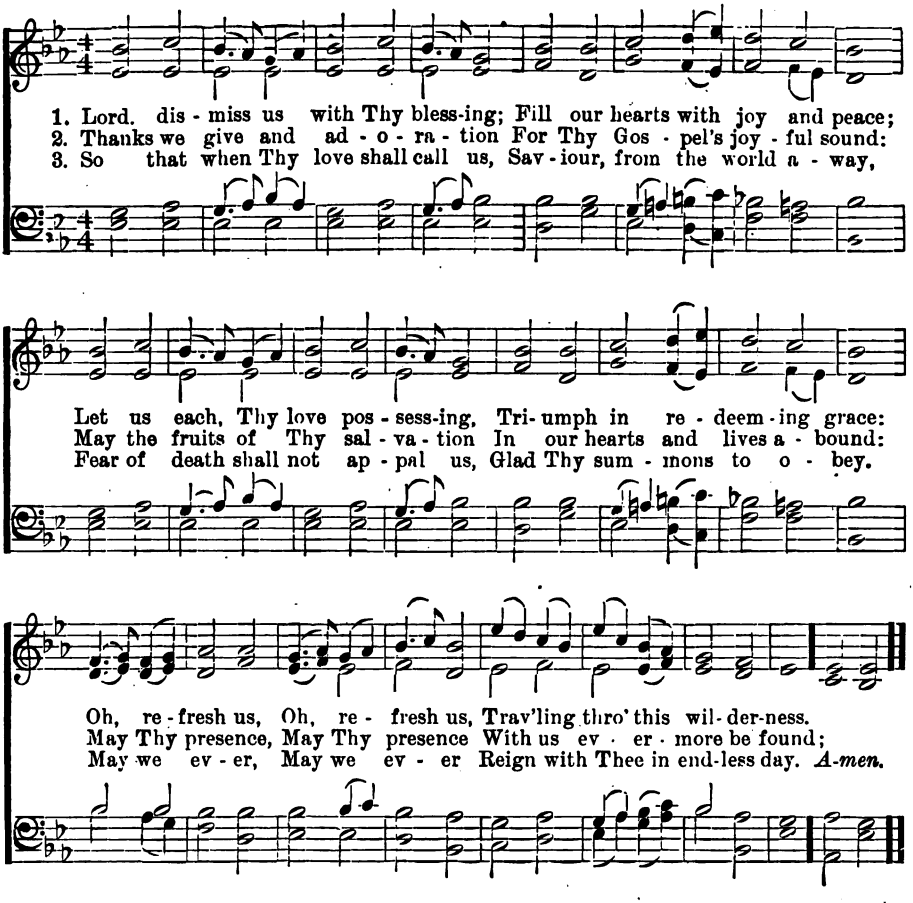
I. Watts. (DUKE STREET.) J. Hatton.


1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Doth his suc-ces - sive journeys run;
2. To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And praises throng to crown His head;
3. Peo-ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
And infant voic-es shall proclaim Their early blessings on His Name. A-men.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

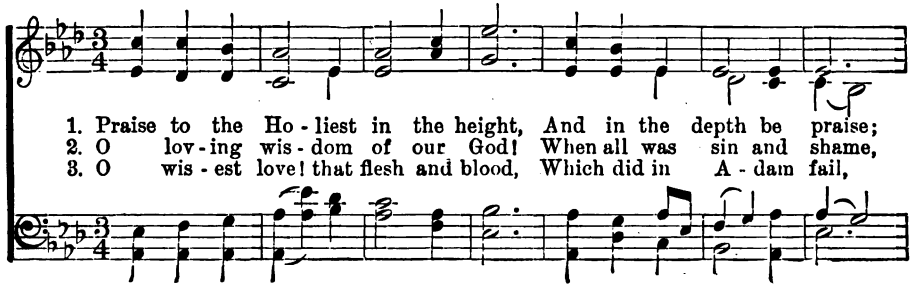
5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

160 Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing.

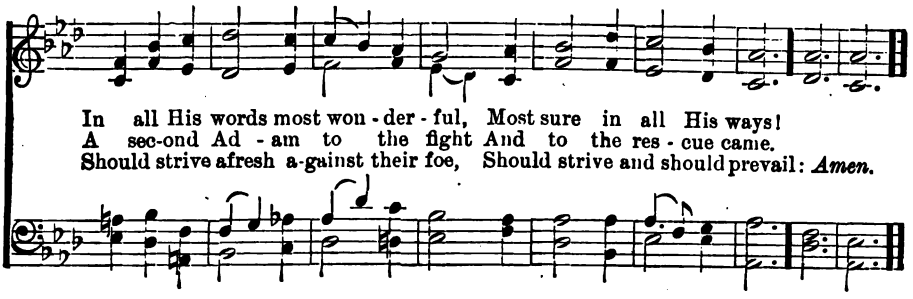
J. Fawcett. (DISMISSAL.) Anon.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion For Thy Gos - pel's joy - ful sound:
3. So that when Thy love shall call us, Sav - iour, from the world a - way,
Let us each, Thy love pos - sess-ing, Tri- umph in re - deem - ing grace:
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound:
Fear of death shall not ap - pal us, Glad Thy sum - mons to o - bey.
Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der-ness.
May Thy presence, May Thy presence With us ev - er - more be found;
May we ev - er, May we ev - er Reign with Thee in end-less day. A-men.

161 Praise to the Holiest in the Height.

J. H. Newman. (GERONTIUS.) J. B. Dykes


1. Praise to the Ho - liest in the height, And in the depth be praise;
2. O lov - ing wis - dom of our God! When all was sin and shame,
3. O wis - est love! that flesh and blood, Which did in A - dam fail,

Praise to the Holiest in the Height.—Concluded.


In all His words most won - der - ful, Most sure in all His ways!
A sec-ond Ad - am to the fight And to the res - cue came.
Should strive afresh a-gainst their foe, Should strive and should prevail: *Amen.*

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine;
God's presence and His very Self,
And essence all-divine.

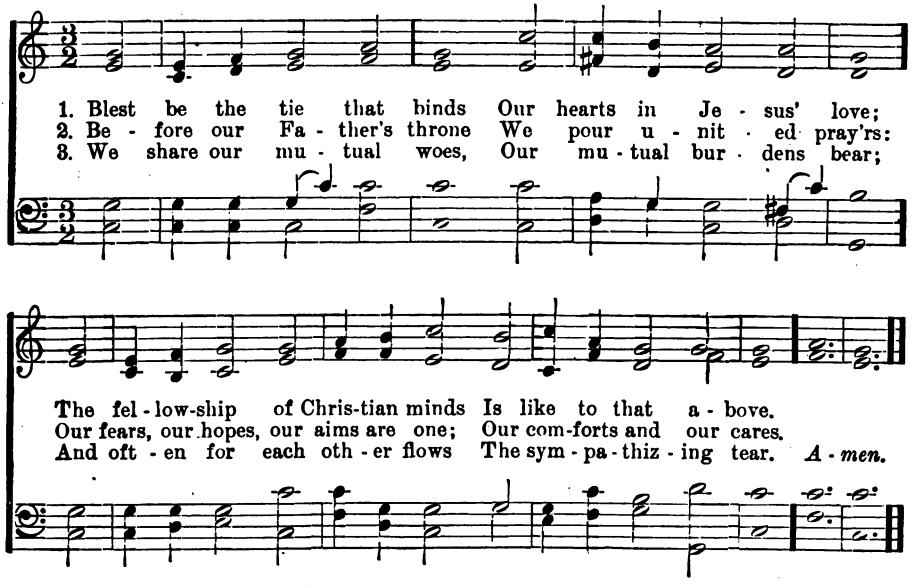
5 O generous love! that He, who smote
In Man for man the foe;
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo:

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

162 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

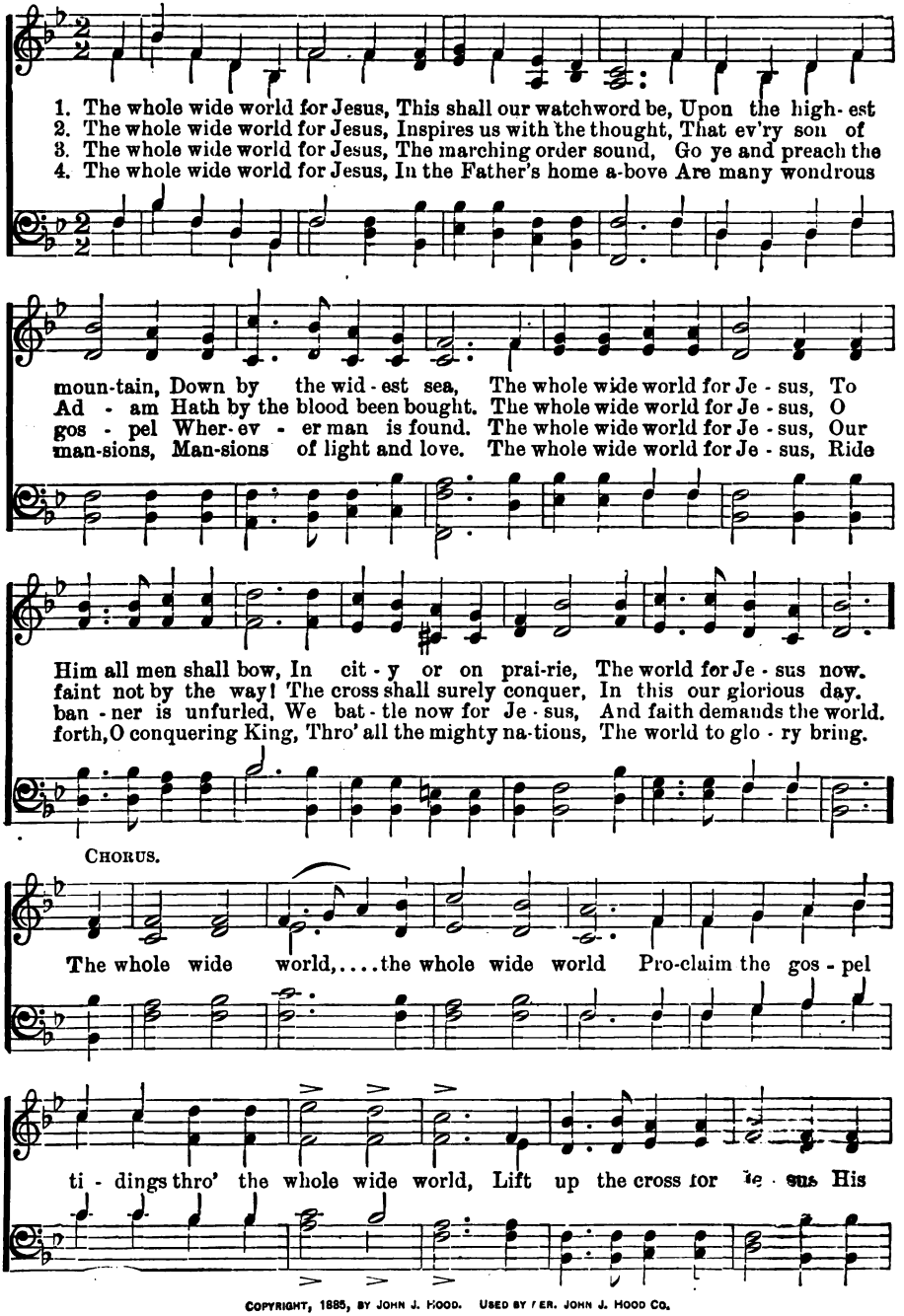
J. Fawcett. (BOYLSTON) Lowell Mason.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Je - sus' love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour u - nit - ed pray'rs:
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
The fel - low-ship of Chris-tian minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one; Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear. *A - men.*

4 When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

163 The Whole Wide World.

J. D. Hammond. (KIRKPATRICK.) W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. The whole wide world for Jesus, This shall our watchword be, Upon the high-est
2. The whole wide world for Jesus, Inspires us with the thought, That ev'ry son of
3. The whole wide world for Jesus, The marching order sound, Go ye and preach the
4. The whole wide world for Jesus, In the Father's home a-bove Are many wondrous
moun-tain, Down by the wid-est sea, The whole wide world for Je-sus, To
Ad-am Hath by the blood been bought. The whole wide world for Je-sus, O
gos-pel Wher-ev-er man is found. The whole wide world for Je-sus, Our
man-sions, Man-sions of light and love. The whole wide world for Je-sus, Ride
Him all men shall bow, In cit-y or on prai-rie, The world for Je-sus now.
faint not by the way! The cross shall surely conquer, In this our glorious day.
ban-ner is unfurled, We bat-tle now for Je-sus, And faith demands the world.
forth, O conquering King, Thro' all the mighty na-tions, The world to glo-ry bring.
CHORUS.
The whole wide world,....the whole wide world Pro-claim the gos-pel
ti-dings thro' the whole wide world, Lift up the cross for Je-sus His

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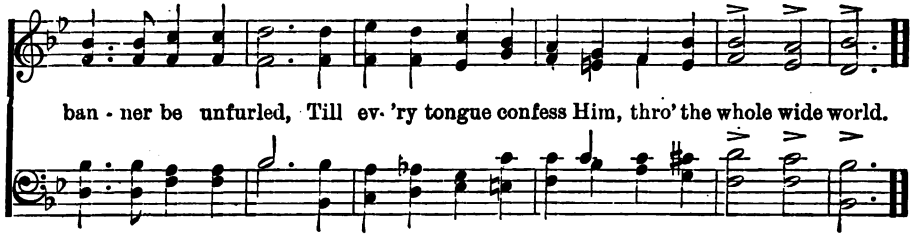
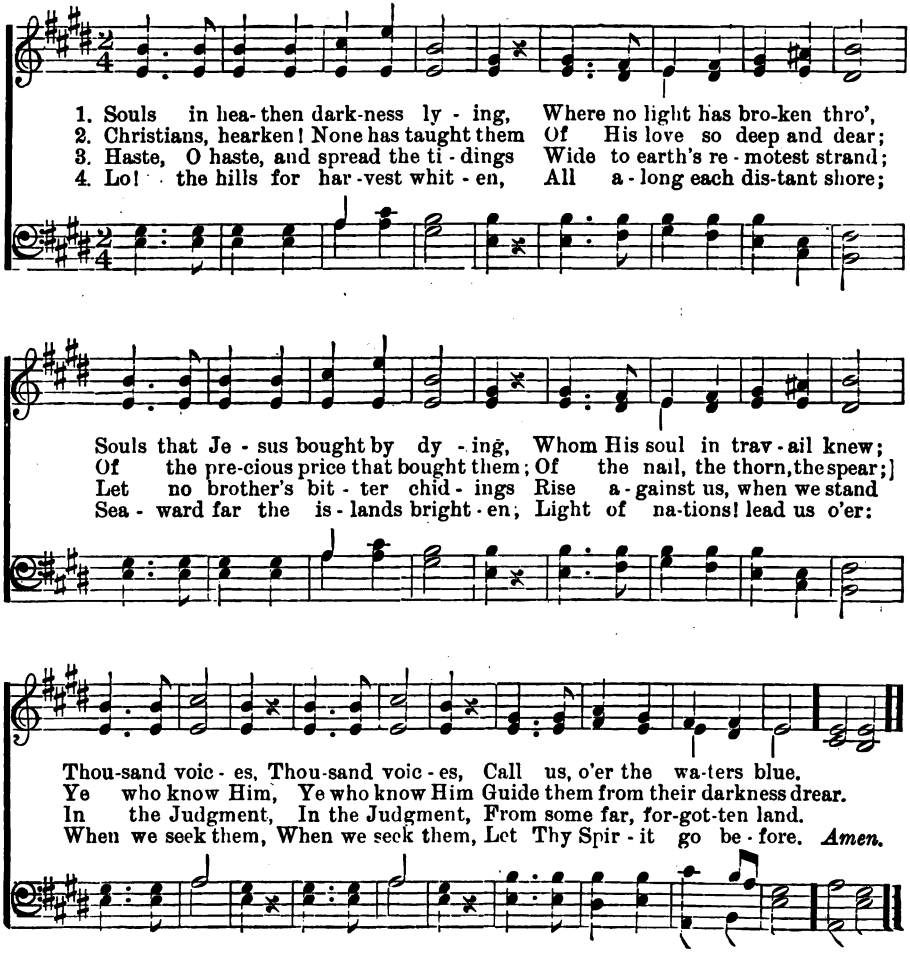
The Whole Wide World.—Concluded.



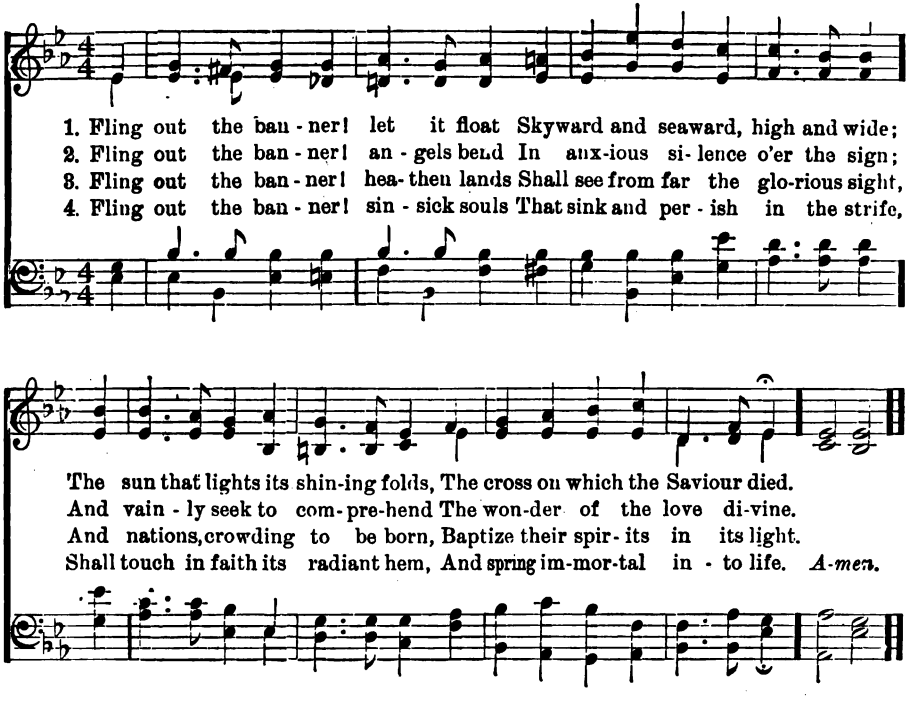
164 Souls In Heathen Darkness Lying.

C. F. Alexander. (ST. ENOCH.) W. B. Gilbert.


1. Souls in hea- then dark-ness ly - ing, Where no light has bro-ken thro',
2. Christians, hearken! None has taught them Of His love so deep and dear;
3. Haste, O haste, and spread the ti - dings Wide to earth's re - motest strand;
4. Lo! the hills for har - vest whit - en, All a - long each dis-tant shore;
Souls that Je - sus bought by dy - ing, Whom His soul in trav - ail knew;
Of the pre-cious price that bought them; Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Let no brother's bit - ter chid - ings Rise a - gainst us, when we stand
Sea - ward far the is - lands bright - en; Light of na-tions! lead us o'er:
Thou-sand voic - es, Thou-sand voic - es, Call us, o'er the wa-ters blue.
Ye who know Him, Ye who know Him Guide them from their darkness drear.
In the Judgment, In the Judgment, From some far, for-got-ten land.
When we seek them, When we seek them, Let Thy Spir - it go be - fore. Amen.

165 Fling Out the Banner! Let it Float.

G. W. Doane. (CAMDEN.) J. B. Calkin.

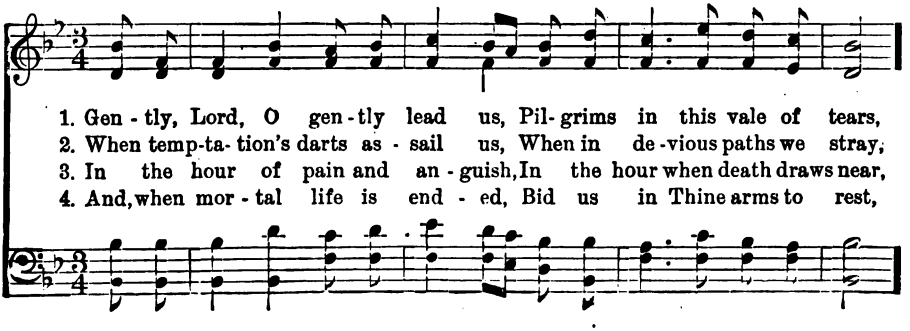

1. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban - ner! an - gels bend In anx-ious si- lence o'er the sign;
3. Fling out the ban - ner! hea- then lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,
4. Fling out the ban - ner! sin - sick souls That sink and per - ish in the strife,
The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Saviour died.
And vain - ly seek to com- pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine.
And nations, crowding to be born, Baptize their spir- its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life. A-men.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

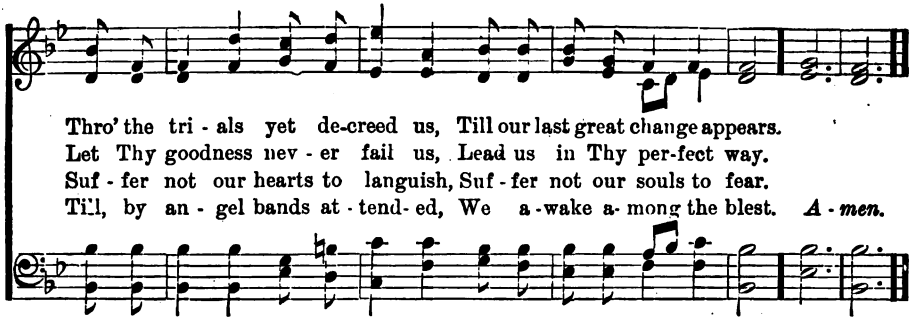
6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

166 Gently, Lord, O Gently Lead Us.

Thomas Hastings. (STOCKWELL.) D. E. Jones.

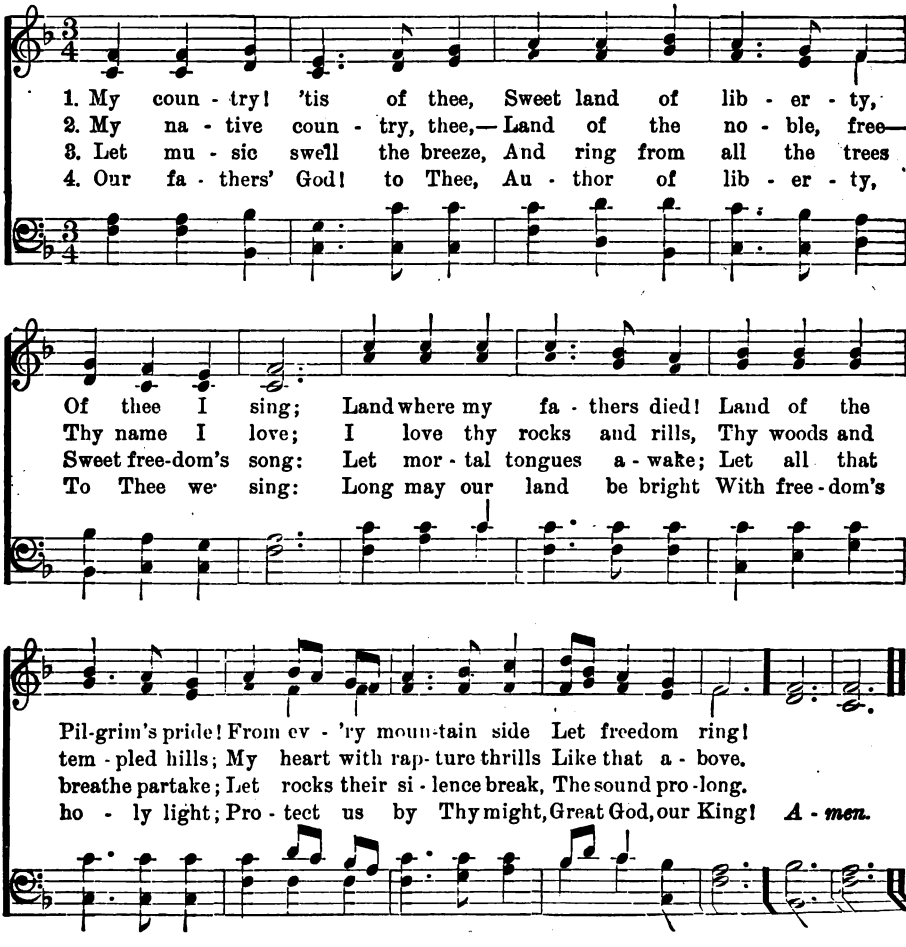

1. Gen - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us, Pil- grims in this vale of tears,
2. When temp-ta- tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,
3. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws near,
4. And, when mor - tal life is end - ed, Bid us in Thine arms to rest,

Gently, Lord, O Gently Lead Us.—Concluded.

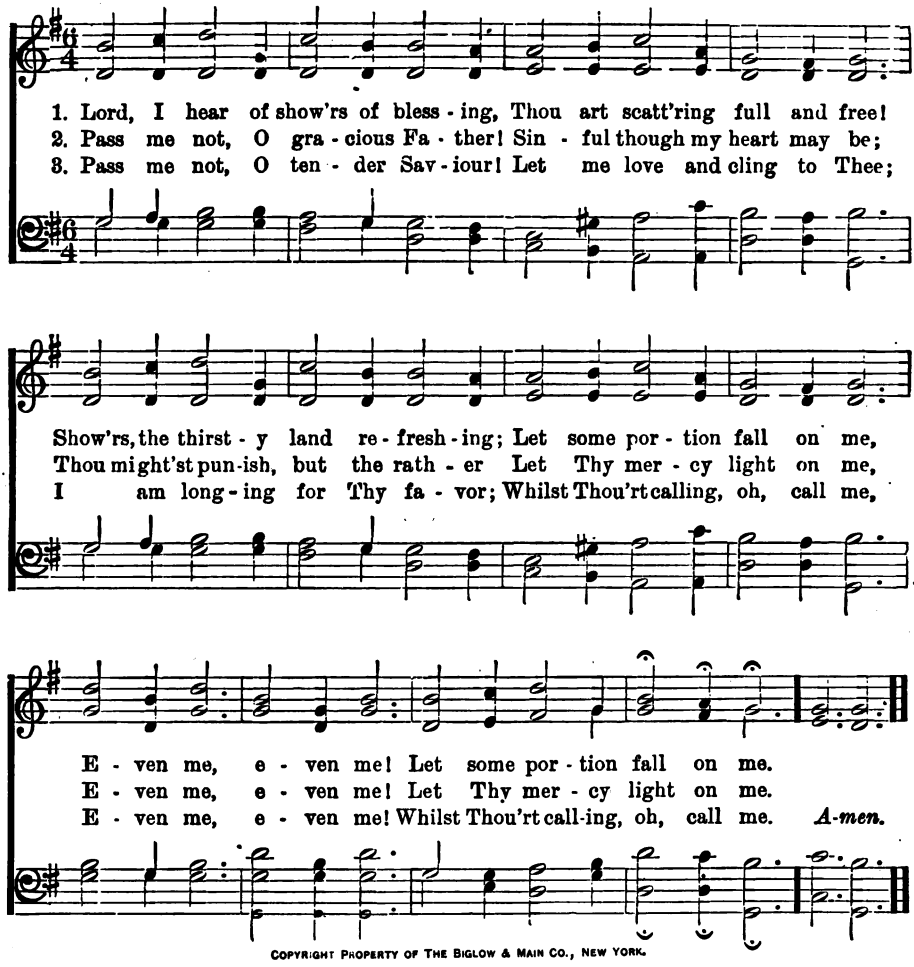

Thro' the tri - als yet de-creed us, Till our last great change appears.
Let Thy goodness nev - er fail us, Lead us in Thy per-fect way.
Suf - fer not our hearts to languish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear.
Till, by an - gel bands at - tend- ed, We a -wake a- mong the blest. A - men.

167 My Country! 'tis of Thee.

Samuel F. Smith. (AMERICA.) Fr. John Bull.


1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee,— Land of the no - ble, free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's
Pil-grim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let freedom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap- ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! A - men.

168 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

Elizabeth Codner. (EVEN ME.) Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free!
2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther! Sin - ful though my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - iour! Let me love and cling to Thee;
Show'rs, the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some por - tion fall on me,
Thou might'st pun-ish, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy light on me,
I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me,
E - ven me, e - ven me! Let some por - tion fall on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me! Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me! Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, oh, call me. A-men.

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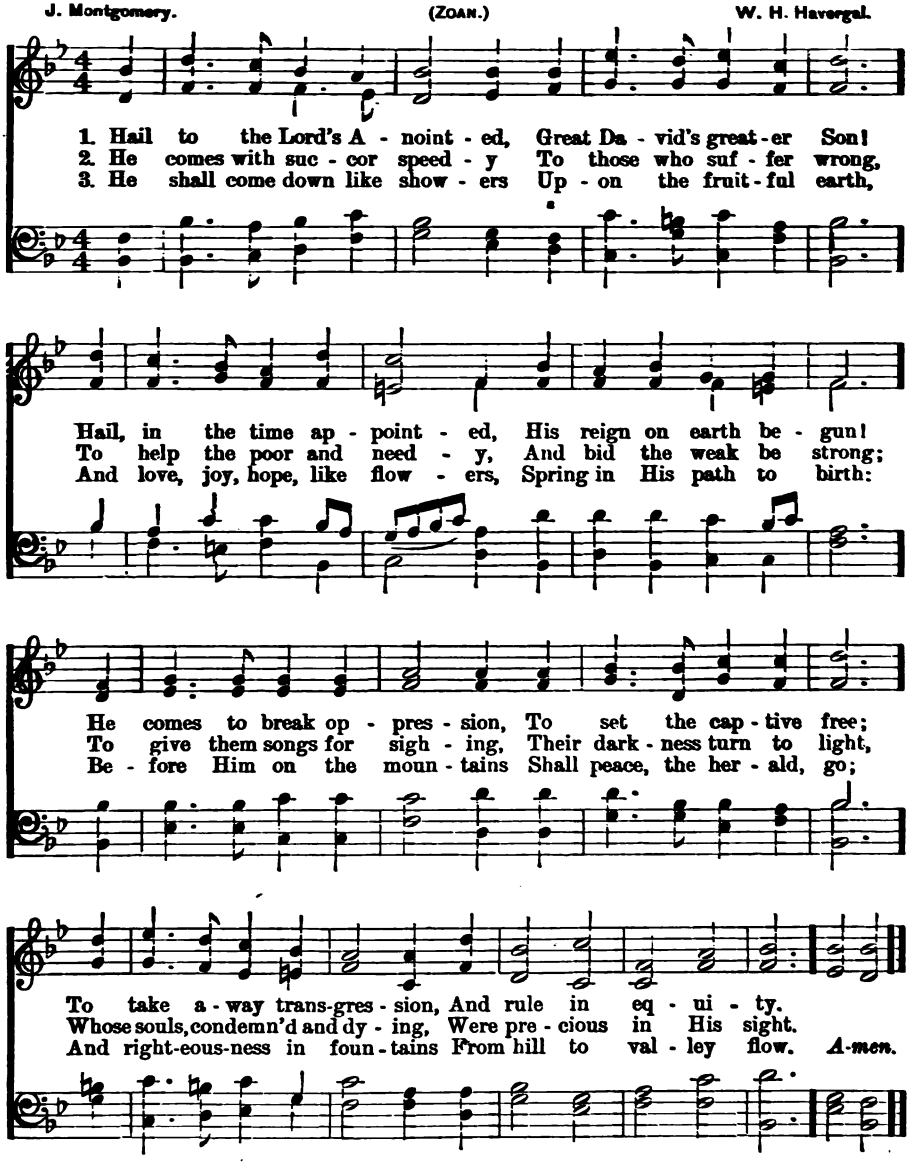
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me, even me!
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me,
Even me, even me!
Oh, forgive and rescue me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of God, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,
Even me, even me!
Magnify it all in me.

7 Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee!
All my heart to Thee is springing;
Blessing others, oh, bless me,
Even me, even me!
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

169 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

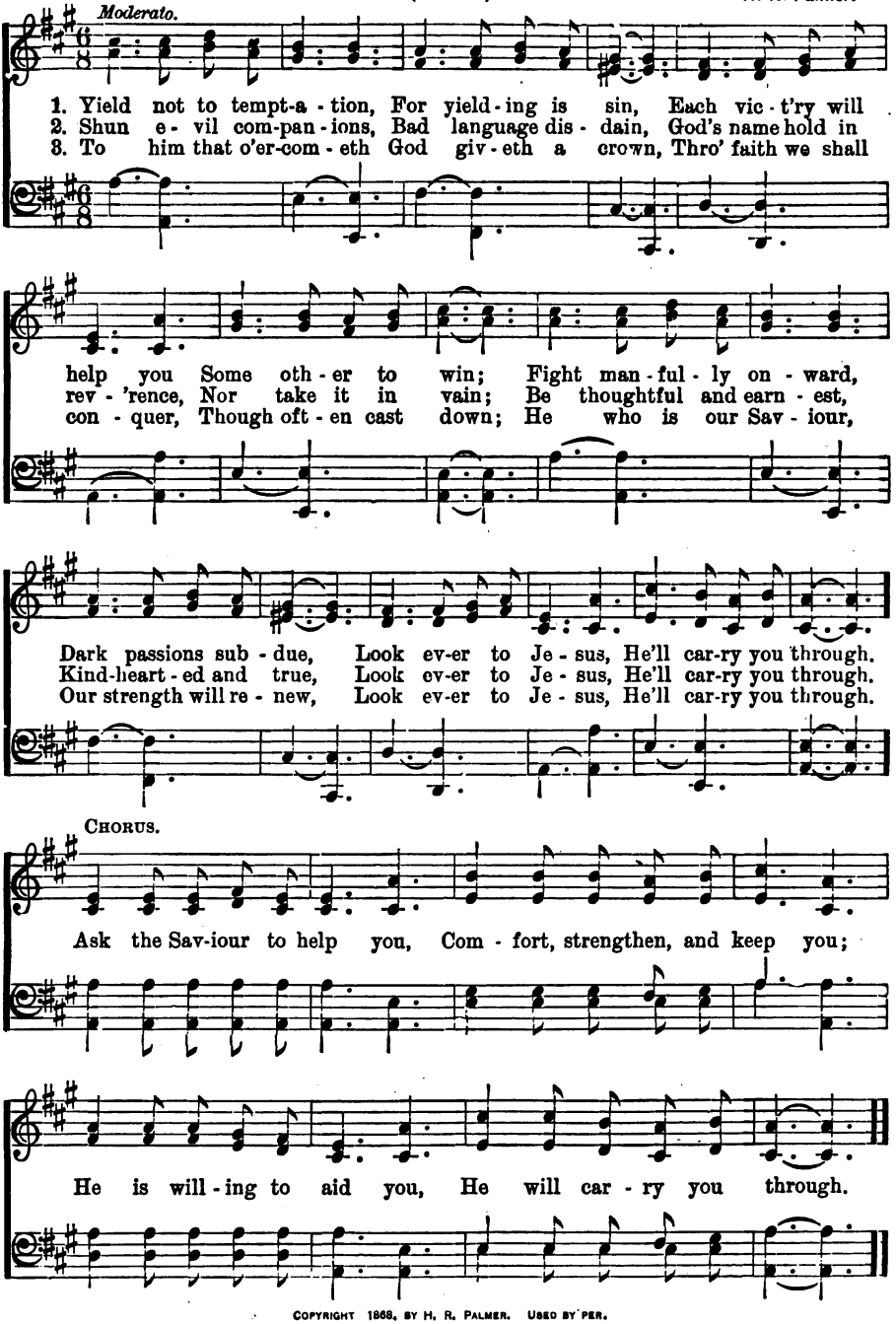
J. Montgomery. (ZOAN.) W. H. Havergal.

1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
2. He comes with suc - cor speed - y To those who suf - fer wrong,
3. He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth,
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
To help the poor and need - y, And bid the weak be strong;
And love, joy, hope, like flow - ers, Spring in His path to birth:
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free;
To give them songs for sigh - ing, Their dark - ness turn to light,
Be - fore Him on the moun - tains Shall peace, the her - ald, go;
To take a - way trans-gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.
Whose souls, condemn'd and dy - ing, Were pre - cious in His sight.
And right-eous-ness in foun - tains From hill to val - ley flow. A-men.

4 Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing:
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of Love.

170 Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. (PALMER) H. R. Palmer.

Moderato.

1. Yield not to tempt-a-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,
con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour,
Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

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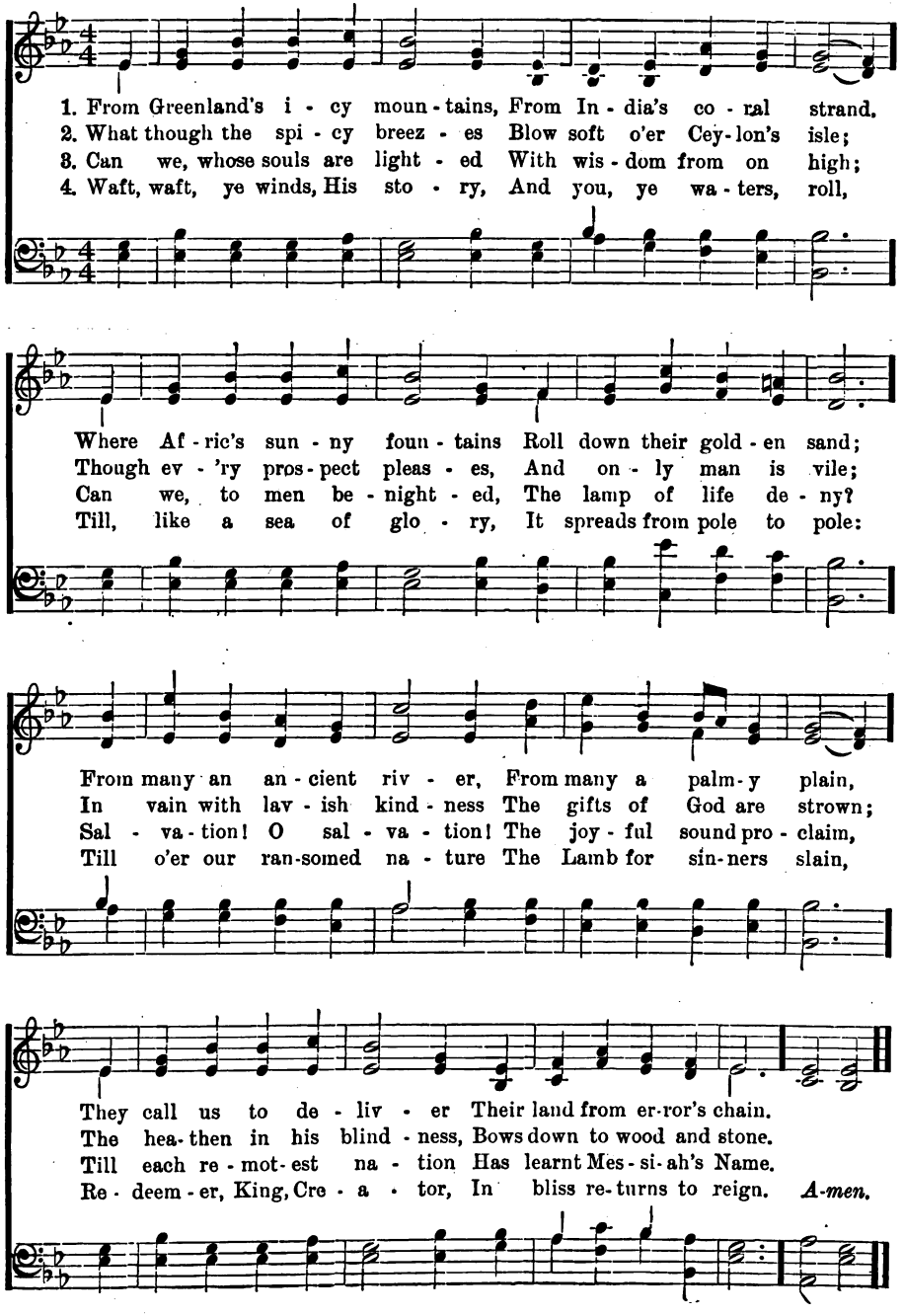
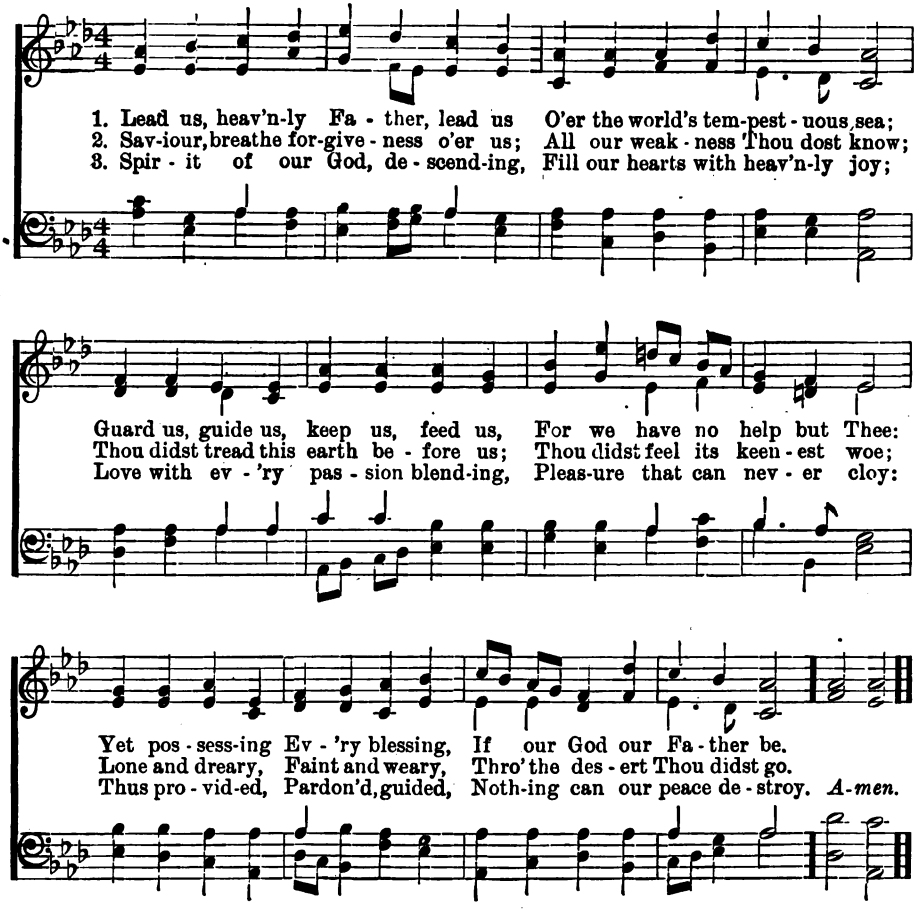
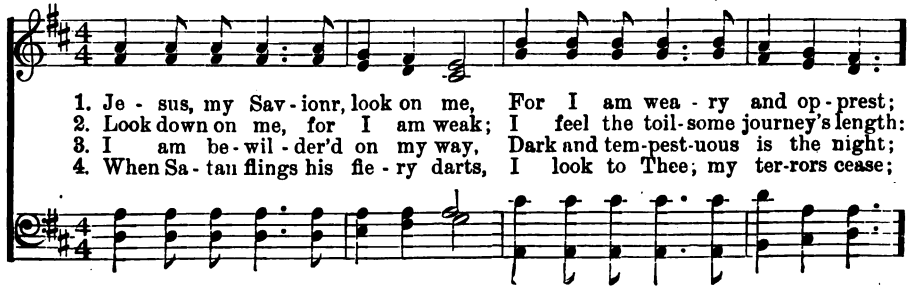
171 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. (MISSIONARY HYMN.) Lowell Mason.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand.
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;
3. Can we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high;
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
Can we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea - then in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till each re - mot - est na - tion Has learnt Mes - si - ah's Name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A - men.

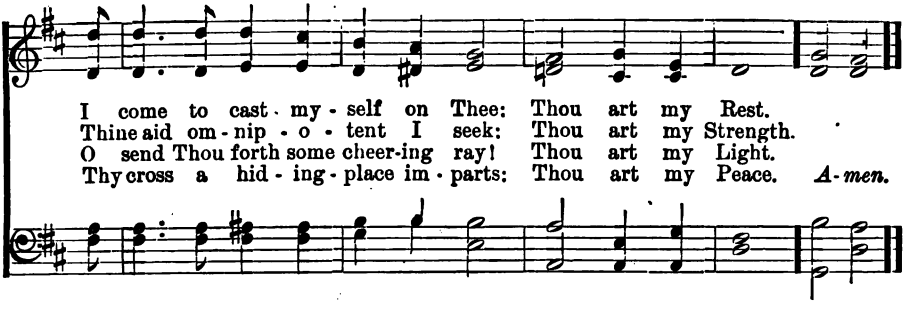
172 Lead Us, Heavenly Father, Lead Us.

J. Edmeston. (DULCE CARMEN.) Samuel Webbe.

1. Lead us, heav'n-ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest - uous sea;
2. Sav-iour, breathe for-give - ness o'er us; All our weak - ness Thou dost know;
3. Spir - it of our God, de - scend-ing, Fill our hearts with heav'n-ly joy;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee:
Thou didst tread this earth be - fore us; Thou didst feel its keen - est woe;
Love with ev - 'ry pas - sion blend-ing, Pleas-ure that can nev - er cloy:
Yet pos - sess-ing Ev - 'ry blessing, If our God our Fa - ther be.
Lone and dreary, Faint and weary, Thro' the des - ert Thou didst go.
Thus pro - vid-ed, Pardon'd, guided, Noth-ing can our peace de - stroy. A-men.

173 Jesus, My Saviour, Look on Me.

Charlotte Elliott. (HANFORD.) A. S. Sullivan.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ionr, look on me, For I am wea - ry and op - prest;
2. Look down on me, for I am weak; I feel the toil-some journey's length:
3. I am be - wil - der'd on my way, Dark and tem-pest-uous is the night;
4. When Sa - tan flings his fie - ry darts, I look to Thee; my ter-rors cease;

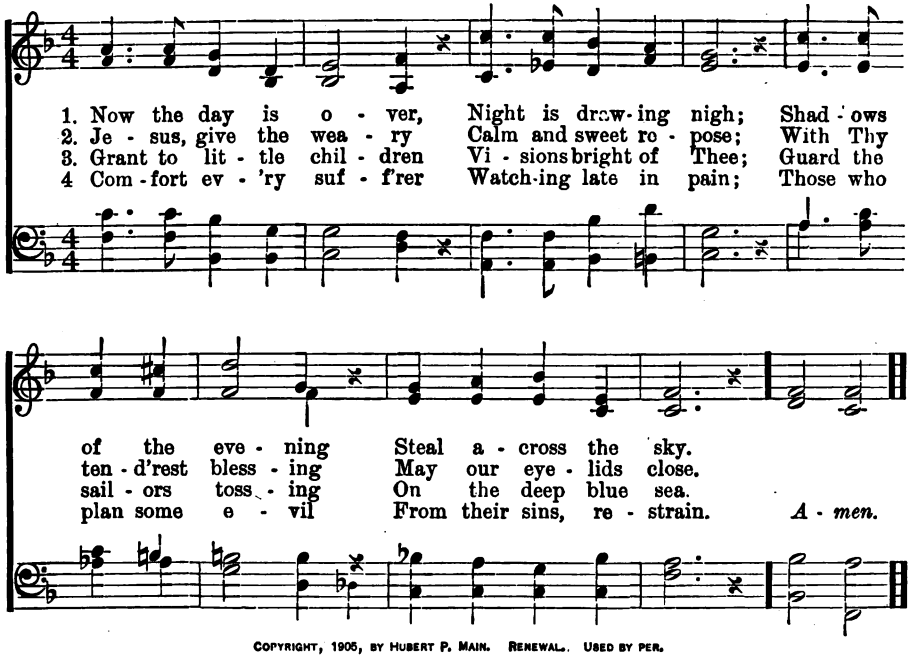
Jesus, My Saviour.—Concluded.


I come to cast - my - self on Thee: Thou art my Rest.
Thine aid om - nip - o - tent I seek: Thou art my Strength.
O send Thou forth some cheer-ing ray! Thou art my Light.
Thy cross a hid - ing - place im - parts: Thou art my Peace. A-men.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

174 Now the Day is Over.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould. (EVENING PRAYER.) Hubert P. Main.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh; Shad - ows
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; With Thy
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee; Guard the
4 Com - fort ev - 'ry suf - f'rer Watch-ing late in pain; Those who
of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
plan some e - vil From their sins, re - strain. A - men.

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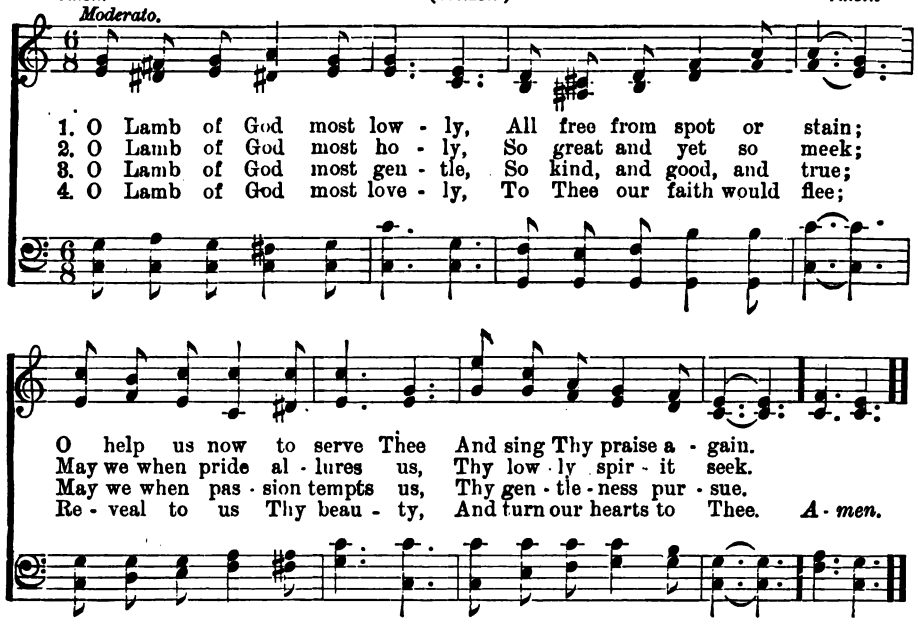
5 Through the long night watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

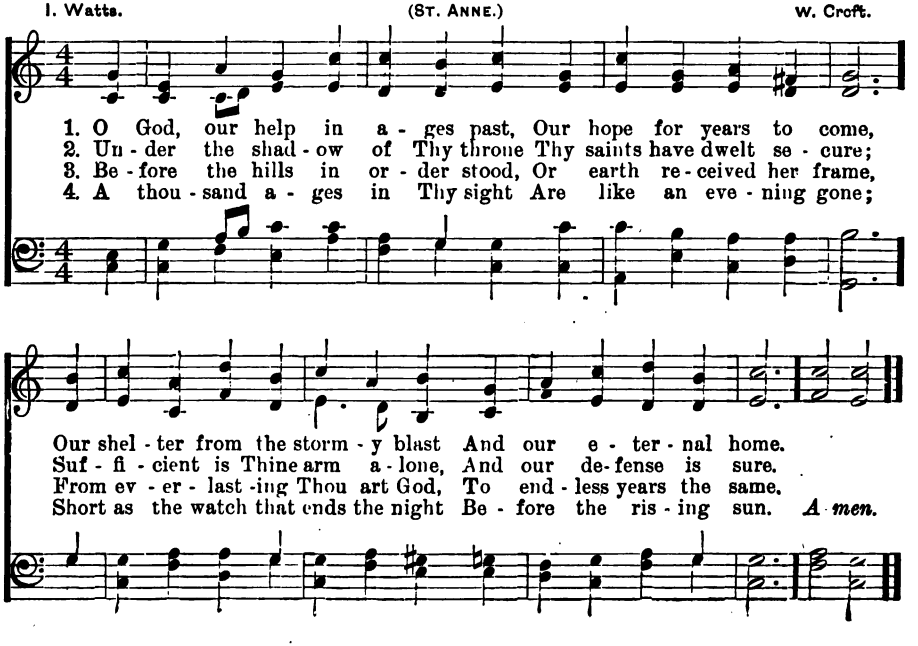
175 O Lamb of God Most Lowly.

Anon. (WALSH.) Anon.

Moderato.

1. O Lamb of God most low - ly, All free from spot or stain;
2. O Lamb of God most ho - ly, So great and yet so meek;
3. O Lamb of God most gen - tle, So kind, and good, and true;
4. O Lamb of God most love - ly, To Thee our faith would flee;
O help us now to serve Thee And sing Thy praise a - gain.
May we when pride al - lures us, Thy low - ly spir - it seek.
May we when pas - sion tempts us, Thy gen - tle - ness pur - sue.
Re - veal to us Thy beau - ty, And turn our hearts to Thee. A - men.

176 O God, Our Help in Ages Past.

I. Watts. (ST. ANNE.) W. Croft.


1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast And our e - ter - nal home.
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun. A - men.

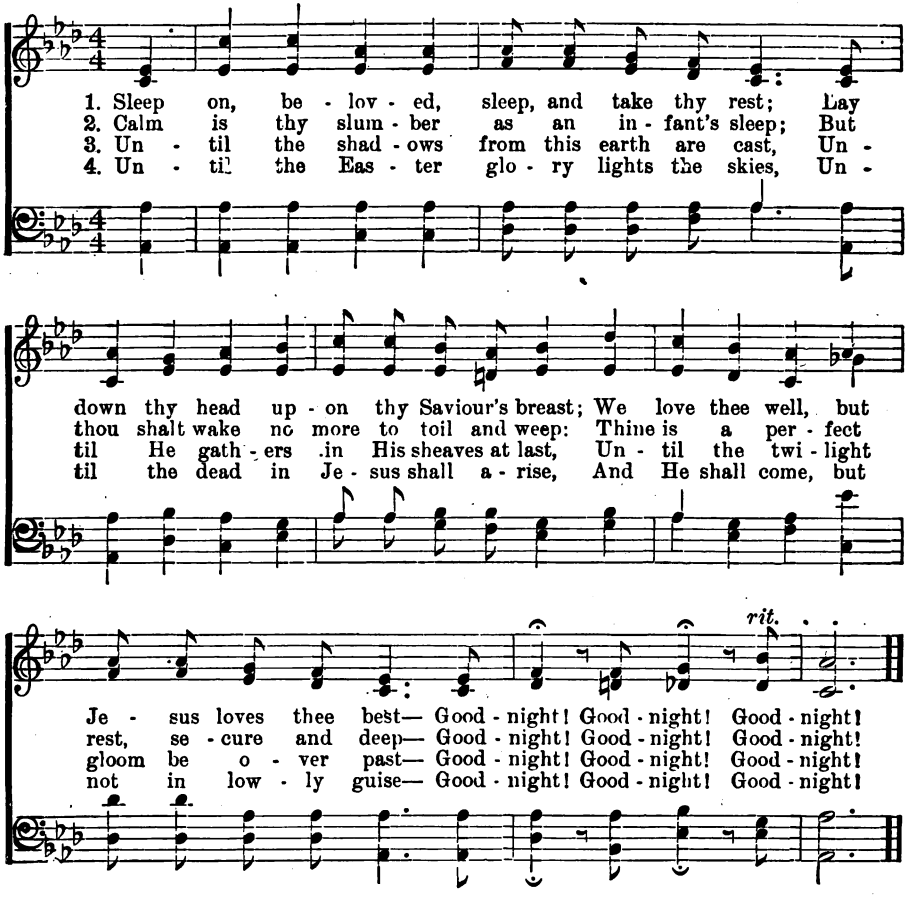
O God Our Help in Ages Past.—Concluded.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

177 Sleep On, Beloved, Sleep.

Sarah Doudney. (THE CHRISTIAN'S GOOD-NIGHT.) Ira D. Sankey.


1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay
2. Calm is thy slum - ber as an in - fant's sleep; But
3. Un - til the shad - ows from this earth are cast, Un -
4. Un - til the Eas - ter glo - ry lights the skies, Un -
down thy head up - on thy Saviour's breast; We love thee well, but
thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep: Thine is a per - fect
til He gath - ers in His sheaves at last, Un - til the twi - light
til the dead in Je - sus shall a - rise, And He shall come, but
rit.
Je - sus loves thee best— Good - night! Good - night! Good - night!
rest, se - cure and deep— Good - night! Good - night! Good - night!
gloom be o - ver past— Good - night! Good - night! Good - night!
not in low - ly guise— Good - night! Good - night! Good - night!

5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine.
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—Good-night! Good-night!

6 Only "Good-night," beloved—not "Farewell!"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible—Good-night! Good-night!

7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—Good-night! Good-night!

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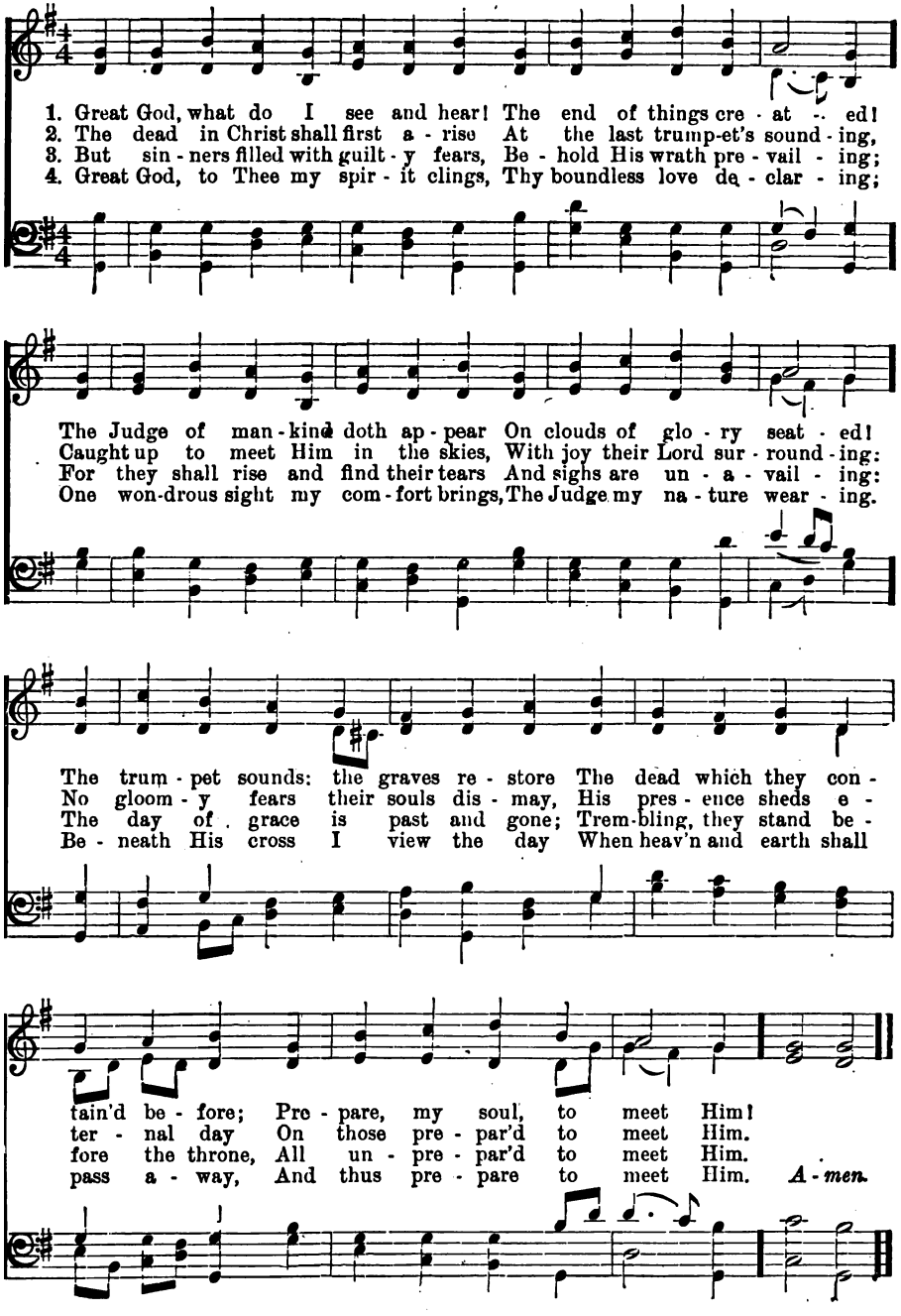
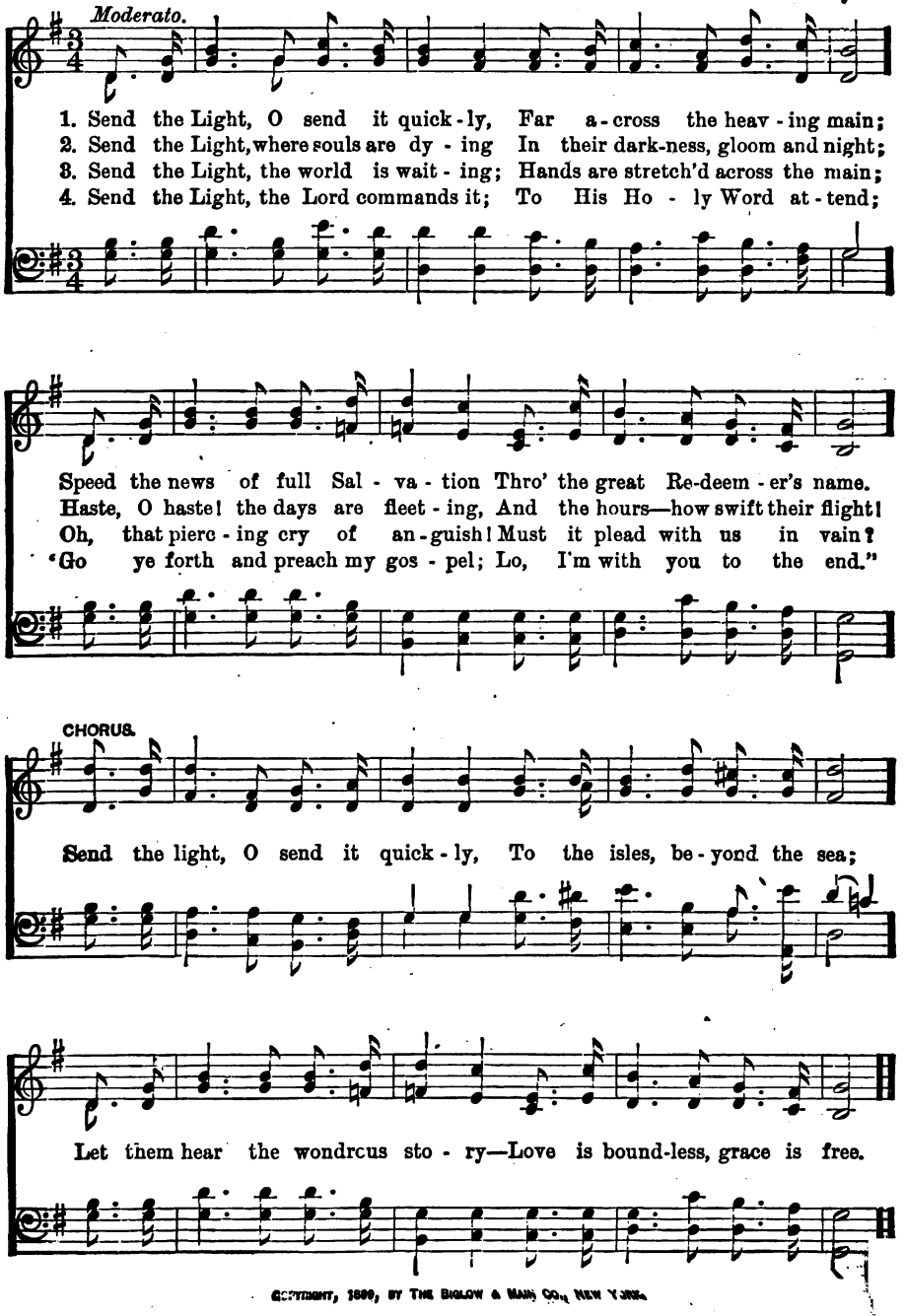
178 Great God, what do I See and Hear!

W. B. Collyer and J. Cotterill. (LUTHER'S HYMN.) J. Klug's Gesangbuch.

1. Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - at - ed!
2. The dead in Christ shall first a - rise At the last trump-et's sound - ing,
3. But sin - ners filled with guilt - y fears, Be - hold His wrath pre - vail - ing;
4. Great God, to Thee my spir - it clings, Thy boundless love de - clar - ing;
The Judge of man - kind doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed!
Caught up to meet Him in the skies, With joy their Lord sur - round - ing:
For they shall rise and find their tears And sighs are un - a - vail - ing:
One won-drous sight my com - fort brings, The Judge my na - ture wear - ing.
The trum - pet sounds: the graves re - store The dead which they con -
No gloom - y fears their souls dis - may, His pres - ence sheds e -
The day of grace is past and gone; Trem-bling, they stand be -
Be - neath His cross I view the day When heav'n and earth shall
tain'd be - fore; Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him!
ter - nal day On those pre - par'd to meet Him.
fore the throne, All un - pre - par'd to meet Him.
pass a - way, And thus pre - pare to meet Him. A - men.

179 Send the Light, O Send it Quickly.

Fanny J. Crosby. (SEND THE GOSPEL LIGHT.) Ira D. Sankey.

Moderato.
1. Send the Light, O send it quick-ly, Far a-cross the heav-ing main;
2. Send the Light, where souls are dy-ing In their dark-ness, gloom and night;
3. Send the Light, the world is wait-ing; Hands are stretch'd across the main;
4. Send the Light, the Lord commands it; To His Ho-ly Word at-tend;
Speed the news of full Sal-va-tion Thro' the great Re-deem-er's name.
Haste, O haste! the days are fleet-ing, And the hours—how swift their flight!
Oh, that pierc-ing cry of an-guish! Must it plead with us in vain?
"Go ye forth and preach my gos-pel; Lo, I'm with you to the end."
CHORUS.
Send the light, O send it quick-ly, To the isles, be-yond the sea;
Let them hear the wondrcus sto-ry—Love is bound-less, grace is free.

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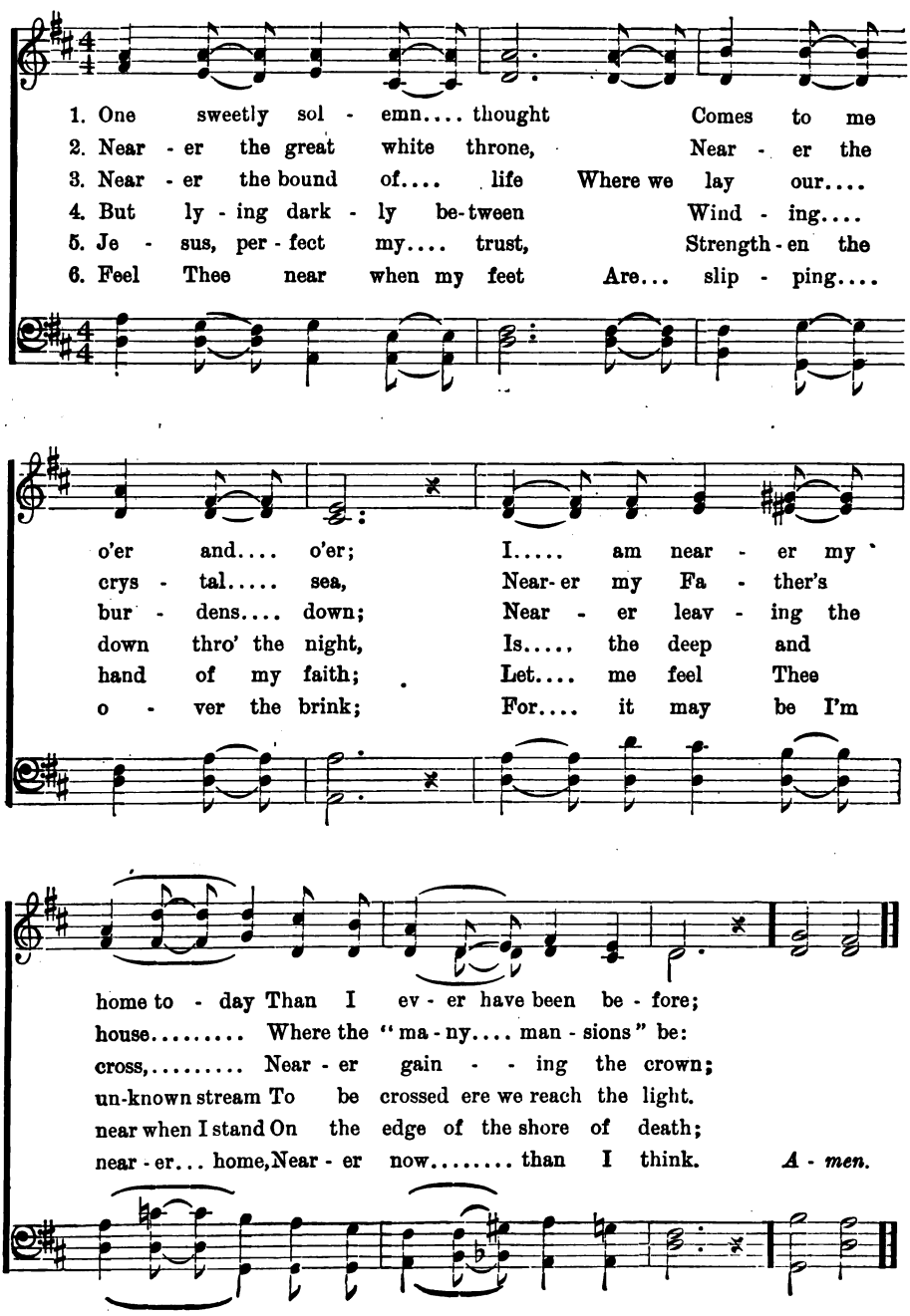
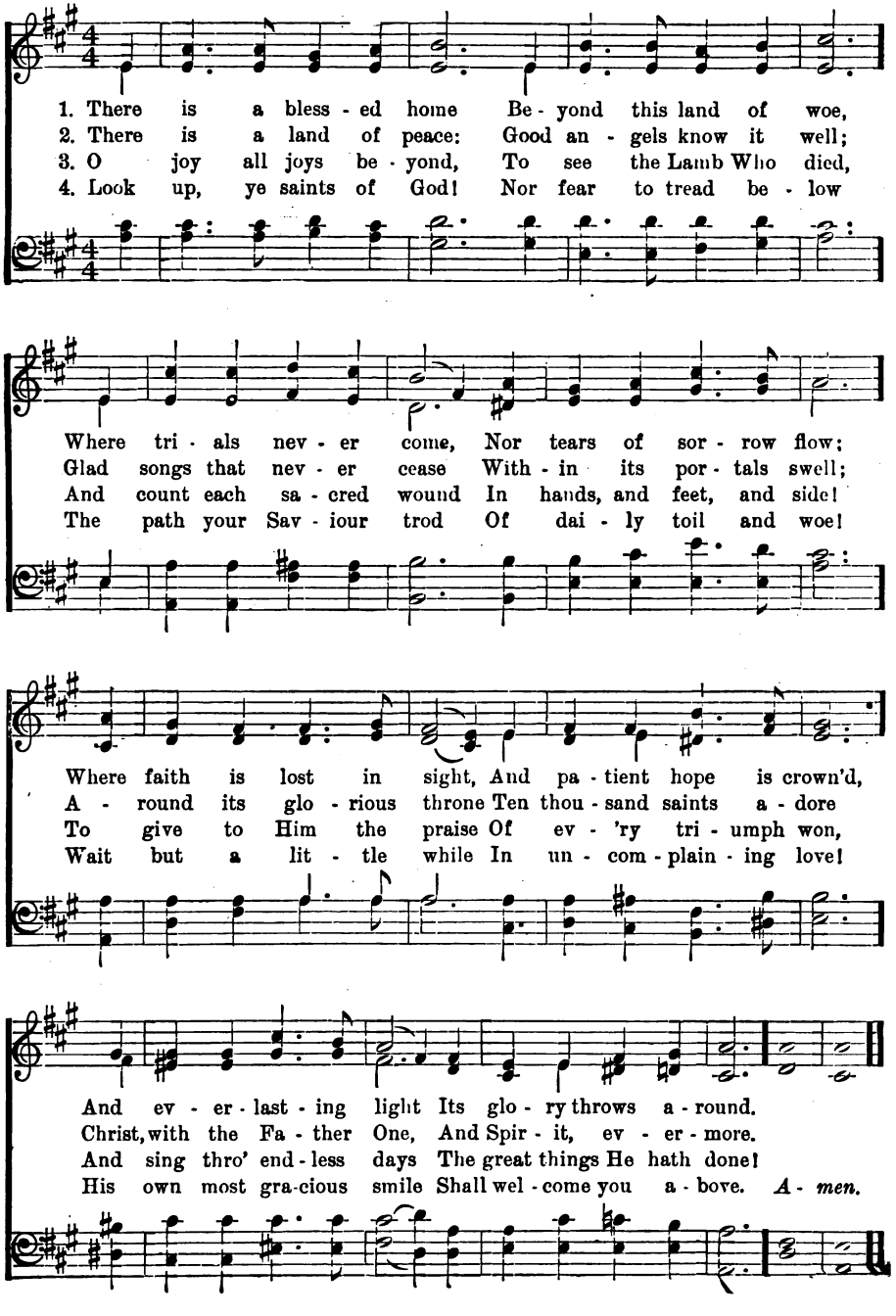
180 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Phoebe Cary. (AMBROSE.) R. S. Ambrose.


1. One sweetly sol - emn.... thought Comes to me
2. Near - er the great white throne, Near - er the
3. Near - er the bound of.... life Where we lay our....
4. But ly - ing dark - ly be-tween Wind - ing....
5. Je - sus, per - fect my.... trust, Strength - en the
6. Feel Thee near when my feet Are... slip - ping....
o'er and.... o'er; I..... am near - er my
crys - tal..... sea, Near-er my Fa - ther's
bur - dens.... down; Near - er leav - ing the
down thro' the night, Is..... the deep and
hand of my faith; Let.... me feel Thee
o - ver the brink; For.... it may be I'm
home to - day Than I ev - er have been be - fore;
house..... Where the "ma - ny.... man - sions" be:
cross,..... Near - er gain - - ing the crown;
un-known stream To be crossed ere we reach the light.
near when I stand On the edge of the shore of death;
near - er... home, Near - er now..... than I think. A - men.

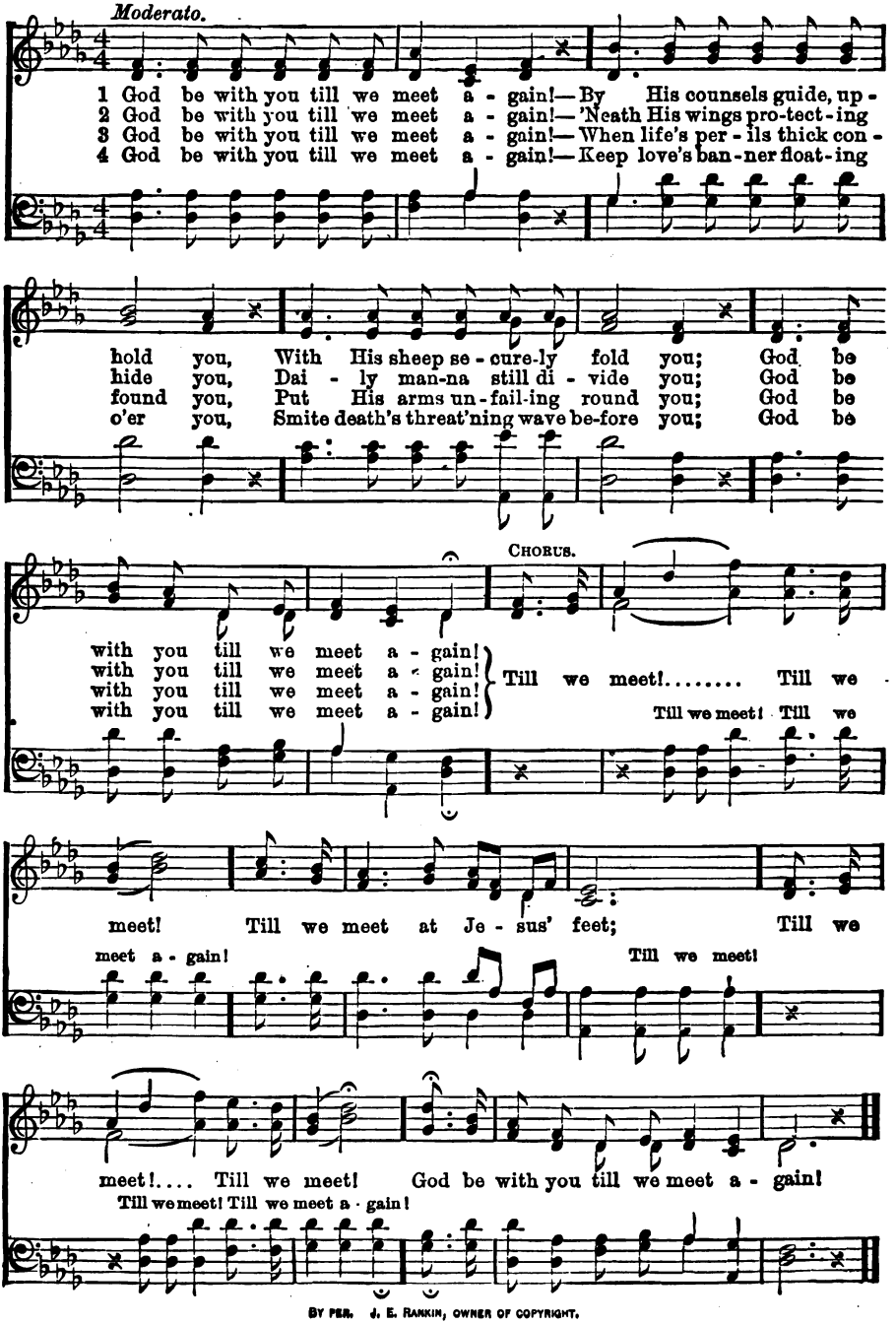
181 There is a Blessed Home.

H. W. Baker. (BEULAH.) Anon.

1. There is a bless - ed home Be - yond this land of woe,
2. There is a land of peace: Good an - gels know it well;
3. O joy all joys be - yond, To see the Lamb Who died,
4. Look up, ye saints of God! Nor fear to tread be - low
Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;
Glad songs that nev - er cease With - in its por - tals swell;
And count each sa - cred wound In hands, and feet, and side!
The path your Sav - iour trod Of dai - ly toil and woe!
Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crown'd,
A - round its glo - rious throne Ten thou - sand saints a - dore
To give to Him the praise Of ev - 'ry tri - umph won,
Wait but a lit - tle while In un - com - plain - ing love!
And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round.
Christ, with the Fa - ther One, And Spir - it, ev - er - more.
And sing thro' end - less days The great things He hath done!
His own most gra-cious smile Shall wel - come you a - bove. A - men.

182 God be with You!

Jeremiah E. Rankin. (TOMER.) William G. Tomer.

Moderato.


1 God be with you till we meet a - gain!— By His counsels guide, up -
2 God be with you till we meet a - gain!— 'Neath His wings pro-tect-ing
3 God be with you till we meet a - gain!— When life's per - ils thick con -
4 God be with you till we meet a - gain!— Keep love's ban-ner float-ing
hold you, With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you; God be
hide you, Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you; God be
found you, Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you; God be
CHORUS.
with you till we meet a - gain!
with you till we meet a - gain!
with you till we meet a - gain!
with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet!..... Till we
Till we meet! Till we
meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
meet a - gain!
Till we meet!
meet!.... Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

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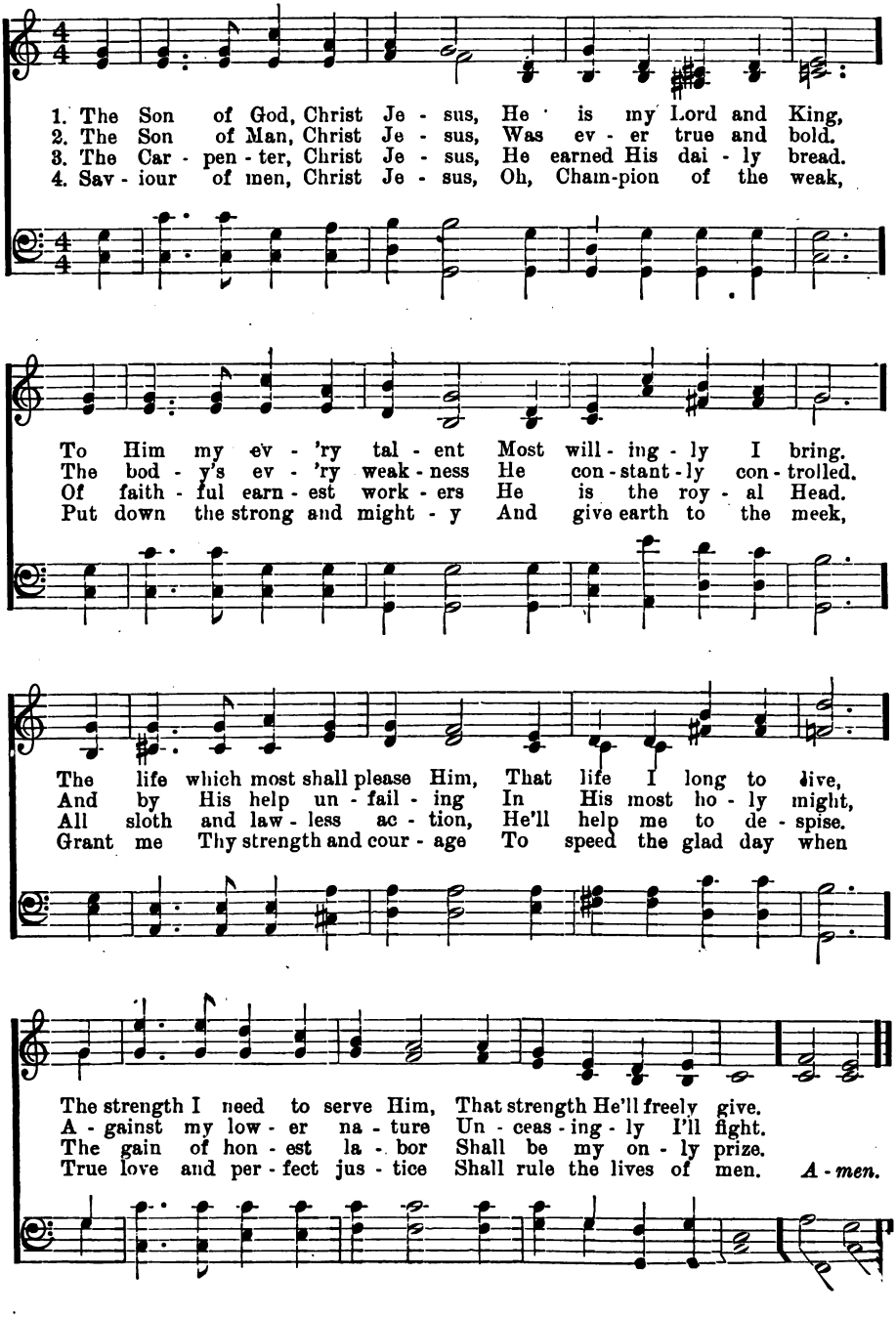
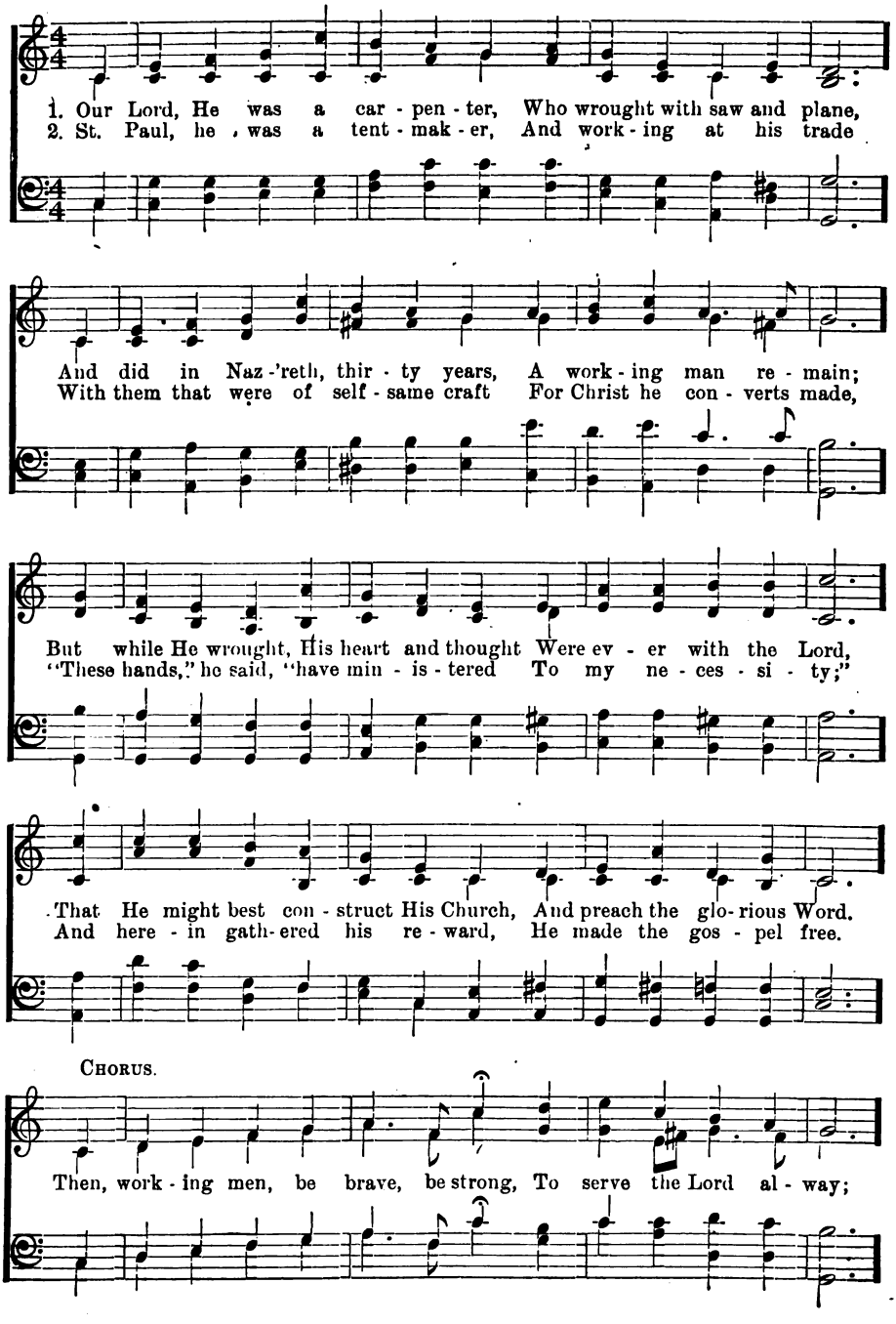
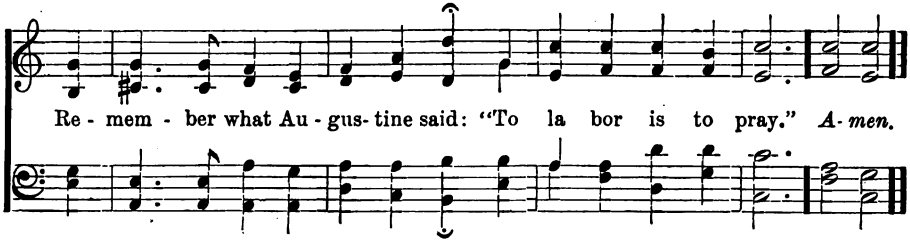
183 The Son of God, Christ Jesus.

The Rt. Rev. F. S. Spalding, D.D. (SOCIAL SERVICE.) Wm. Marvin Spencer.

1. The Son of God, Christ Je - sus, He is my Lord and King,
2. The Son of Man, Christ Je - sus, Was ev - er true and bold.
3. The Car - pen - ter, Christ Je - sus, He earned His dai - ly bread.
4. Sav - iour of men, Christ Je - sus, Oh, Cham-pion of the weak,
To Him my ev - 'ry tal - ent Most will - ing - ly I bring.
The bod - y's ev - 'ry weak - ness He con - stant - ly con - trolled.
Of faith - ful earn - est work - ers He is the roy - al Head.
Put down the strong and might - y And give earth to the meek,
The life which most shall please Him, That life I long to live,
And by His help un - fail - ing In His most ho - ly might,
All sloth and law - less ac - tion, He'll help me to de - spise.
Grant me Thy strength and cour - age To speed the glad day when
The strength I need to serve Him, That strength He'll freely give.
A - gainst my low - er na - ture Un - ceas - ing - ly I'll fight.
The gain of hon - est la - bor Shall be my on - ly prize.
True love and per - fect jus - tice Shall rule the lives of men. A - men.

184 Our Lord, He Was a Carpenter.

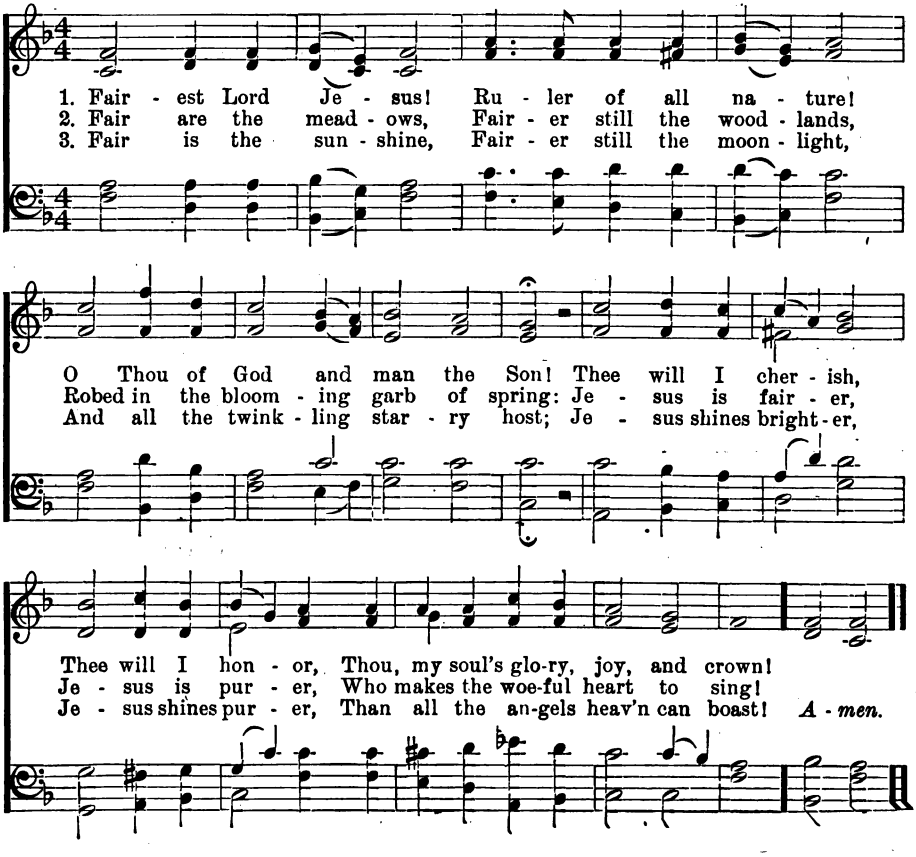
(Social Service.) R. Neilson.

1. Our Lord, He was a car - pen - ter, Who wrought with saw and plane,
2. St. Paul, he was a tent - mak - er, And work - ing at his trade
And did in Naz-'reth, thir - ty years, A work - ing man re - main;
With them that were of self - same craft For Christ he con - verts made,
But while He wrought, His heart and thought Were ev - er with the Lord,
"These hands," he said, "have min - is - tered To my ne - ces - si - ty;"
That He might best con - struct His Church, And preach the glo - rious Word.
And here - in gath - ered his re - ward, He made the gos - pel free.
Chorus.
Then, work - ing men, be brave, be strong, To serve the Lord al - way;

Our Lord He Was a Carpenter.—Concluded.

3 The good physician Luke, whose praise
Through all the churches rolls,
Like his great Master, toiled to save
Men's bodies and men's souls.
From him we learn those songs divine,
Which men and angels too,
Sing day by day. O what weak man
With zeal for God may do!

4 God's saints in every age and clime,
All in their several ways,
With heart and hand, in life or death,
Have labored for His praise:
And we too, brothers, wheresoe'er
Our humble lot may lie,
Can work for Him, Who was content,
For us to work—and die!

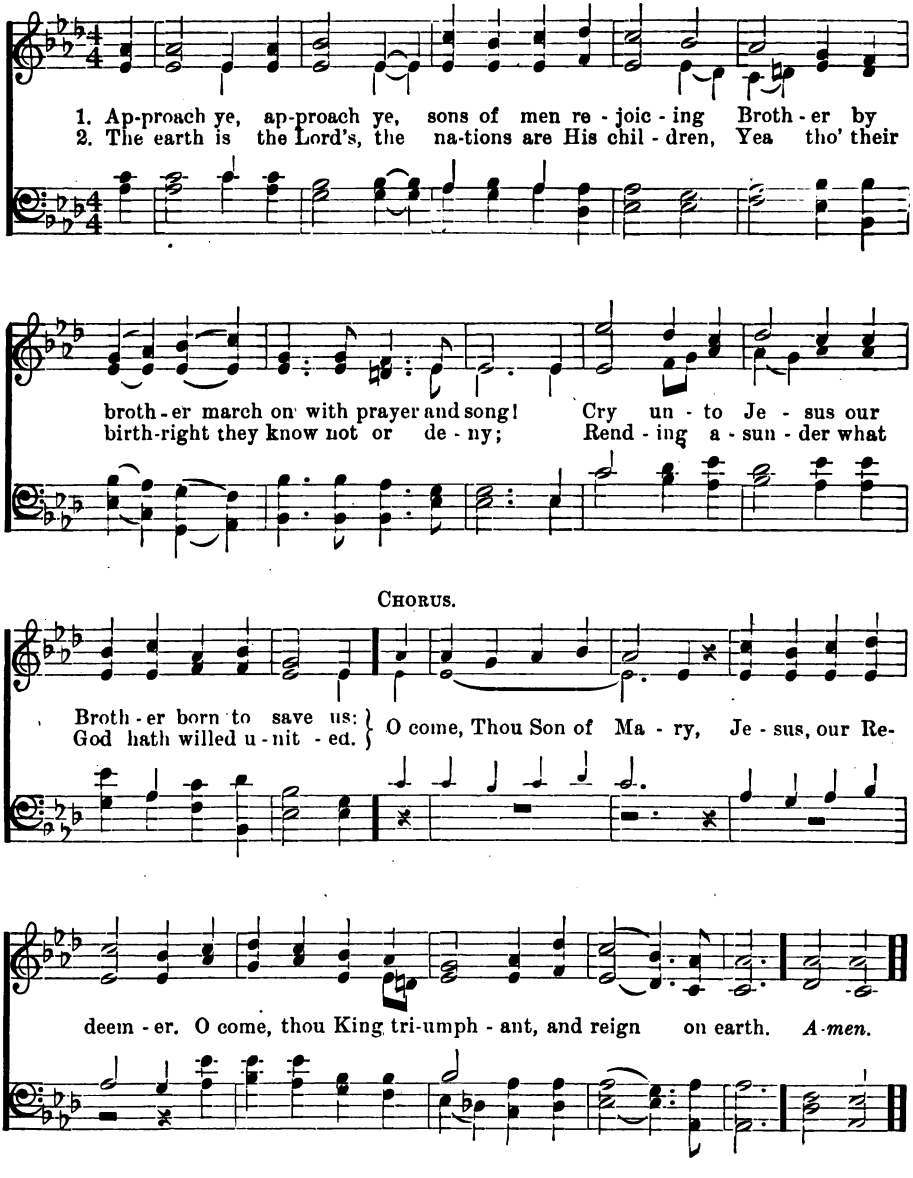
185 Fairest Lord Jesus.

From the German. (CRUSADER'S HYMN.) Arr. by R. Storrs Willis.


1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Ru - ler of all na - ture!
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands,
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light,
O Thou of God and man the Son! Thee will I cher - ish,
Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring: Je - sus is fair - er,
And all the twink - ling star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er,
Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo-ry, joy, and crown!
Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe-ful heart to sing!
Je - sus shines pur - er, Than all the an-gels heav'n can boast! A - men.

186 Approach Ye, Approach Ye.

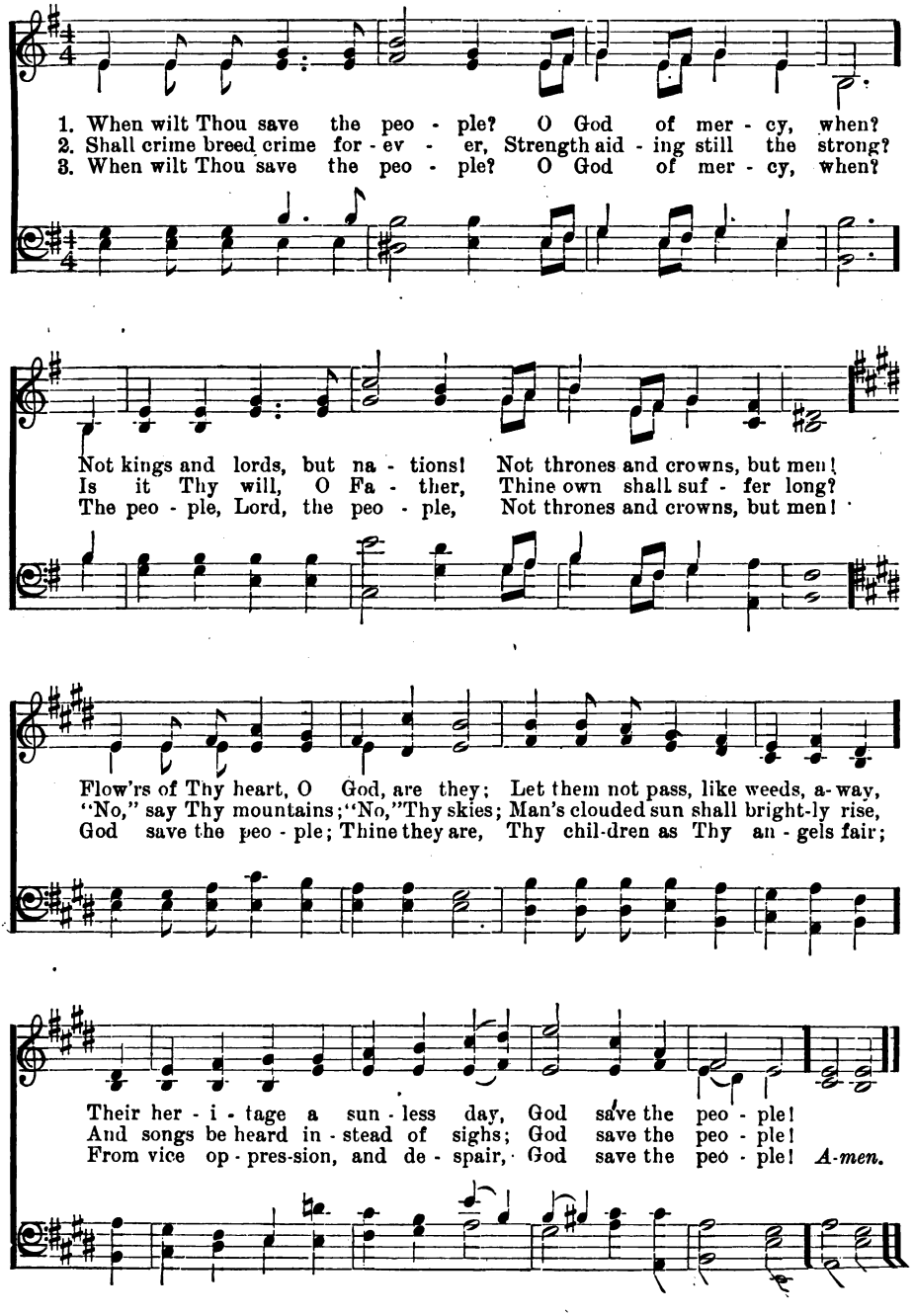
(SOCIAL SERVICE.) Anon, 1751


1. Ap-proach ye, ap-proach ye, sons of men re - joic - ing Broth - er by
2. The earth is the Lord's, the na-tions are His chil - dren, Yea tho' their
broth - er march on with prayer and song! Cry un - to Je - sus our
birth-right they know not or de - ny; Rend - ing a - sun - der what
CHORUS.
Broth - er born to save us:
God hath willed u - nit - ed.
O come, Thou Son of Ma - ry, Je - sus, our Re-
deem - er. O come, thou King tri-umph - ant, and reign on earth. Amen.

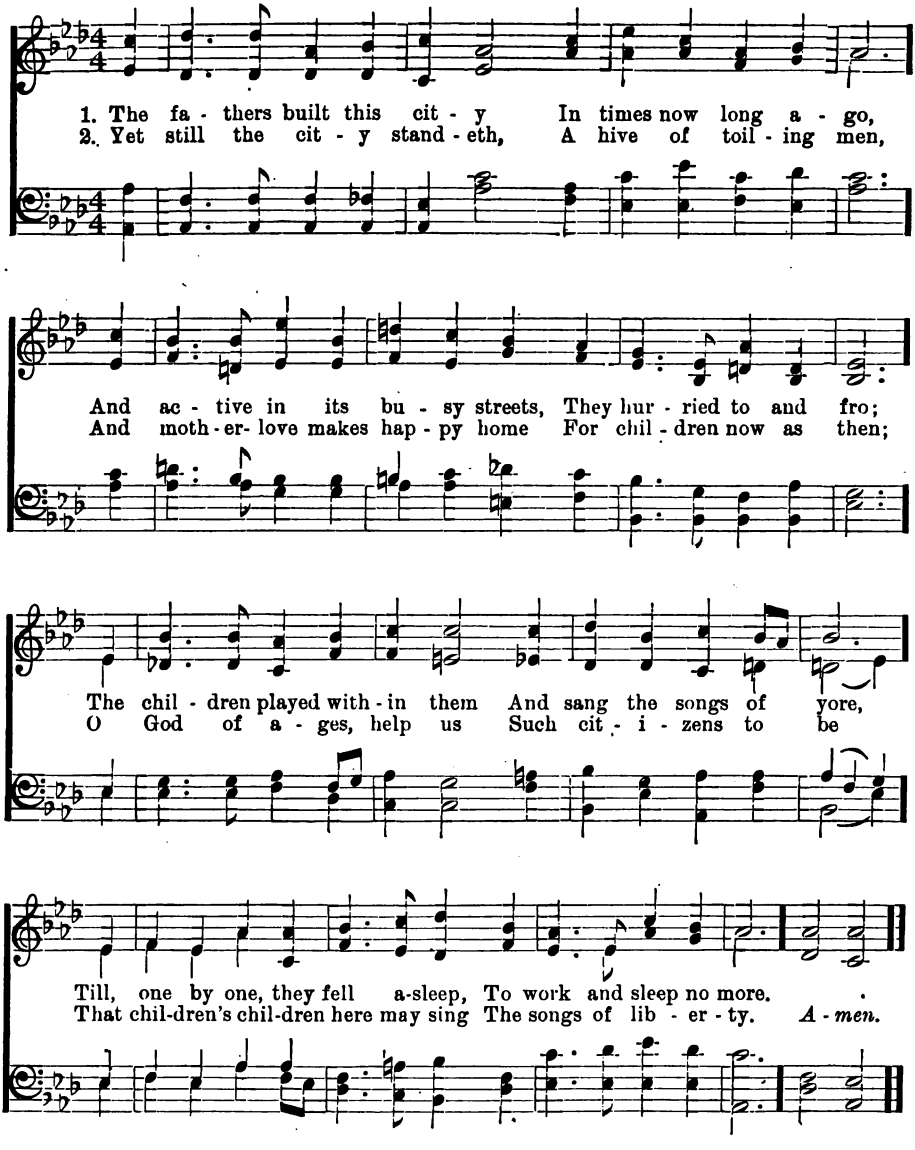
3 Witness, O Church, with whom His promised Spirit
Dwells through the ages, His all-gracious will.
Friend of the friendless, outcast and down-trodden!—O come, etc.

4 E'en by the meek, who pray for His appearing,
E'en by the strong, who gird them to the fight,
The Kingdoms of this world shall be our Christ's dominion.—O come, etc

187 When Wilt Thou Save the People?

Ebenezer Elliott. (SOCIAL SERVICE.) Josiah Booth.

1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?
2. Shall crime breed crime for - ev - er, Strength aid - ing still the strong?
3. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?
Not kings and lords, but na - tions! Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Is it Thy will, O Fa - ther, Thine own shall suf - fer long?
The peo - ple, Lord, the peo - ple, Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass, like weeds, a-way,
"No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skies; Man's clouded sun shall bright-ly rise,
God save the peo - ple; Thine they are, Thy chil-dren as Thy an - gels fair;
Their her - i - tage a sun - less day, God save the peo - ple!
And songs be heard in - stead of sighs; God save the peo - ple!
From vice op - pres-sion, and de - spair, God save the peo - ple! A-men.

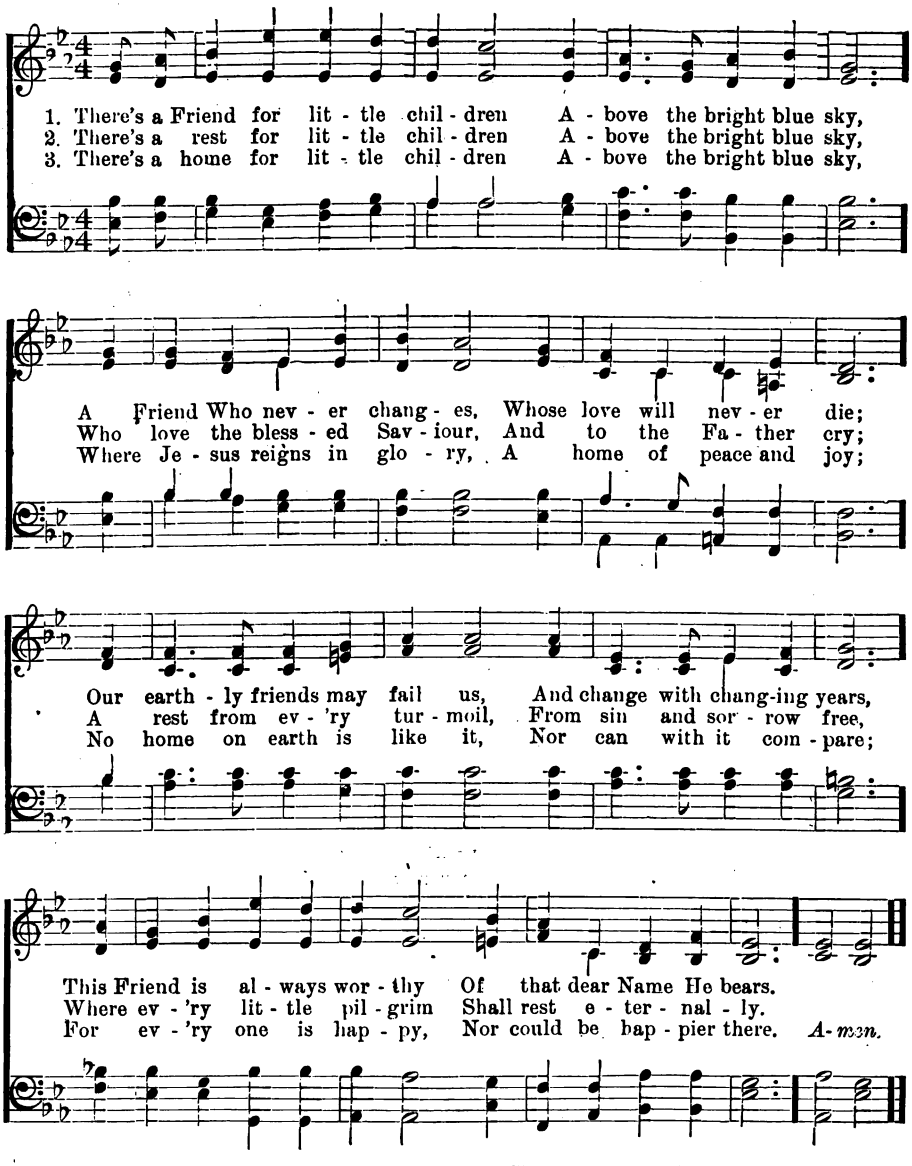
188 The Fathers Built This City.

Wm. Geo. Tarrant. (SOCIAL SERVICE.) J. B. Dykes.

1. The fa - thers built this cit - y In times now long a - go,
2. Yet still the cit - y stand - eth, A hive of toil - ing men,
And ac - tive in its bu - sy streets, They hur - ried to and fro;
And moth - er- love makes hap - py home For chil - dren now as then;
The chil - dren played with - in them And sang the songs of yore,
O God of a - ges, help us Such cit - i - zens to be
Till, one by one, they fell a-sleep, To work and sleep no more.
That chil-dren's chil-dren here may sing The songs of lib - er - ty. A - men.

3 Let all the people praise Thee
Give all Thy saving health,
Or vain the laborer's strong right arm
And vain the merchant's wealth;
Send forth Thy light to banish
The shadows and the shame,
Till all the civic virtues shine
Around our city's name.

4 A commonweal of brothers
United, great and small
Upon our banner blazened be
The Charter, "Each for all!"
Nor let us cease from battle,
Nor weary sheathe the sword,
Until this city is become
The city of our Lord.

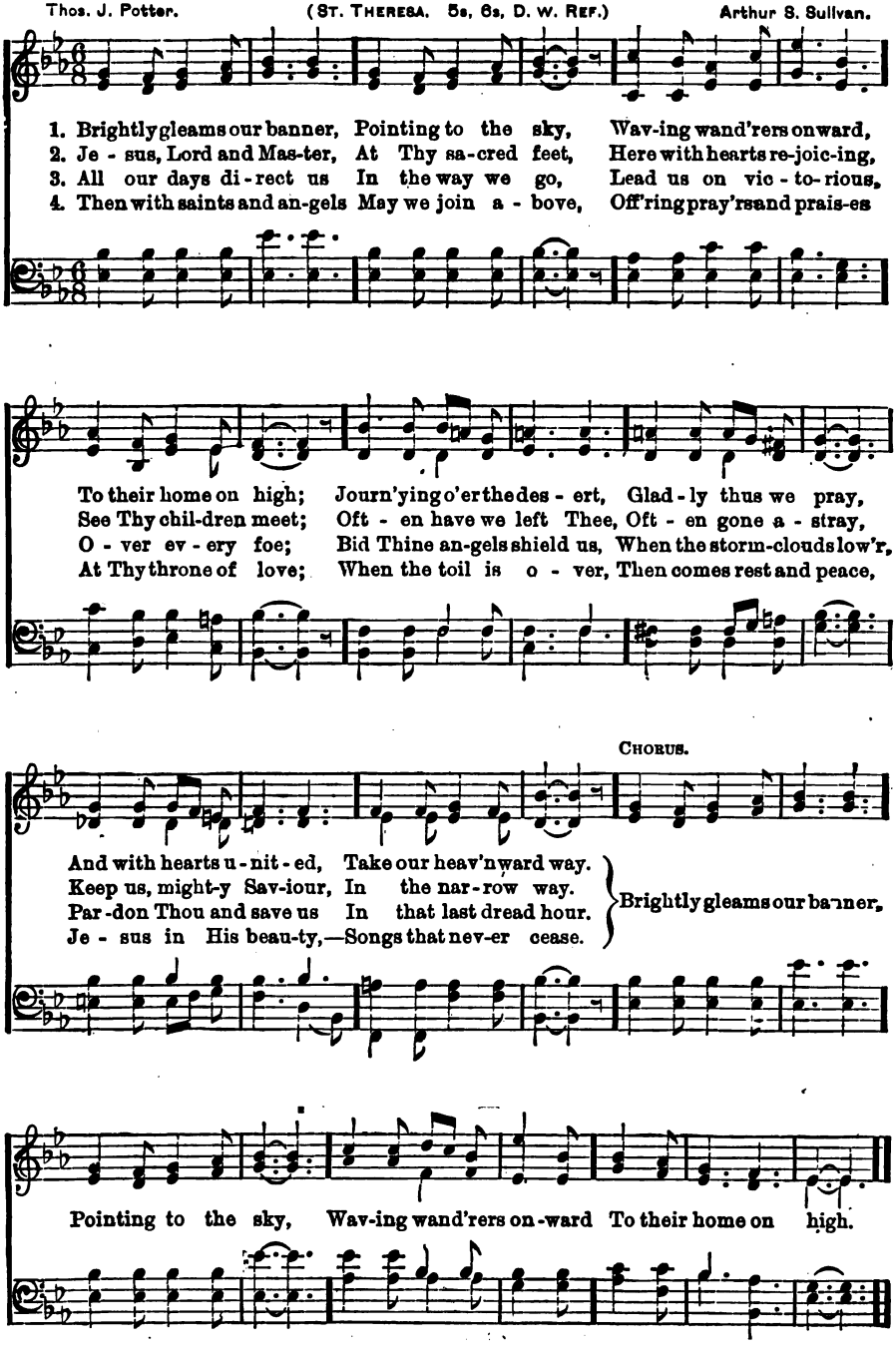
189 There's a Friend for Little Children.

A. Midlane. (EDENGROVE.) S. Smith.

1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
2. There's a rest for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
3. There's a home for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
A Friend Who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die;
Who love the bless - ed Sav - iour, And to the Fa - ther cry;
Where Je - sus reigns in glo - ry, A home of peace and joy;
Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with chang-ing years,
A rest from ev - 'ry tur - moil, From sin and sor - row free,
No home on earth is like it, Nor can with it com - pare;
This Friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear Name He bears.
Where ev - 'ry lit - tle pil - grim Shall rest e - ter - nal - ly.
For ev - 'ry one is hap - py, Nor could be hap - pier there. A-men.

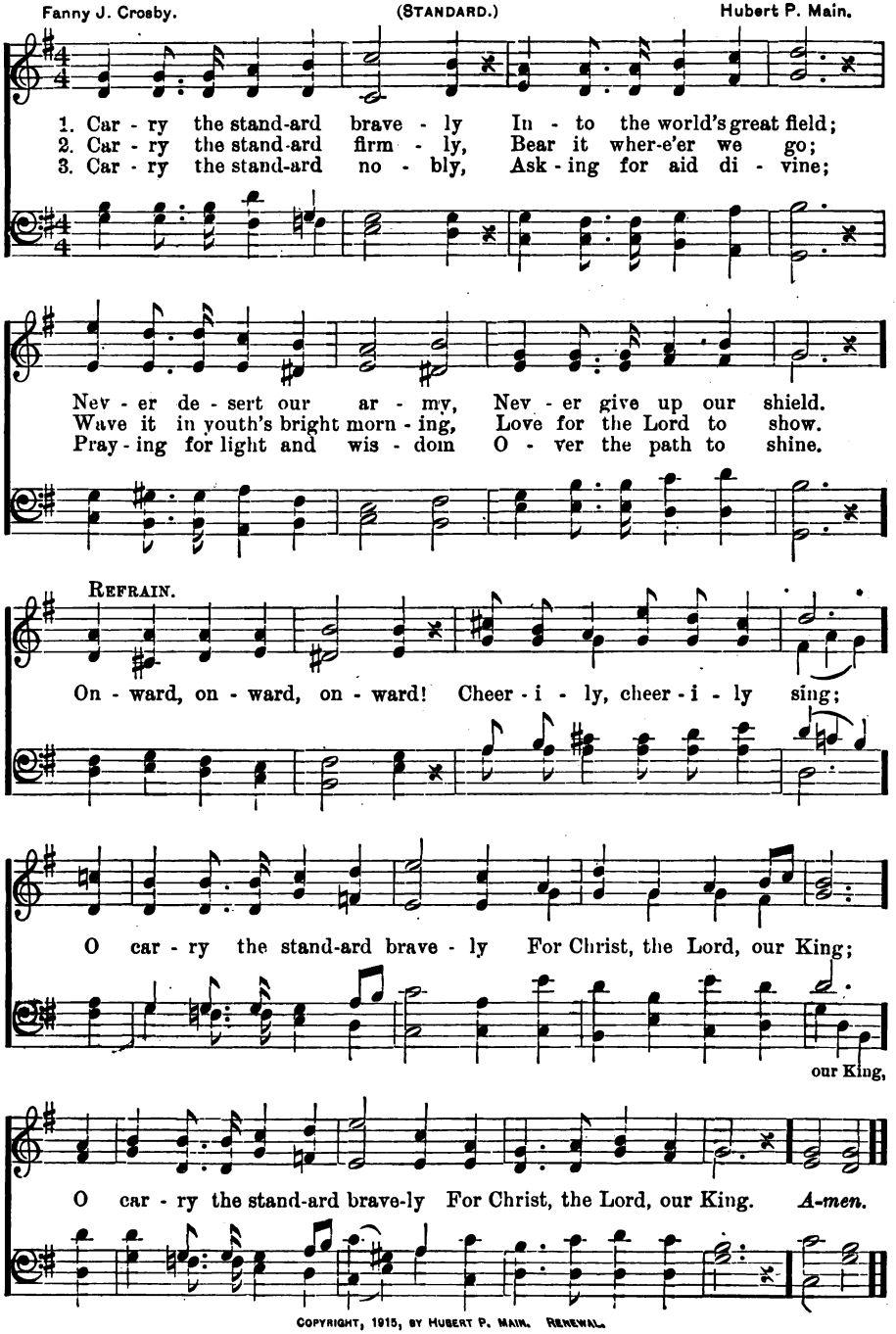
4 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

5 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone:
Lord, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own.

190 Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

Thos. J. Potter. (ST. THERESA. 5s, 6s, D. W. REF.) Arthur S. Sullivan.

1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers onward,
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic-ing,
3. All our days di-rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic - to-rious,
4. Then with saints and an-gels May we join a - bove, Off'ring pray'rs and prais-es
To their home on high; Journ'ying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
See Thy chil-dren meet; Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray,
O - ver ev - ery foe; Bid Thine an-gels shield us, When the storm-clouds low'r,
At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,
CHORUS.
And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heav'nward way.
Keep us, might-y Sav-iour, In the nar-row way.
Par-don Thou and save us In that last dread hour.
Je - sus in His beau-ty,—Songs that nev-er cease.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.

191 Carry the Standard Bravely.

Fanny J. Crosby. (STANDARD.) Hubert P. Main.

1. Car - ry the stand-ard brave - ly In - to the world's great field;
2. Car - ry the stand-ard firm - ly, Bear it wher-e'er we go;
3. Car - ry the stand-ard no - bly, Ask - ing for aid di - vine;
Nev - er de - sert our ar - my, Nev - er give up our shield.
Wave it in youth's bright morn - ing, Love for the Lord to show.
Pray - ing for light and wis - dom O - ver the path to shine.
REFRAIN.
On - ward, on - ward, on - ward! Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sing;
O car - ry the stand-ard brave - ly For Christ, the Lord, our King;
our King,
O car - ry the stand-ard brave-ly For Christ, the Lord, our King. A-men.

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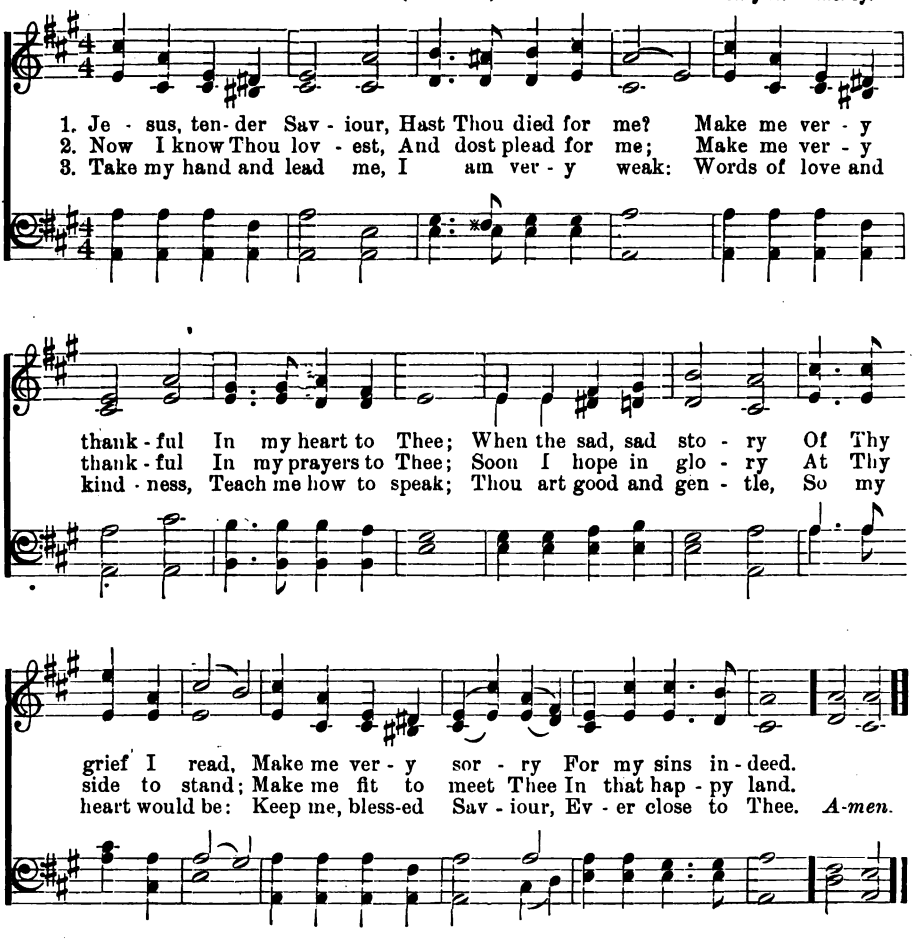
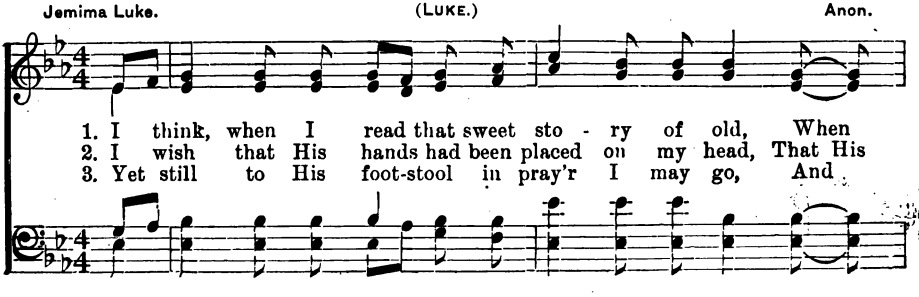
192 Jesus, Tender Saviour.

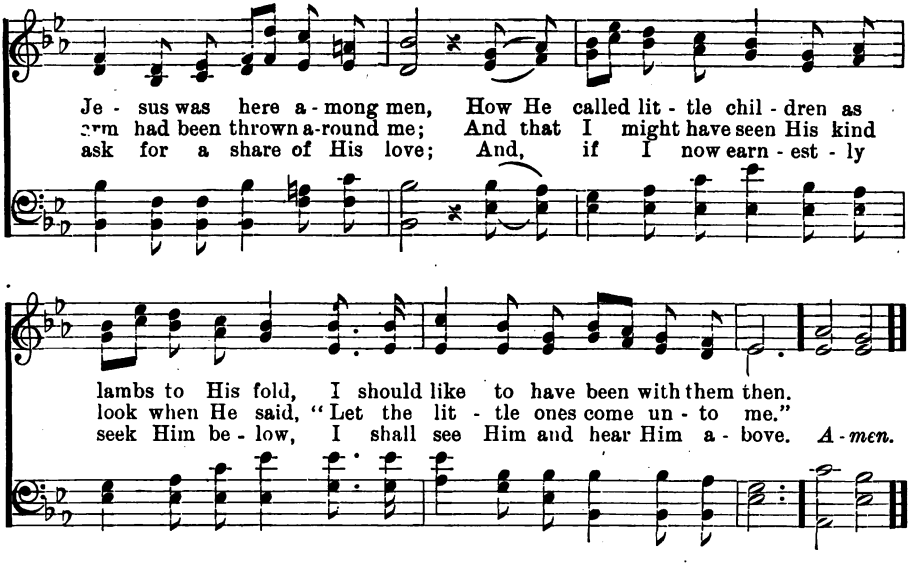
Anon. (WHITNEY.) Henry N. Whitney.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hast Thou died for me? Make me ver - y
2. Now I know Thou lov - est, And dost plead for me; Make me ver - y
3. Take my hand and lead me, I am ver - y weak: Words of love and
thank - ful In my heart to Thee; When the sad, sad sto - ry Of Thy
thank - ful In my prayers to Thee; Soon I hope in glo - ry At Thy
kind - ness, Teach me how to speak; Thou art good and gen - tle, So my
grief I read, Make me ver - y sor - ry For my sins in - deed.
side to stand; Make me fit to meet Thee In that hap - py land.
heart would be: Keep me, bless-ed Sav - iour, Ev - er close to Thee. A-men.

193 I Think, When I Read.

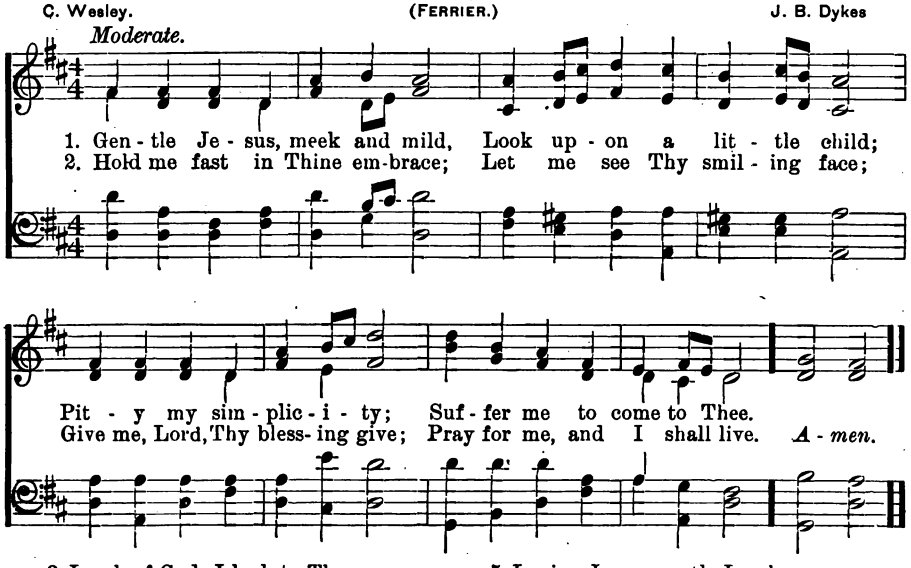
Jemima Luke. (LUKE.) Anon.


1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And

I Think, When I Read.—Concluded.


Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
arm had been thrown a-round me; And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share of His love; And, if I now earn - est - ly
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove. A - men.

194 Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild.

C. Wesley. (FERRIER.) J. B. Dykes

Moderate.
1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;
2. Hold me fast in Thine em-brace; Let me see Thy smil - ing face;
Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty; Suf - fer me to come to Thee.
Give me, Lord, Thy bless - ing give; Pray for me, and I shall live. A - men.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

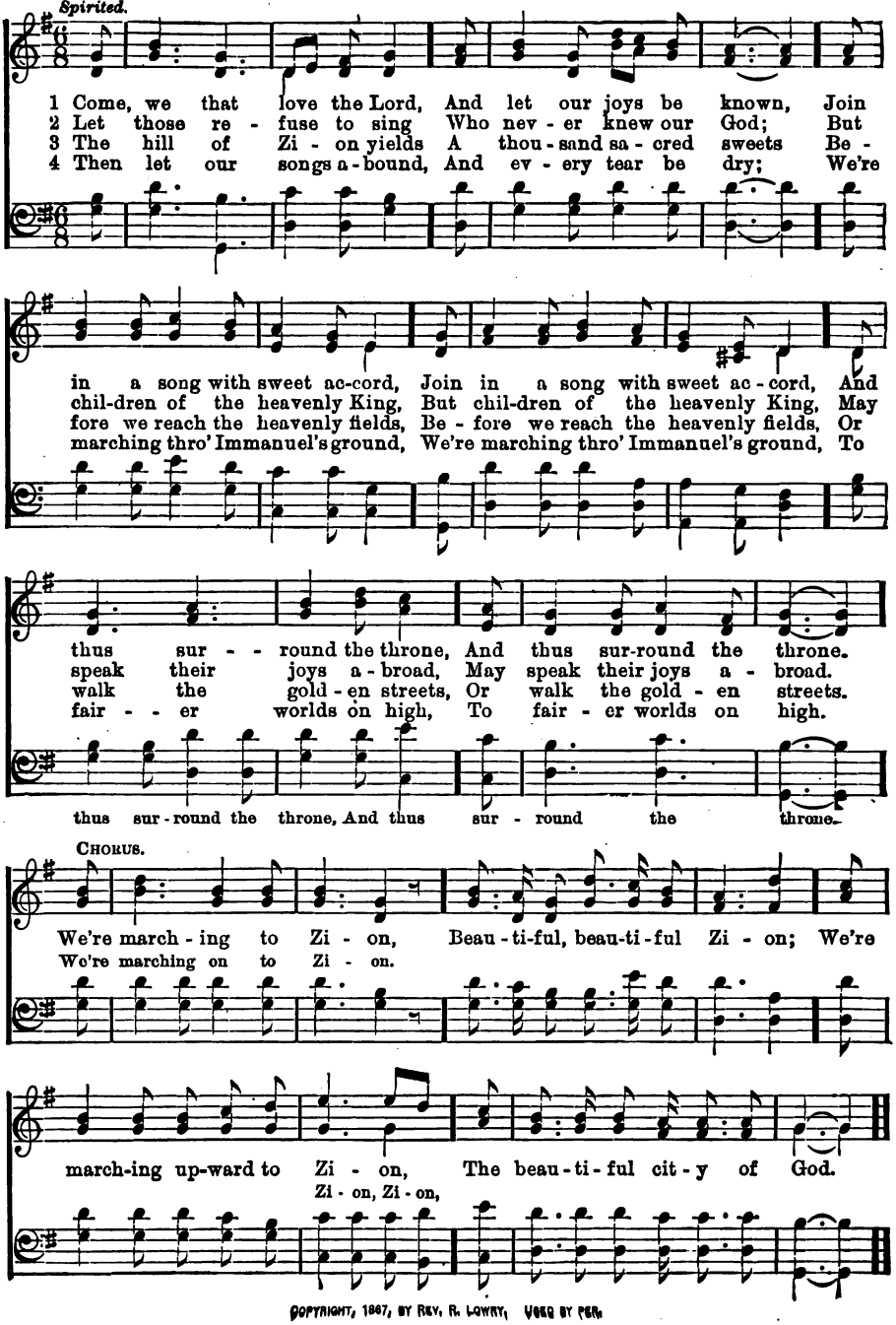
4 Let me, above all, fulfil
God my Heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

5 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracions hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

6 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

195 We're Marching to Zion.

Isaac Watts. (IMMANUEL.) Robert Lowry.

Spirited.

1 Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2 Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3 The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets Be -
4 Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - ery tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And
chil-dren of the heavenly King, But chil-dren of the heavenly King, May
fore we reach the heavenly fields, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To
thus sur - - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
CHORUS.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti-ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're marching on to Zi - on.
march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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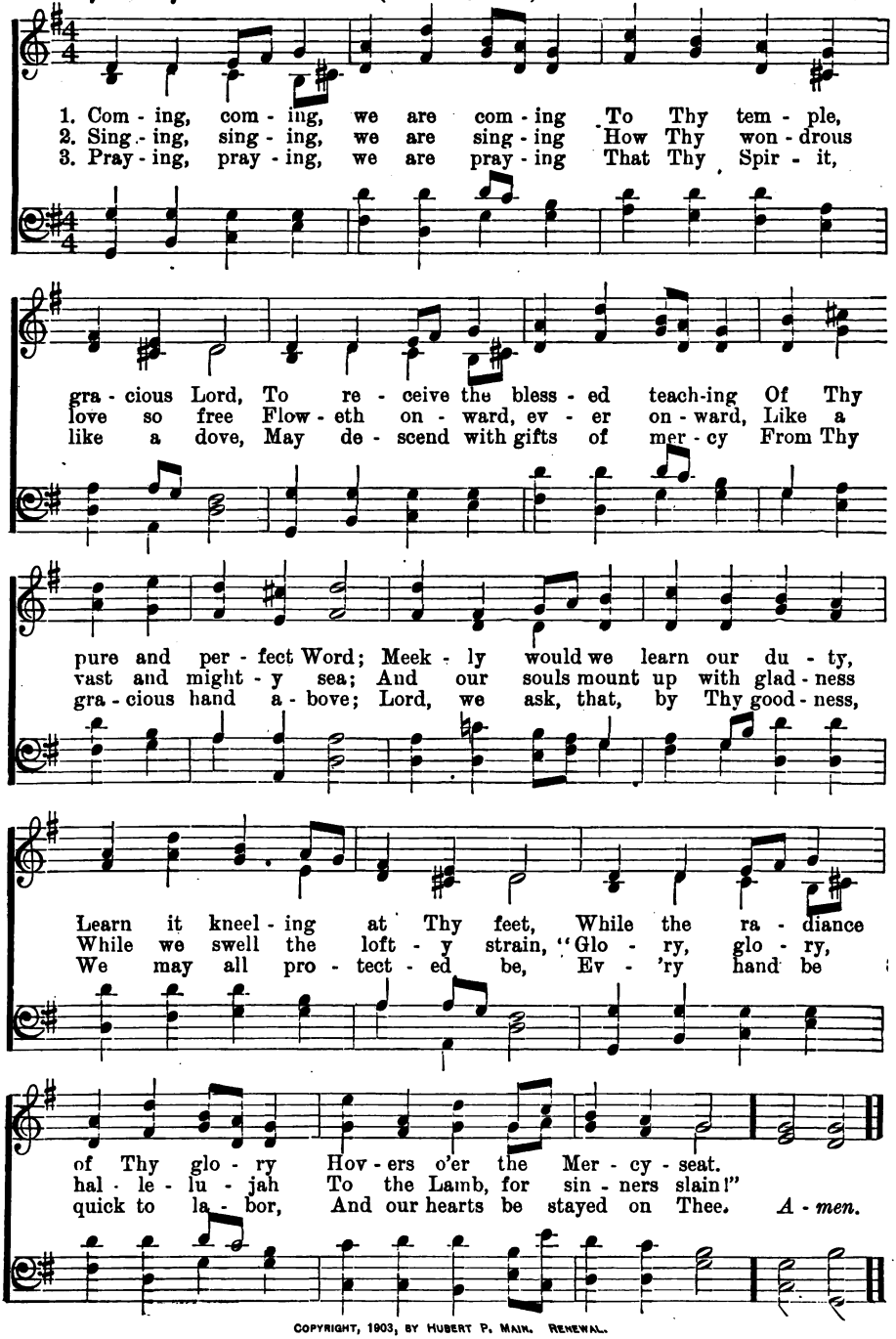
196 Coming, We are Coming.

Fanny J. Crosby. (WE ARE COMING.) Hubert P. Main.

1. Com - ing, com - ing, we are com - ing To Thy tem - ple,
2. Sing - ing, sing - ing, we are sing - ing How Thy won - drous
3. Pray - ing, pray - ing, we are pray - ing That Thy Spir - it,
gra - cious Lord, To re - ceive the bless - ed teach-ing Of Thy
love so free Flow - eth on - ward, ev - er on - ward, Like a
like a dove, May de - scend with gifts of mer - cy From Thy
pure and per - fect Word; Meek - ly would we learn our du - ty,
vast and might - y sea; And our souls mount up with glad - ness
gra - cious hand a - bove; Lord, we ask, that, by Thy good - ness,
Learn it kneel - ing at Thy feet, While the ra - diance
While we swell the loft - y strain, "Glo - ry, glo - ry,
We may all pro - tect - ed be, Ev - 'ry hand be
of Thy glo - ry Hov - ers o'er the Mer - cy - seat.
hal - le - lu - jah To the Lamb, for sin - ners slain!"
quick to la - bor, And our hearts be stayed on Thee. A - men.

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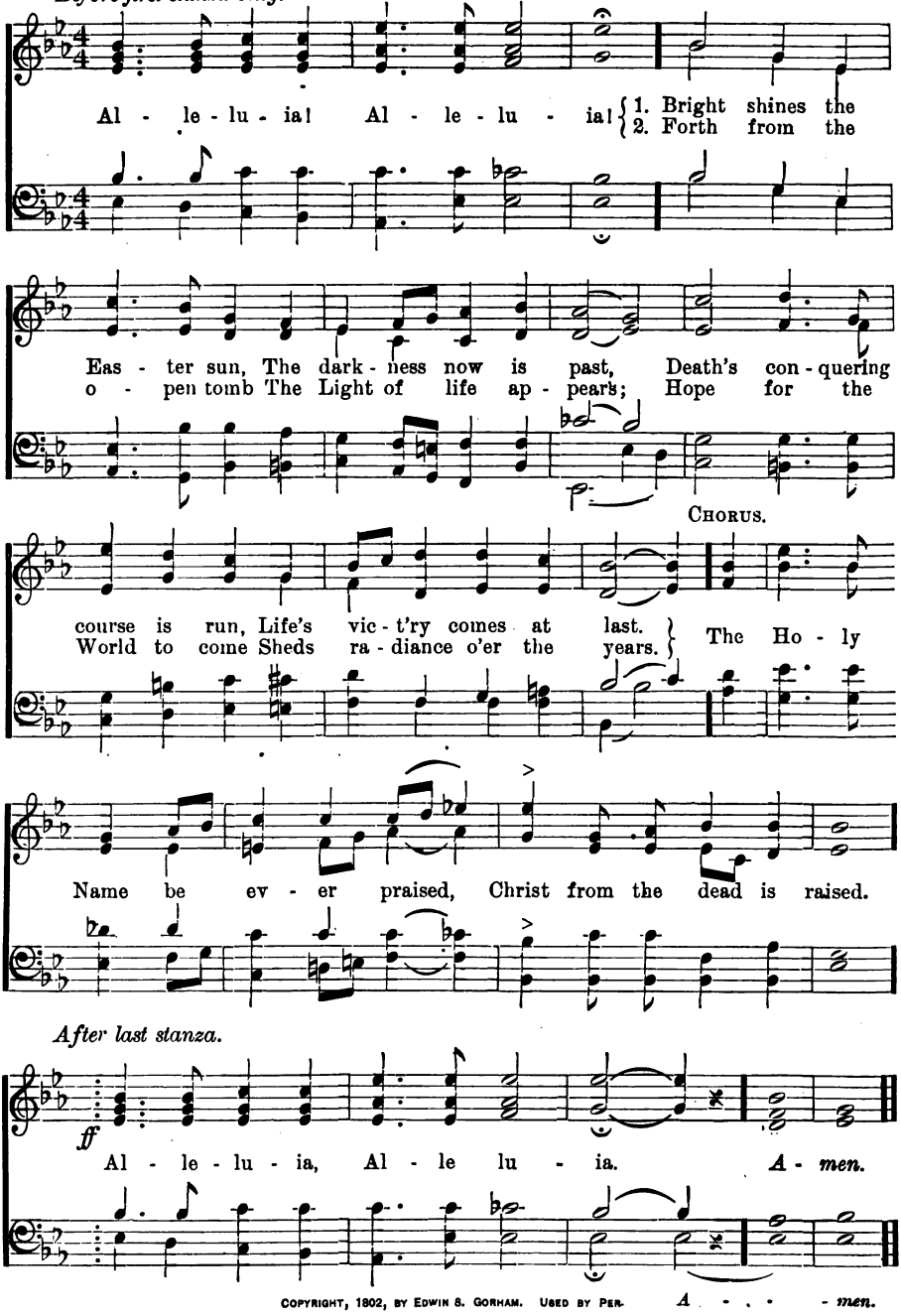
197 Brightly Shines the Easter Sun.

Rt. Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead, D.D. (EASTER CAROL.) J. B. Whitehead.

Before first stanza only.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
1. Bright shines the
2. Forth from the
Eas - ter sun, The dark - ness now is past, Death's con - quering
o - pen tomb The Light of life ap - pears; Hope for the
CHORUS.
course is run, Life's vic - t'ry comes at last.
World to come Sheds ra - diance o'er the years.
The Ho - ly
Name be ev - er praised, Christ from the dead is raised.
After last stanza.
ff
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le lu - ia. A - men.
A - - - men.

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Brightly Shines the Easter Sun.—Concluded.

3 Alleluia!
Loud Alleluias bring
On this High Festal Day:
Hail to our risen King
Exulting on His way.
Cho.—The Holy Name, etc.

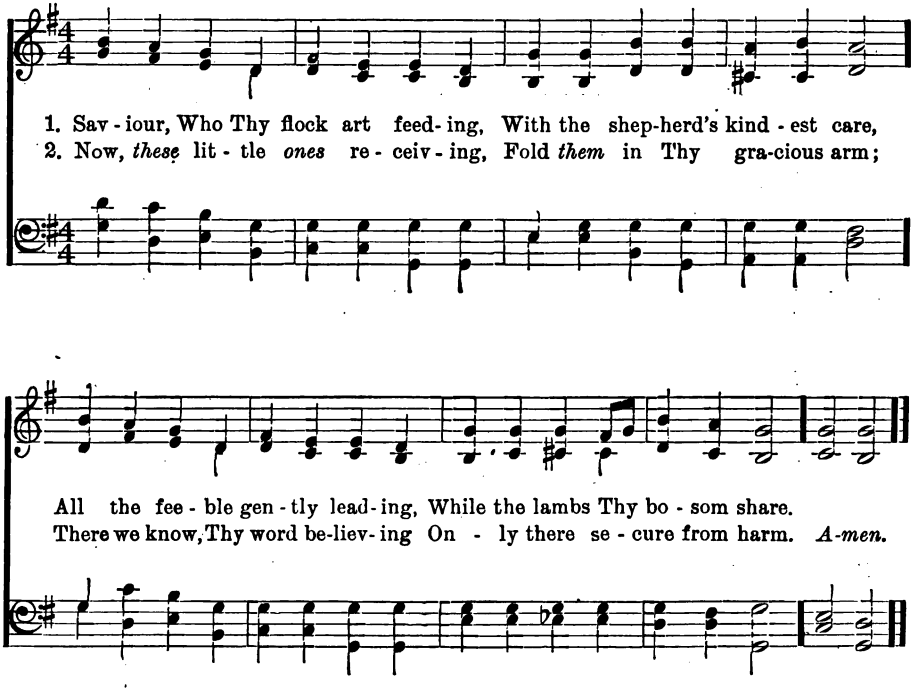
4 Alleluia!
High on His Royal Seat
He sits resplendent now.
At His all-conquering feet
Every knee shall bow.
Cho.—The Holy Name, etc

5 Alleluia!
Angels in heaven above,
And men on earth below,
Raise songs of praise and love
And highest honors show.
Cho—The Holy Name, etc.

6 Alleluia!
Through all the world proclaim
The glories of this Day,
Exalt the Holy Name
Forever and for aye.
Cho.—The Holy Name, etc.

198 Saviour, Who Thy Flock art Feeding.

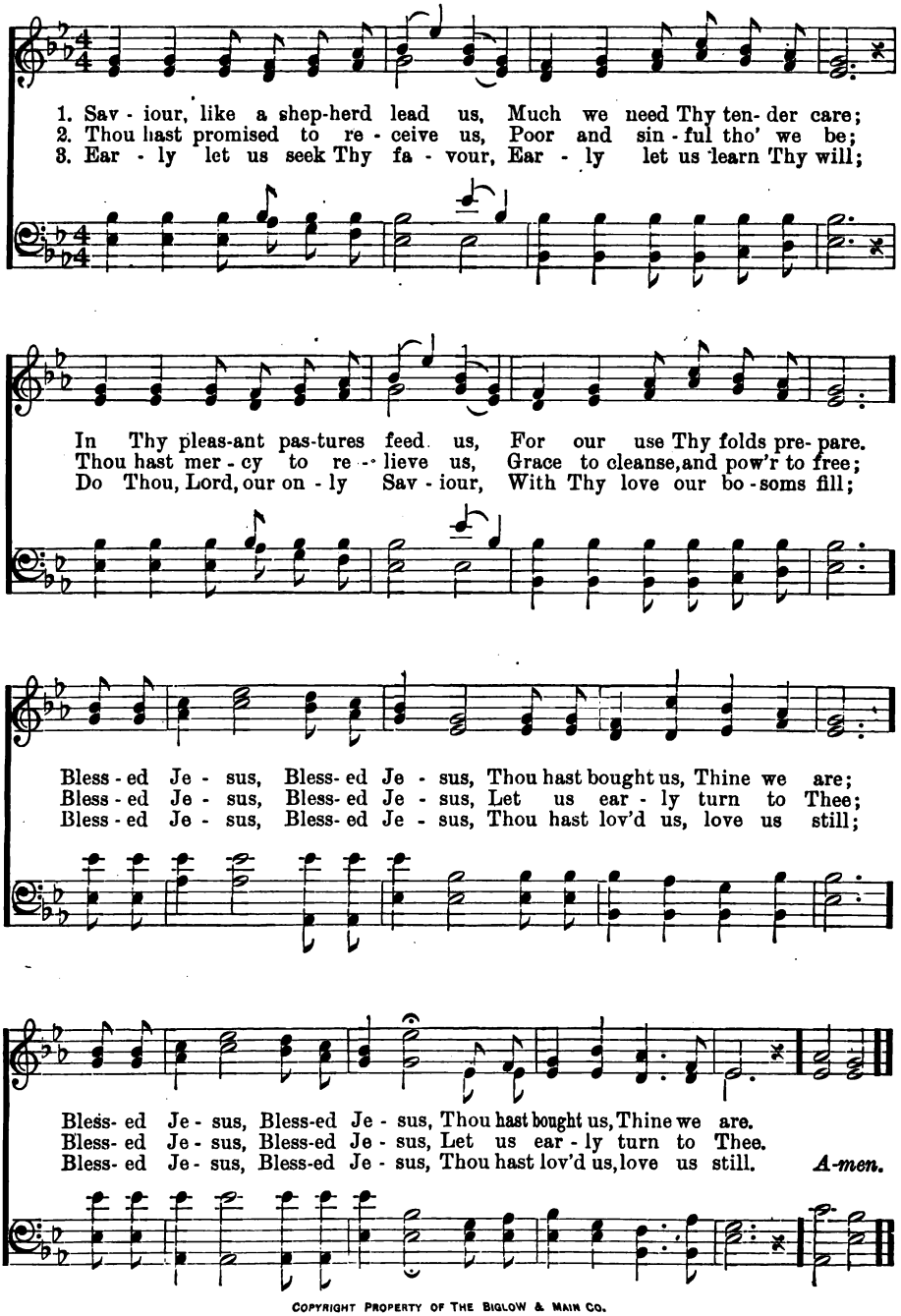
Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg. (BROCKLESBURY.) Charlotte A. Barnard.


1. Sav - iour, Who Thy flock art feed - ing, With the shep-herd's kind - est care,
2. Now, *these* lit - tle *ones* re - ceiv - ing, Fold *them* in Thy gra-cious arm;
All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share.
There we know, Thy word be-liev - ing On - ly there se - cure from harm. *A-men.*

3 Never from Thy pasture roving
Let *them* be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

199 Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. (SHEPHERD.) Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten- der care;
2. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be;
3. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vour, Ear - ly let us learn Thy will;
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre- pare.
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free;
Do Thou, Lord, our on - ly Sav - iour, With Thy love our bo - soms fill;
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless- ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless- ed Je - sus, Let us ear - ly turn to Thee;
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless- ed Je - sus, Thou hast lov'd us, love us still;
Bless- ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless- ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Let us ear - ly turn to Thee.
Bless- ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast lov'd us, love us still. A-men.

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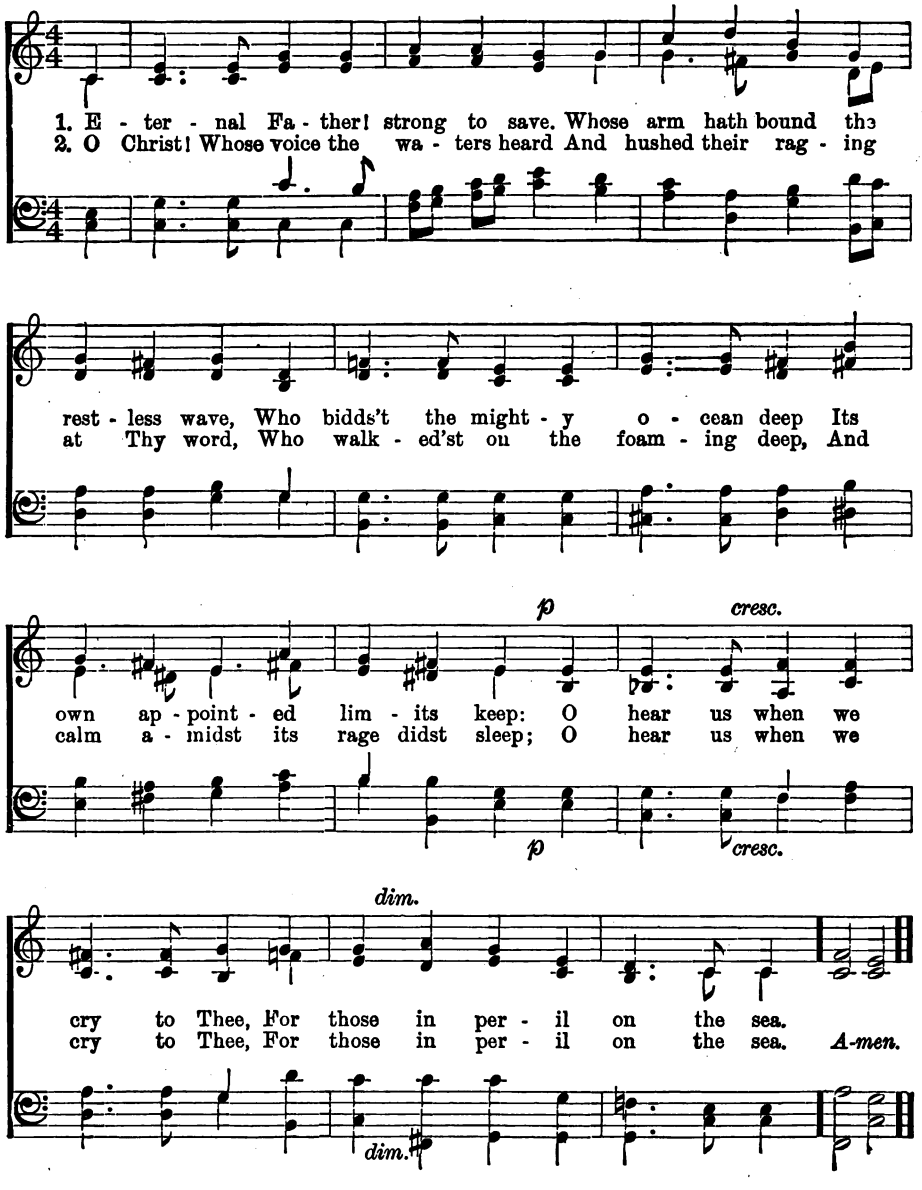
200 Eternal Father! Strong to Save.

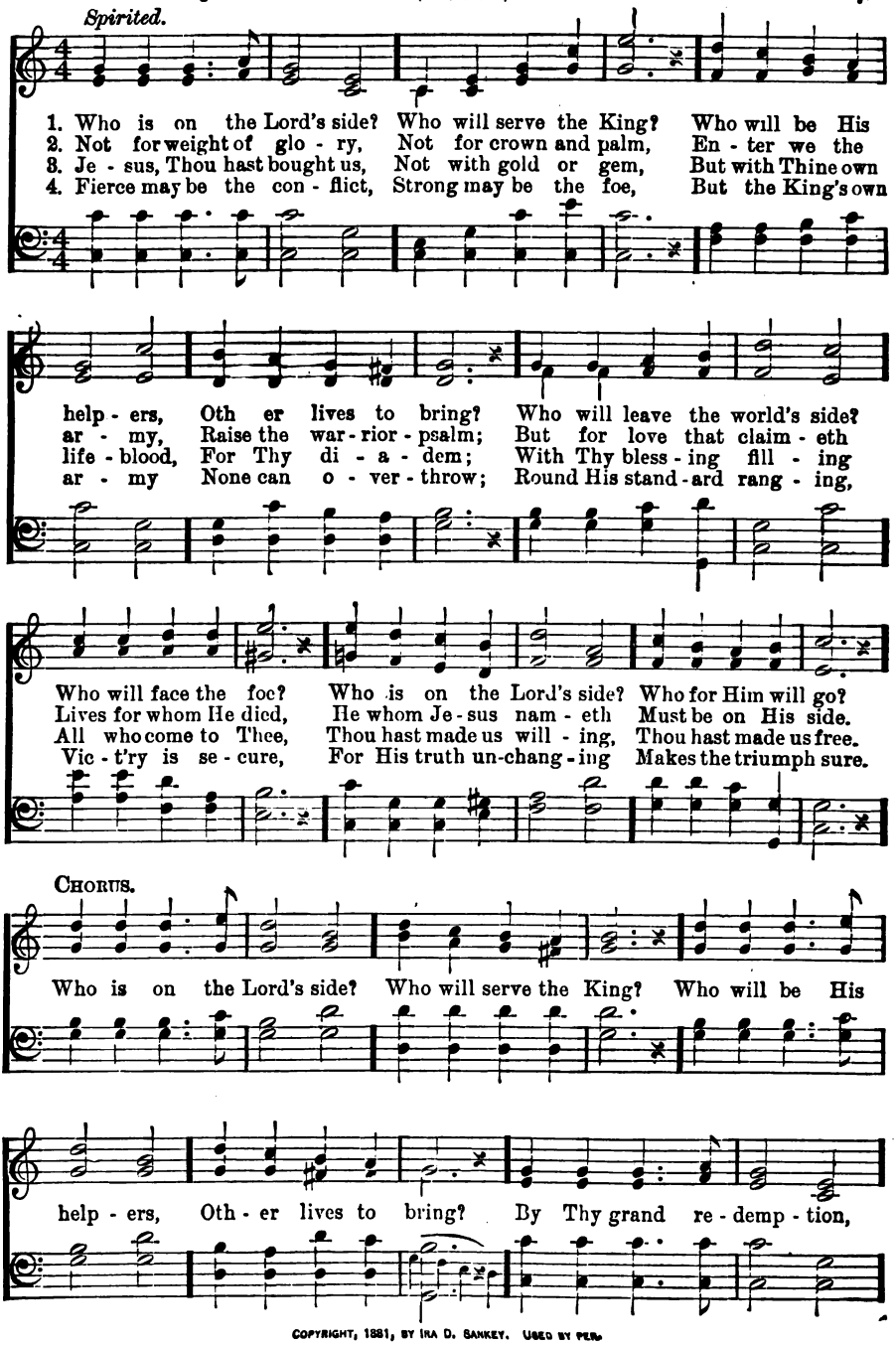
W. Whiting. (MELITA.) John B. Dykes.

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save. Whose arm hath bound the
2. O Christ! Whose voice the wa - ters heard And hushed their rag - ing
rest - less wave, Who bidds't the might - y o - cean deep Its
at Thy word, Who walk - ed'st on the foam - ing deep, And
p
cresc.
own ap - point - ed lim - its keep: O hear us when we
calm a - midst its rage didst sleep; O hear us when we
p
cresc.
dim.
cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea.
cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea. A-men.
dim.

3 Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

201 Who is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal. (DECISION.) Ira D. Sankey.

Spirited.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own
help - ers, Oth er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?
ar - my, Raise the war - rior - psalm; But for love that claim - eth
life - blood, For Thy di - a - dem; With Thy bless - ing fill - ing
ar - my None can o - ver - throw; Round His stand - ard rang - ing,
Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
Lives for whom He died, He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side.
All who come to Thee, Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free.
Vic - t'ry is se - cure, For His truth un-chang - ing Makes the triumph sure.
CHORUS.
Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring? By Thy grand re - demp - tion,

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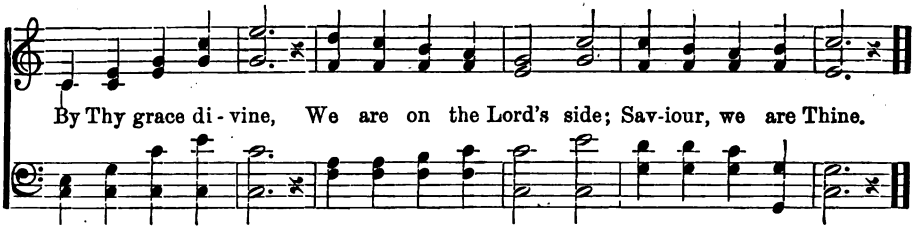
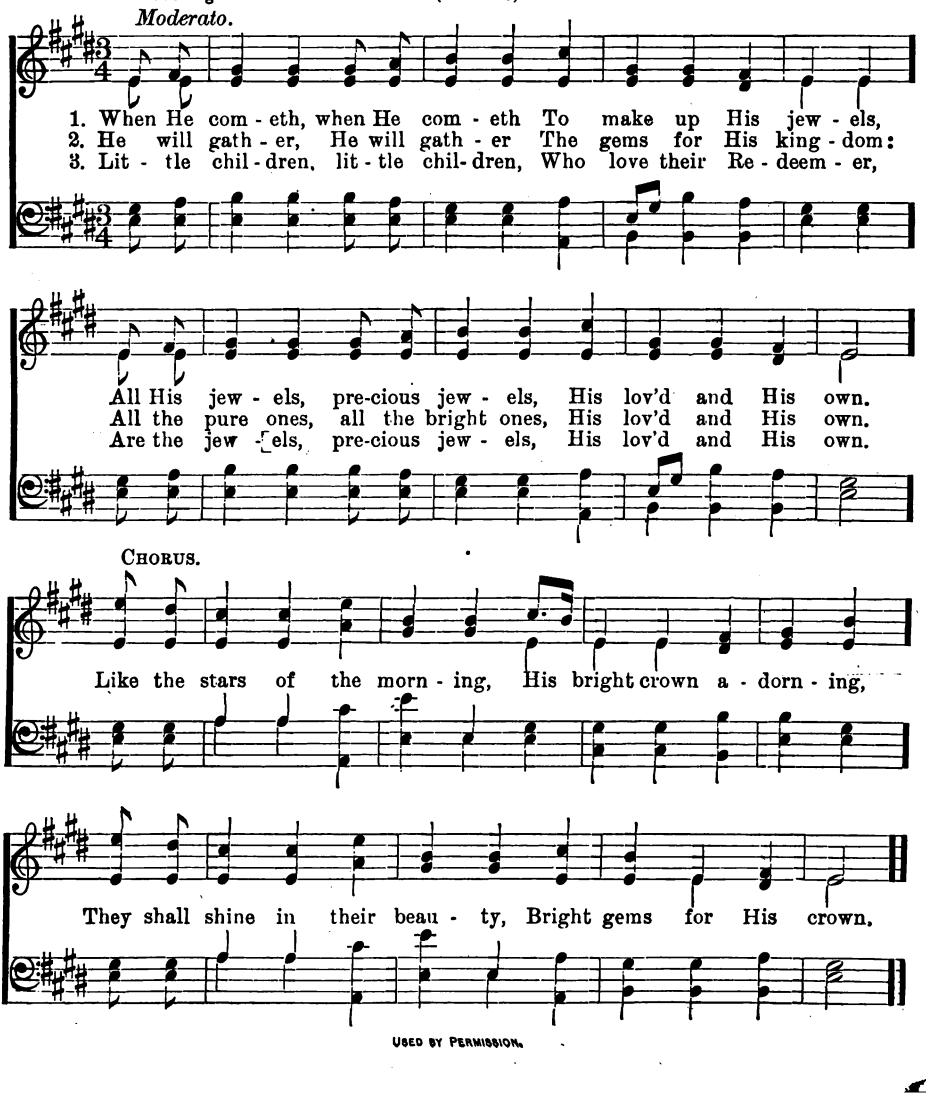
Who is On the Lord's Side?—Concluded.

202 When He Cometh.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. (JEWELS.) Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.
1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els,
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom:
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem - er,
All His jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His lov'd and His own.
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His lov'd and His own.
Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His lov'd and His own.
CHORUS.
Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,
They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

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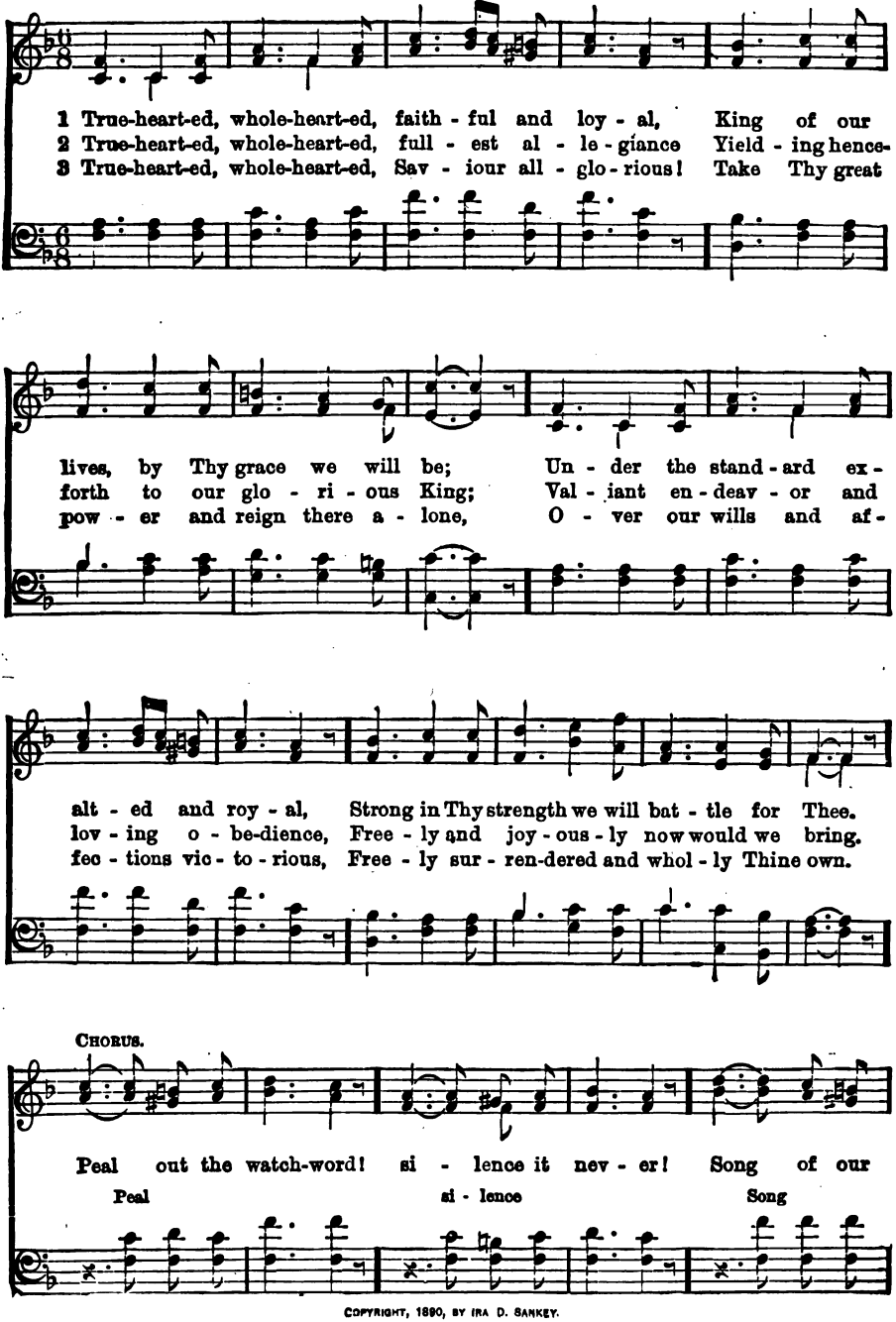
203 True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

Frances R. Havergal. (LOYALTY.) George C. Stebbins.

1 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our
2 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, full - est al - le - giance Yield - ing hence-
3 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, Sav - iour all - glo - rious! Take Thy great
lives, by Thy grace we will be; Un - der the stand - ard ex -
forth to our glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en - deav - or and
pow - er and reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af -
alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy strength we will bat - tle for Thee.
lov - ing o - be-dience, Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
fec - tions vic - to - rious, Free - ly sur - ren-dered and whol - ly Thine own.
CHORUS.
Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it nev - er! Song of our
Peal
si - lence
Song

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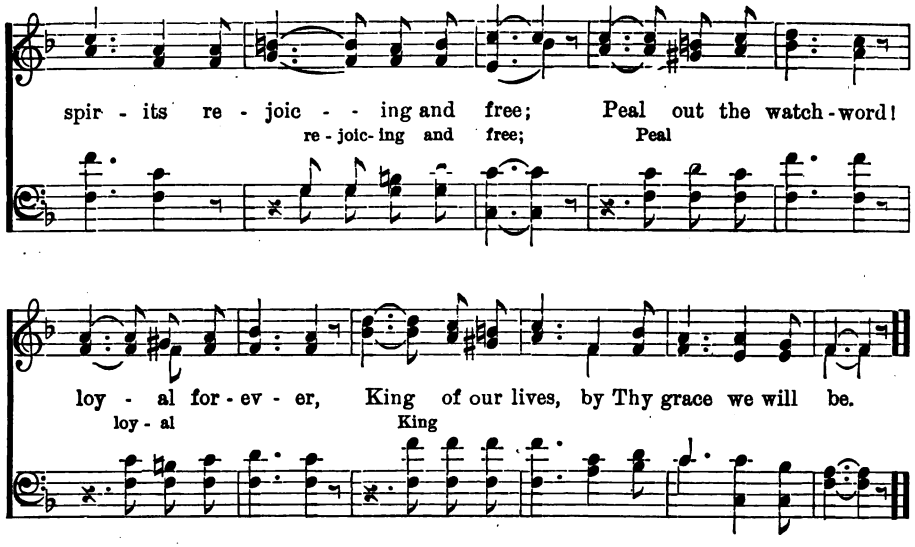
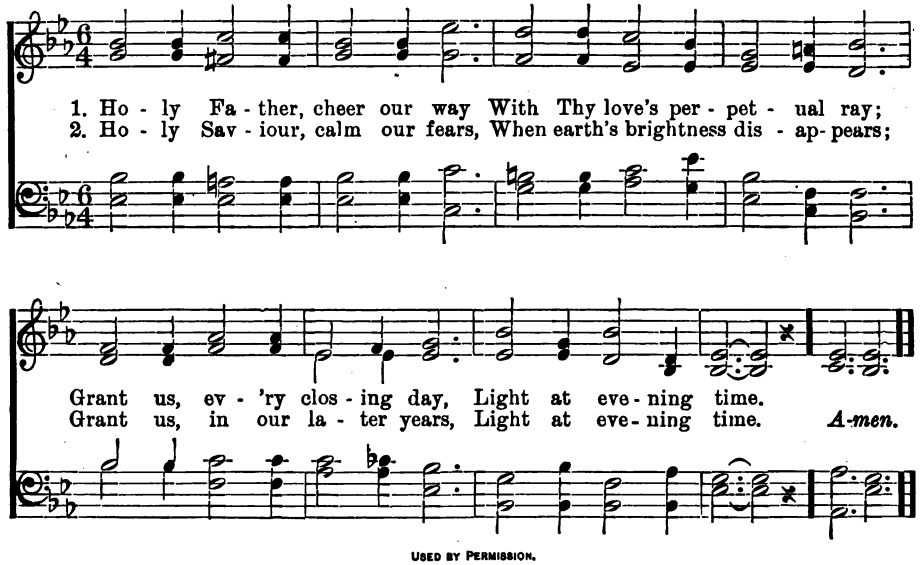
True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.—Concluded.


spir - its re - joic - - ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
re - joic- ing and free; Peal
loy - al for - ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
loy - al King

204 Holy Father, Cheer Our Way.

Rev. Richard H. Robinson. (TRUST.) Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray;
2. Ho - ly Sav - iour, calm our fears, When earth's brightness dis - ap - pears;
Grant us, ev - 'ry clos - ing day, Light at eve - ning time.
Grant us, in our la - ter years, Light at eve - ning time. A-men.

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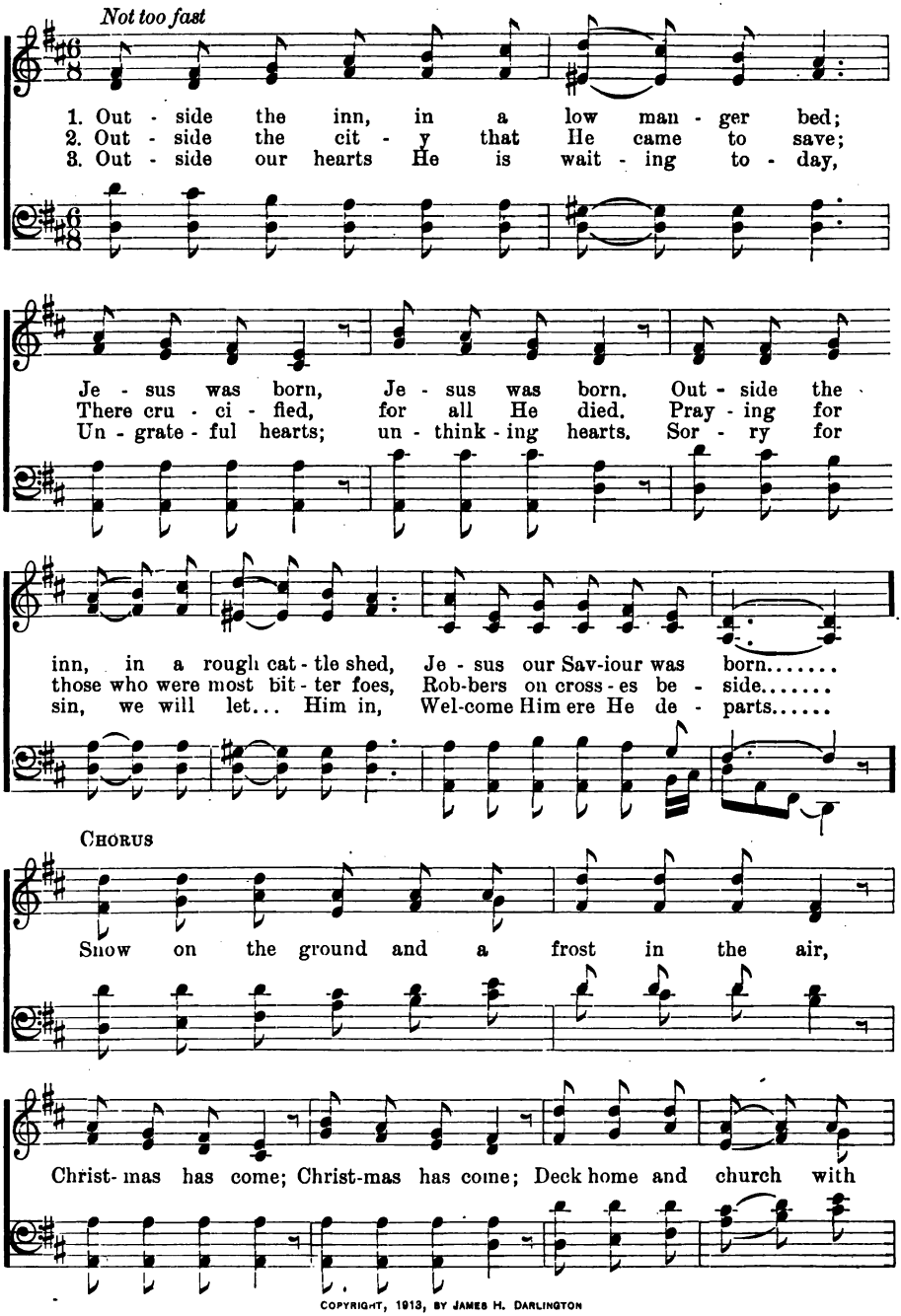
3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh,
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

4 Holy, blessed Trinity!
Darkness is not dark with Thee.
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

205 Outside the Inn, in a Low Manger Bed.

James H. Darlington. (CHRISTMAS HAS COME.) Miles Farrow.

Not too fast
1. Out - side the inn, in a low man - ger bed;
2. Out - side the cit - y that He came to save;
3. Out - side our hearts He is wait - ing to - day,
Je - sus was born, Je - sus was born. Out - side the
There cru - ci - fied, for all He died. Pray - ing for
Un - grate - ful hearts; un - think - ing hearts. Sor - ry for
inn, in a rough cat - tle shed, Je - sus our Sav-iour was born.....
those who were most bit - ter foes, Rob-bers on cross - es be - side.....
sin, we will let... Him in, Wel-come Him ere He de - parts.....
CHORUS
Snow on the ground and a frost in the air,
Christ- mas has come; Christ-mas has come; Deck home and church with

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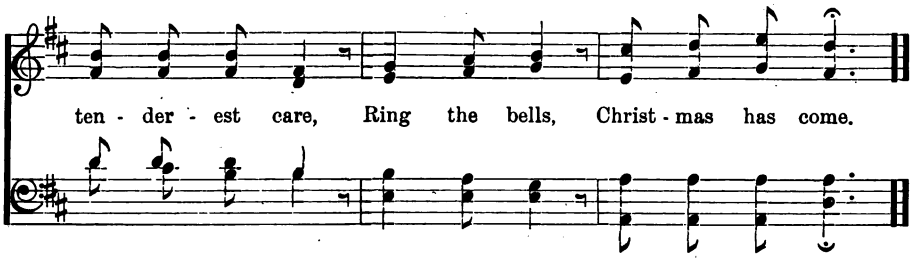
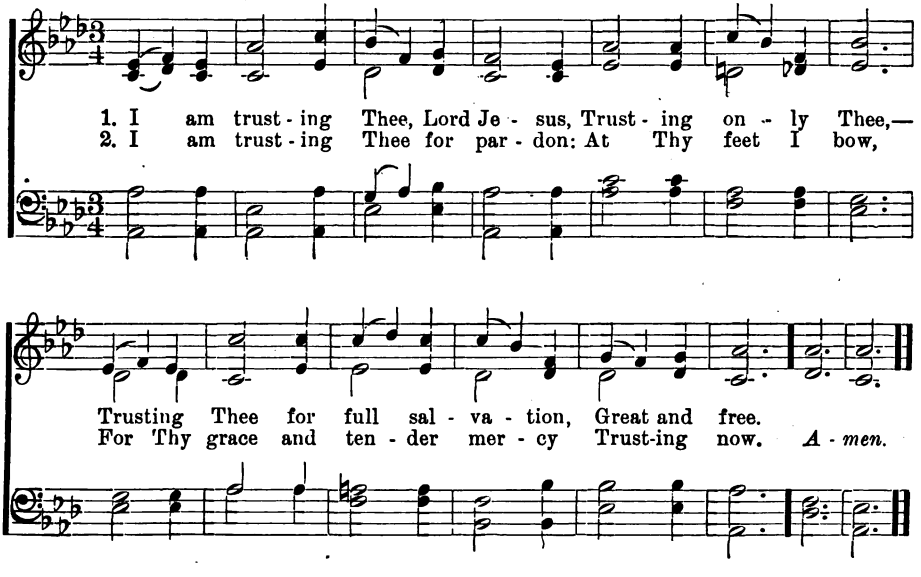
Outside the Inn, in a Low Manger Bed.—Concluded.

4 Let then our hymns reach to heaven's high dome,
Telling our joy, holiest joy.
Ask Him to come, make here His home,
Dwelling in each girl and boy.

5 Then will our hearts ever echo the song,
Christmas has come, Christmas has come,
His love will cheer us and make the weak strong,
Carol, for Jesus has come.

206 I Am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

Frances R. Havergal. (BULLINGER.) Rev. E. W. Bullinger.


1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee,—
2. I am trust - ing Thee for par - don: At Thy feet I bow,
Trusting Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy Trust-ing now. A - men.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood,
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

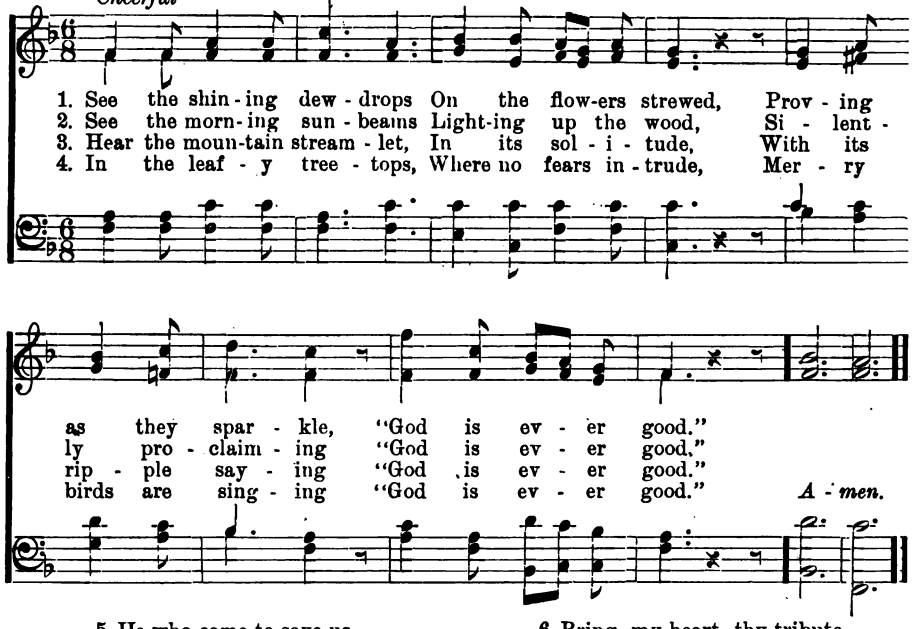
4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power:
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

207 See the Shining Dew-Drops.

(God is Good.) German.

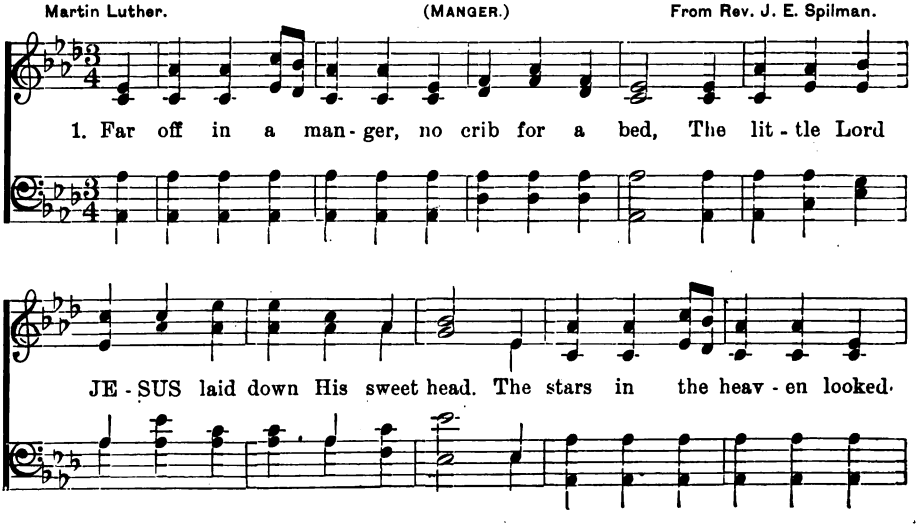
Cheerful

1. See the shin - ing dew - drops On the flow-ers strewed, Prov - ing
2. See the morn - ing sun - beams Light-ing up the wood, Si - lent -
3. Hear the moun-tain stream - let, In its sol - i - tude, With its
4. In the leaf - y tree - tops, Where no fears in - trude, Mer - ry
as they spar - kle, "God is ev - er good."
ly pro - claim - ing "God is ev - er good."
rip - ple say - ing "God is ev - er good."
birds are sing - ing "God is ev - er good." A - men.

5 He who came to save us,
Shed His precious blood;
Better things it speaketh
"God is ever good."

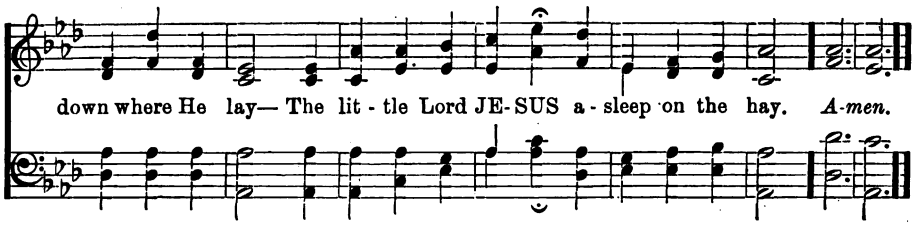
6 Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude;
All things join to tell us
"God is ever good."

208 Far off in a Manger.

Martin Luther. (Manger.) From Rev. J. E. Spilman.



Far off in a Manger.—Concluded.

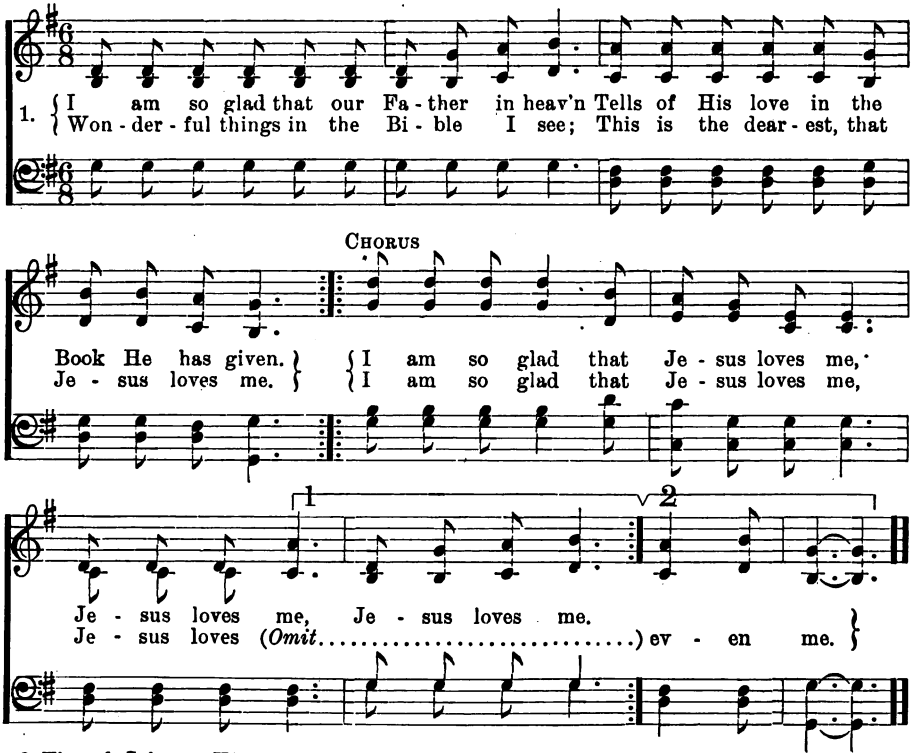


2 The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes
But little Lord JESUS no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord JESUS, look down from the sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

3 Be near me, Lord JESUS; I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven to live with Thee there.

209 Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. Bliss. (PHILIPS.) P. P. Bliss.

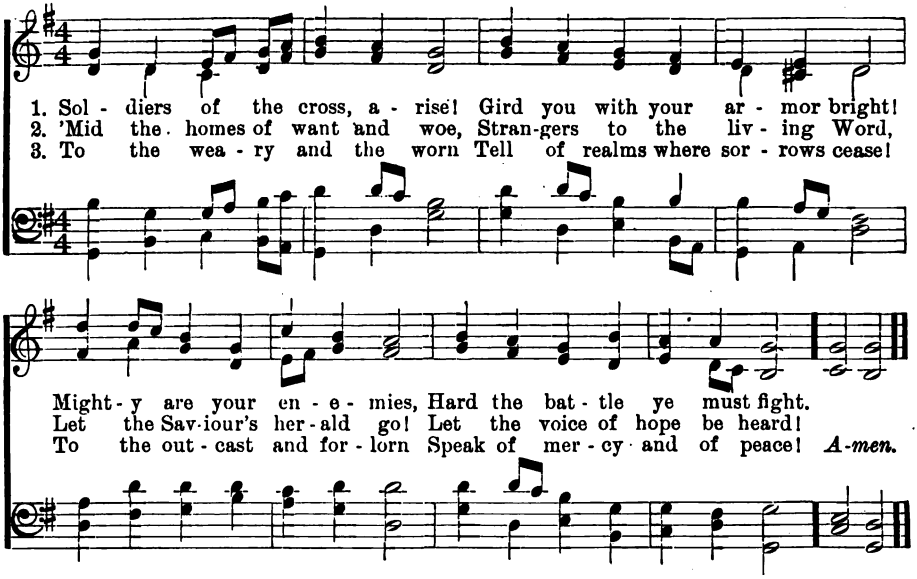

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see; This is the dear - est, that
CHORUS
Book He has given. I am so glad that Je - sus loves me,
Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that Je - sus loves me,
1
2
Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me.
Je - sus loves (Omit.....) ev - en me.

2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the Great King,
This shall my song in eternity be:
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."
I am so glad, etc.

210 Soldiers of the Cross Arise!

W. Walsham How. (BRASTED.) P. Weimer.

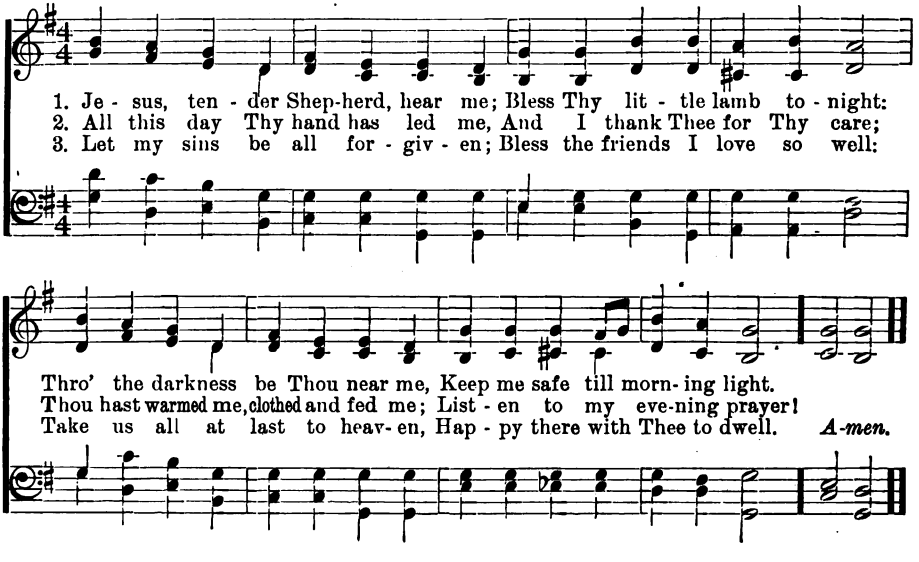

1. Sol - diers of the cross, a - rise! Gird you with your ar - mor bright!
2. 'Mid the homes of want and woe, Stran-gers to the liv - ing Word,
3. To the wea - ry and the worn Tell of realms where sor - rows cease!
Might - y are your en - e - mies, Hard the bat - tle ye must fight.
Let the Sav-iour's her - ald go! Let the voice of hope be heard!
To the out - cast and for - lorn Speak of mer - cy and of peace! A-men.

4 Guard the helpless! seek the strayed!
Comfort troubles! banish grief!
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief!

5 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of this world
Are the Kingdom of the Lord!

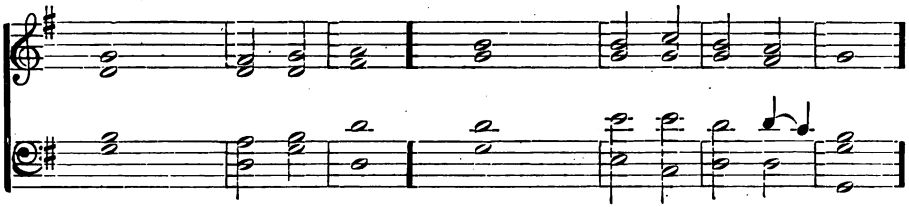
211 Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me.

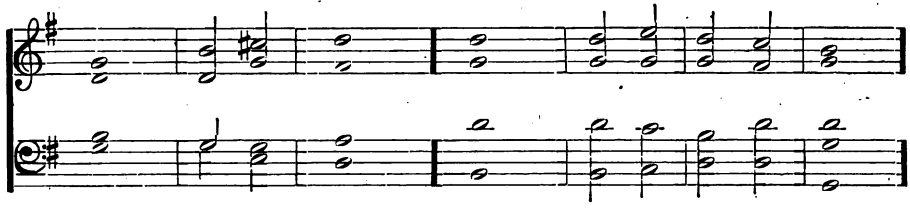
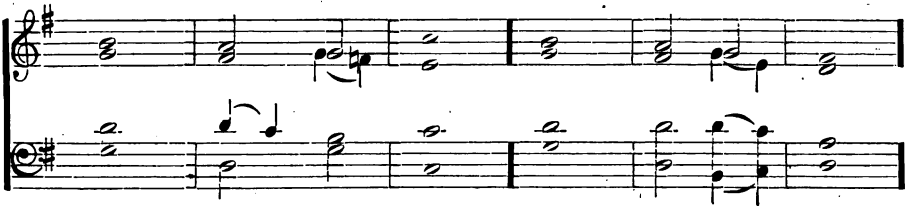
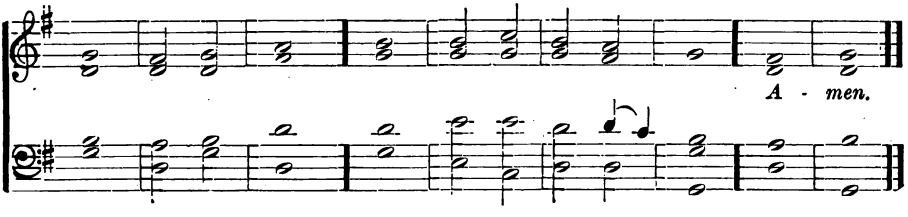
Mary L. Duncan. (BROCKLESBURY.) Charlotte A. Barnard.


1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night:
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well:
Thro' the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn- ing light.
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me; List - en to my eve-ning prayer!
Take us all at last to heav- en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell. A-men.

212 Gloria in Excelsis.

Old Chant.

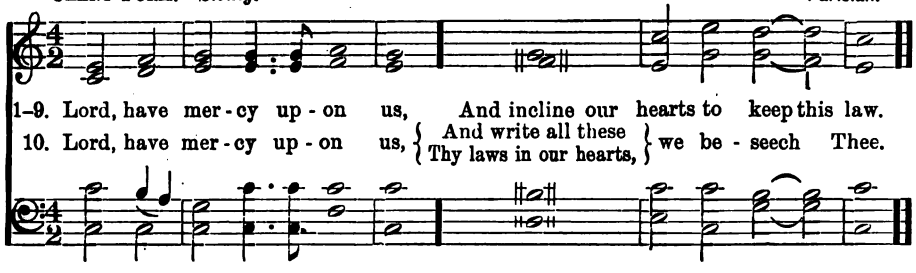


1 Glory *be* to | God on | high : and on *earth* | peace, good | will • towards | men.
2 We praise Thee, we bless *Thee,* we | wor-ship | Thee : we glorify Thee, we give *thanks* to | Thee for | Thy great | glory,

3 O Lord *God,* | heaven- • ly | King : *God* the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty.
4 O Lord, the only begotten *Son* | Je-sus | Christ : O Lord God, Lamb of *God* | Son — | of the | Father,

5 That takest *away* the | sins • of the | world : have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.
6 Thou that takest *away* the | sins • of the | world : have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.
7 Thou that takest *away* the | sins • of the | world : *re-* | ceive our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father : have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.

9 For Thou *only* | art — | holy : *Thou* | on-ly | art the | Lord.
10 Thou only, O *Christ,* with the | Ho-ly | Ghost : art most *high* in the | God the | Father.

Chants.

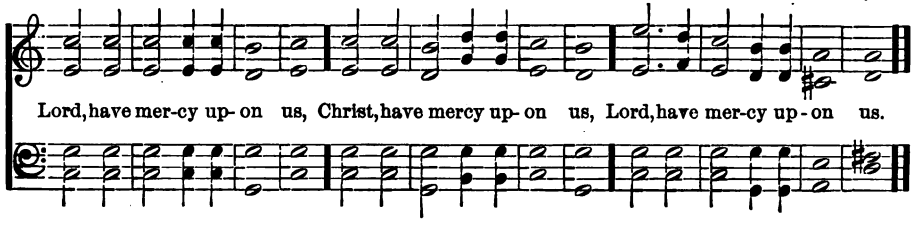
1 Kyrie Eleison.

CHANT FORM. *Slowly.* Parisian.

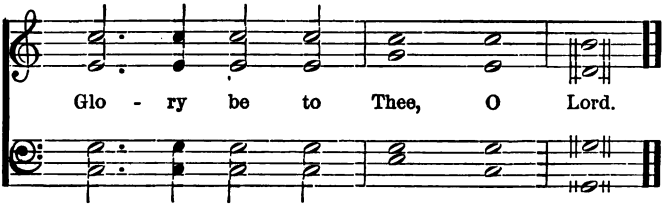

1–9. Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, And incline our hearts to keep this law.
10. Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, { And write all these / Thy laws in our hearts, } we be - seech Thee.

2 Short Kyrie.

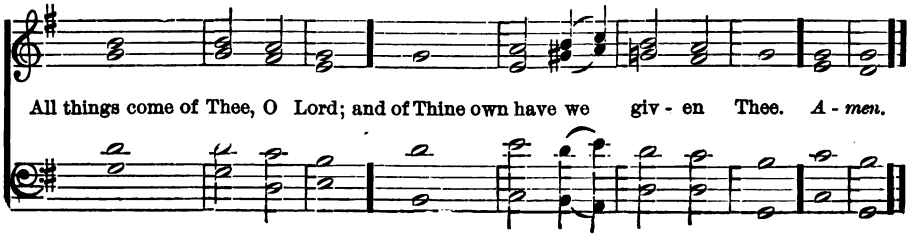
J. Barnby.



3 Gloria Tibi.

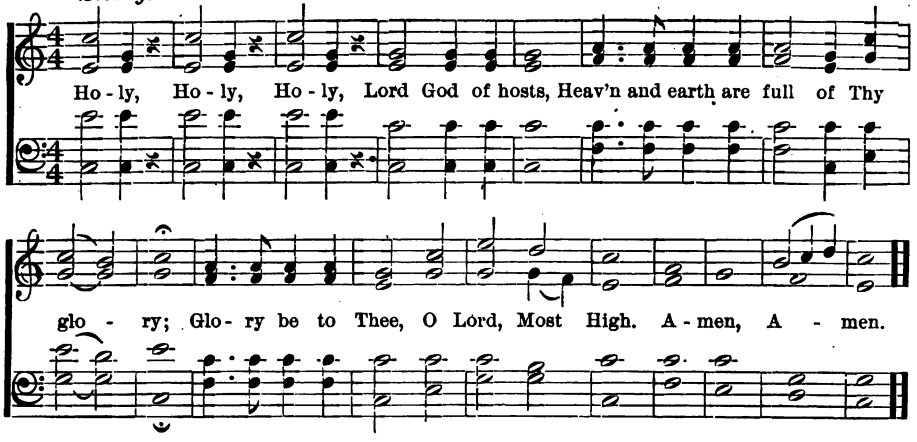
T. Tallis.

4 Presentation of Alms.

Anon.

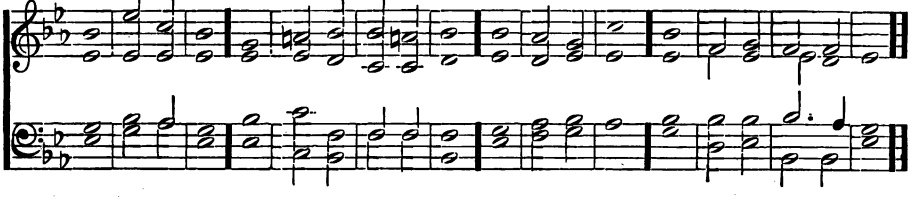


5 Sanctus.

Slowly. J. Taylor.



6 Venite, Exultemus Domino.

J. Robinson.

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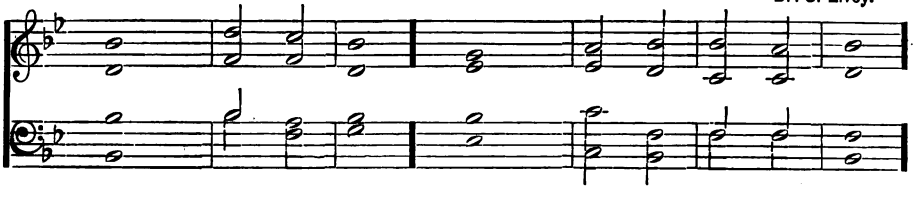
Dr. S. Elvey.

1 O come, let us *sing* | unto • the | Lord : let us heartily re*joice* in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before His pres*ence* with | thanks- — | giving : and *show* ourselves | glad in | Him with | psalms.

3 For the *Lord* is a | great — | God : and a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.

4 In His hand are all the *cor*ners | of the | earth : and the *strength* of the | hills is | His — | also.

5 The *sea* is His | and He | made it : and His *hands* pre- | pared • the | dry — | land.

6 O come, let us *wor*ship and | fall — | down : and *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For *He* is the | Lord our | God : and we are the people of His pasture * *and* the | sheep of | His — | hand.—*Ps. xcv. 1-7.*

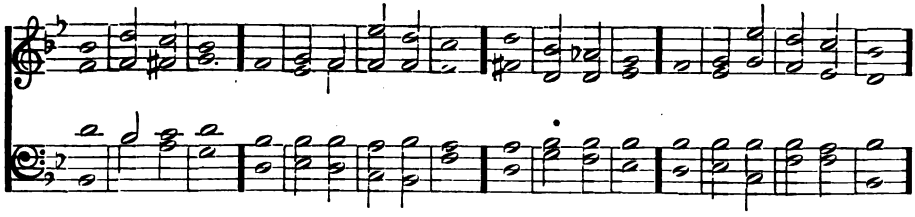
8 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty • of | holiness : let the whole *earth* | stand in | awe of | Him.

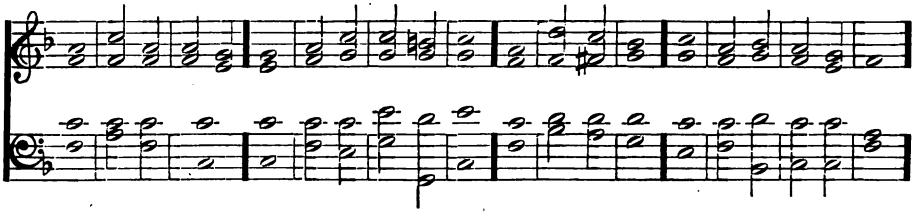
9 For He cometh, for He *com*eth to | judge the | earth : and with righteousness to judge the *world* and the | peo-ple | with His | truth.—*Ps. xcvi. 9, 13.*

Glory be to the *Fa*ther, | and • to the Son : *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning,* is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be : world without | end. | A- — | men.

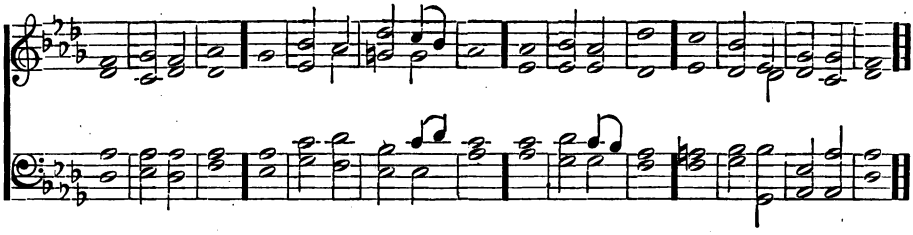
Te Deum Laudamus.

Verses 1 to 13. J. S. Smith.

1 We *praise* | Thee O | God : we ac*know*ledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
2 All the *earth* doth | wor-ship | Thee : *the* | Fa-ther | ev-er- | lasting.
3 To Thee all *An*gels | cry a- | loud : the *Heav*ens and | all the | Powers there- | in.
4 To Thee Cheru*bim* and | Ser-a- | phim : *con-* | tin-ual- | ly do | cry,
5 *Ho*ly | Ho-ly | Holy : *Lord* | God of | Sab-a- | oth;
6 Heaven and earth are *full* of the | Maj-es- | ty : *of* | Thy — | Glo- — | ry.
7 The glorious *com*pany | of • the A- | postles : *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
8 The goodly *fel*lowship | of the | Prophets : *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
9 The *no*ble | army • of | Martyrs : *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
10 The holy *Church* throughout | all the | world : *doth* | ac- | knowl-edge | Thee;
11 *The* | Fa- — | ther : *of* an | in- • finite | Maj-es- | ty;
12 *Thine* a- | dor- • able, | true : *and* | on- — | — ly | Son;
13 *Also* the | Ho-ly | Ghost : the | Com- — | fort- — | er

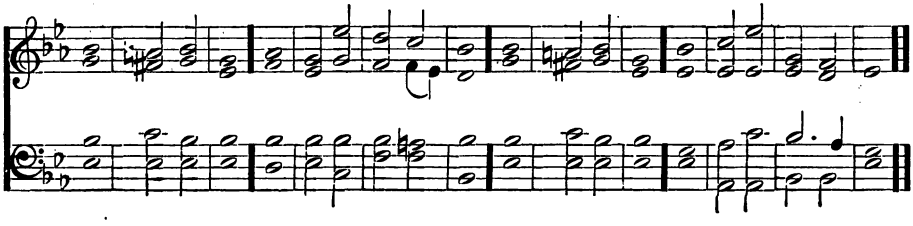
Verses 14 to 25. Dr. H. Aldrich.

14 *Thou* art the | King of | Glory : O | — — | — — | Christ.
15 Thou art the *ever-* | last-ing | Son : *of* | — the | Fa- — | ther.
16 When Thou tookest up*on* Thee to de- | liv-er | man : Thou didst humble Thy*self* to be | born — | of a | Virgin.
17 When Thou hast over*come* the | sharpness • of | death : Thou didst open the *King*dom of | Heaven • to | all be- | lievers.
18 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God : *in* the | Glo-ry of the Father.
19 We be*lieve* that | Thou shalt | come : *to* | be — | our — | Judge.
20 We therefore *pray* Thee | help Thy | servants : whom Thou hast re*deem*ed | with Thy | pre-cious | blood.
21 Make them to be *num*bered with Thy | Saints : *in* | glo-ry | ev-er- | lasting.
22 O *Lord* | save Thy | people : *and* | bless Thine | her-it- | age.
23 *Gov-* | — ern | them : *and* | lift them | up for- | ever.
24 *Day* | by — | day : *we* | mag-ni- | fy— | Thee;
25 *And we* | *worship* • Thy | Name : *ever* | world with- | out — | end.

Te Deum.—Concluded.

Verse 26 to end. J. Barnby.



26 *Vouch-* | safe O | Lord : to *keep* us this | day with- | out — | sin.
27 O *Lord* have | mercy • up- | on us : *have* | mer- | cy up- | on us.
28 O Lord, let Thy *mercy* | be up- | on us : *as* our | trust — | is in | Thee.
29 O Lord, in *Thee* | have I | trusted : *let* me | nev-er | be con- | founded.

9 Jubilate Deo. L. T. Downes.

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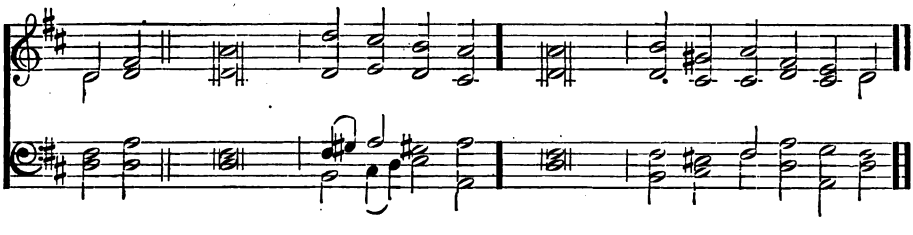
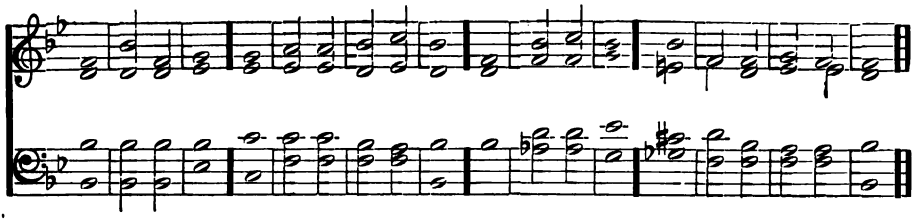

1 O be joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands : serve the Lord with gladness * and come be*fore* his | pres-ence | with a | song.
2 Be ye sure that the Lord he is God * it is he that hath made us * *and* not | we ourselves : we are his people, *and* the | sheep of | his • — | pasture.
3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving * and *into* his | courts with | praise : be thankful unto *him*, and | speak good | of his | Name.
4 For the Lord is gracious * his *mercy* is | ev-er- | lasting : and his truth endureth from *gene*r- | ation • to | gen-er- | ation.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and • to the | Son : *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be : *world* without | end. — | *A-* • — | *men.*

11 **Benedictus.** L. van Beethoven.

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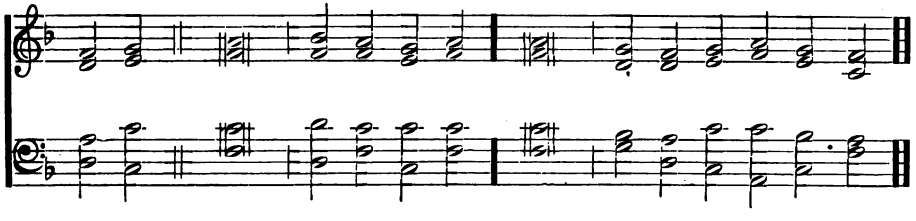

1 Blessed be the *Lord* | God of | Israel : for He hath *vis*ited | and re- | deemed • His | people;

2 And hath raised up a *mighty* sal- | va-tion | for us : in the *house* | of His | ser-vant | David;

3 As He spake by the *mouth* of His | ho-ly | Prophets : which have *been* | since the | world be- | gan;

4 That we should be *saved* | from our | enemies : and *from* the | hand of | all that | hate us.

5 To perform the mercy *prom*ised to | our fore- | fathers : *and* to re- | member • His | ho-ly | covenant;

6 To perform the oath which He sware to our *fore*father | A-bra- | ham : *that* | He would | give • — | us;

7 That we being delivered out of the *hand* | of our | enemies : might *serve* | Him with- | out • — | fear;

8 In holiness and *right*eous- | ness be- | fore Him : *all* the | days • — | of our | life.

9 And thou Child, shalt be called the *proph*et | of the | Highest : for thou shalt go before the face of the *Lord* | to pre- | pare His | ways:

10 To give knowledge of sal*va*tion | unto • His | people : *for* the re- | mis-sion | of their | sins.

11 Through the tender *mer*cy | of our | God : whereby the day-spring *from* on | high hath | visit- • ed | us;

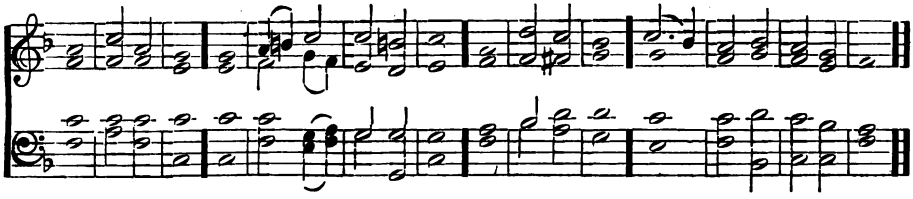
12 To give light to them that sit in darkness * and *in* the | shadow • of | death : and to guide our *feet* | into • the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and • to the | Son : *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be : *world* without | end. — | *A*- — | *men.*

13 Magnificat.

Dr. H. Aldrich.



1 My soul doth *magni-* | fy the | Lord : and my spirit *hath* re- | joiced • in | God my | Saviour.

2 *For* He | hath re- | garded : the *lowli-* | ness of | His hand- | maiden.

3 *For* be- | hold from | henceforth : *all* gener- | ations • shall | call me | blessed.

4 For He that is *mighty* hath | magni- • fied | me : *and* | ho-ly | is His | Name.

5 And His *mercy* is on | them that | fear Him : *through-* | out all | gen-er- | ations.

6 He hath showed *strength* | with His | arm : He hath scattered the proud in the im*agin-* | a-tion | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the *mighty* | from their | seat : and *hath* ex- | alted • the | humble • and | meek.

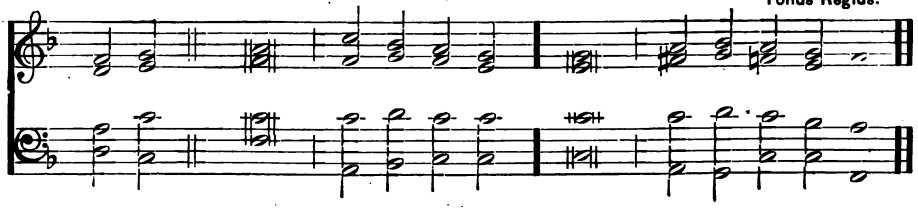
8 He hath filled the *hungry* with | good • — | things : and the *rich* He hath | sent • — | empty • a- | way.

9 He remembering His mercy hath *holpen* His | ser-vant | Israel : as He promised to our forefathers * *A*braham | and His | seed for- | ever.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and • to the | Son : *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be : *world* without | end. • — | *A-* — | *men.*

14 Nunc Dimittis.—*St. Luke, ii. 29.*

Tonus Regius.

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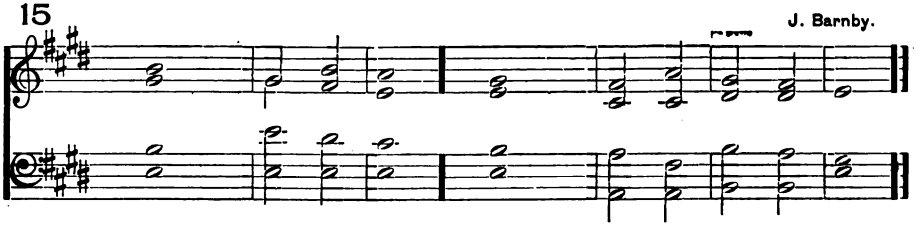
J. Barnby.

1 Lord, now lettest Thou Thy ser*vant* de- | part in | peace : *ac-* | cord-ing | to Thy | word.

2 *For* mine | eyes have | seen : *Thy* | — sal- | va- — | tion,

3 *Which* Thou | hast pre- | pared : be*fore* the | face of | all — | people;

4 To be a *light* to | lighten • the | Gentiles : and to be the *glory* | of Thy | peo-ple | Israel.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and • to the | Son : *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be : *world* without | end. — | *A-* — | *men.*

A General Confession.

Almighty and most merciful Father; We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou those, O God, who confess their faults. Restore thou those who are penitent; According to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake; That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, To the glory of thy holy Name. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord: Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary: Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried: He descended into hell; The third day he rose again from the dead: He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty: From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost: The holy Catholic Church; The Communion of Saints: The Forgiveness of sins: The Resurrection of the body: And the Life everlasting. Amen.

PSALMS.

PSALM 23. *Dominus regit me.*

THE LORD is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.

2 He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

3 He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

5 Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me: thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

6 But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

PSALM 32. *Beati quorum.*

BLESSED is he whose unrighteousness is forgiven: and whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the LORD imputeth no sin: and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 For whilst I held my tongue: my bones consumed away through my daily complaining.

4 For thy hand is heavy upon me day and night: and my moisture is like the drought in summer.

5 I will acknowledge my sin unto thee: and mine unrighteousness have I not hid.

6 I said, I will confess my sins unto the LORD: and so thou forgavest the wickedness of my sin.

7 For this shall every one that is godly make his prayer unto thee, in a time when thou mayest be found: but in the great water-floods they shall not come nigh him.

8 Thou art a place to hide me in; thou shalt preserve me from trouble: thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

9 I will inform thee, and teach thee in the way wherein thou shalt go: and I will guide thee with mine eye.

10 Be ye not like to horse and mule which have no understanding: whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle, lest they fall upon thee.

11 Great plagues remain for the ungodly: but whoso putteth his trust in the LORD, mercy embraceth him on every side.

12 Be glad, O ye righteous, and rejoice in the LORD: and be joyful, all ye that are true of heart.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

PSALM 42. *Quemadmodum.*

LIKE as the hart desireth the water-brooks: so longeth my soul after thee, O God.

2 My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God: when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?

3 My tears have been my meat day and night: while they daily say unto me, Where is now thy God?

4 Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my heart by myself: for I went with the multitude, and brought them forth into the house of God;

5 In the voice of praise and thanksgiving: among such as keep holy-day.

6 Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul: and why art thou so disquieted within me?

7 Put thy trust in God: for I will yet give him thanks for the help of his countenance.

8 My God, my soul is vexed within me: therefore will I remember thee concerning the land of Jordan, and the little hill of Hermon.

9 One deep calleth another, because of the noise of thy water-pipes: all thy waves and storms are gone over me.

10 The LORD hath granted his loving-kindness in the day-time: and in the night season did I sing of him, and made my prayer unto the God of my life.

11 I will say unto the God of my strength, Why hast thou forgotten me: why go I thus heavily, while the enemy oppresseth me?

12 My bones are smitten asunder as with a sword: while mine enemies that trouble me cast me in the teeth;

13 Namely, while they say daily unto me: Where is now thy God?

14 Why art thou so vexed, O my soul: and why art thou so disquieted *within me?*

15 O put thy trust in God: for I will yet thank him, which is the help of my countenance, and my God.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

PSALM 46. *Deus noster refugium.*

GOD is our hope and strength: a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved: and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 Though the waters thereof rage and swell: and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same.

4 The rivers of the flood thereof shall make glad the city of God: the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most Highest.

5 God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed: God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen make much ado, and the kingdoms are moved: but God hath showed his voice, and the earth shall melt away.

7 The LORD of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

8 O come hither, and behold the works of the LORD: what destruction he hath brought upon the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease in all the world: he breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire.

10 Be still then, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, and I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The LORD of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

PSALM 51. *Miserere mei, Deus.*

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness: according to the multitude of thy mercies do away mine offences.

2 Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness: and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my faults: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and clear when thou art judged.

5 Behold, I was shapen in wickedness: and in sin hath my mother conceived me.

6 But lo, thou requirest truth in the inward parts: and shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly.

7 Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness: that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Turn thy face from my sins: and put out all my misdeeds.

10 Make me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence: and take not thy holy Spirit from me.

12 O give me the comfort of thy help again: and stablish me with thy free Spirit.

13 Then shall I teach thy ways unto the wicked: and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou that art the God of my health: and my tongue shall sing of thy righteousness.

15 Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord: and my mouth shall show thy praise.

16 For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it thee: but thou delightest not in burnt-offerings.

17 The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt thou not despise.

18 O be favourable and gracious unto Sion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with the burnt-offerings and oblations: then shall they offer young bullocks upon thine altar.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

PSALM 67. *Deus misereatur.*

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us: and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us;

2 That thy way may be known upon earth: thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

7 God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

PSALM 96. *Cantate domino.*

O SING unto the LORD a new song: sing unto the LORD, all the whole earth.

2 Sing unto the LORD, and praise his Name: be telling of his salvation from day to day.

3 Declare his honour unto the heathen: and his wonders unto all people.

4 For the LORD is great, and cannot worthily be praised: he is more to be feared than all gods.

5 As for all the gods of the heathen, they are but idols: but it is the LORD that made the heavens.

6 Glory and worship are before him: power and honour are in his sanctuary.

7 Ascribe unto the LORD, O ye kindreds of the people: ascribe unto the LORD worship and power.

8 Ascribe unto the LORD the honour due unto his Name: bring presents, and come into his courts.

9 O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness: let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

10 Tell it out among the heathen, that the LORD is King: and that it is he who hath made the round world so fast that it cannot be moved; and how that he shall judge the people righteously.

11 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad: let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is.

12 Let the field be joyful, and all that is in it: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the LORD.

13 For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth: and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with his truth.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

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